

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1974 • ONE DOLLAR

★★★ PLAYBOY

"ALL THE PRESIDENTS' MEN":

BERNSTEIN AND
WOODWARD REVEAL
HOW THEY EXPOSED
WATERGATE—AMERICA'S
WORST SCANDAL

THE DEVIL MADE US DO IT:

A TEN-PAGE
PICTORIAL ON
THE OCCULT

SHEER DELIGHTS:

A LINGERING
LOOK AT
LINGERIE



The Sergeant Major's "Measure"

*One story of the Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.) which Kipling didn't filch for his own.
About a civilized drink, born there, in the sunset of the Empire.*

The Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.) is no more. It was managed by a much-decorated Sergeant Major, a career soldier of that peculiarly English type which held the "Thin Red Line" when sensible armies would have cut and run.

The Sergeant Major was a perfect prig and a stickler for details no ordinary man would notice. In the field, his fastidious self-discipline saved many lives. At the post, and at the Club itself, the Sergeant Major's superior manner was a bit of a trial. Once, in fact, it became insufferable.

At that time, the prize of the Club's cellars, and the Sergeant Major's pride and joy, was a truly wizard alcoholic tippie of his own devising. "Bruising" the drink or allowing it "to stale" were the most serious sins the native help could commit. Do either and the Sergeant Major sacked you.

Inevitably, there were complaints to the Board of Governors. Had it not been for the Sergeant Major's daring exploits in the recent business of the Thuggee Stranglers, the Board would have dismissed him summarily. As it was, they gave him a chance.

"Sergeant Major," said the Chief Governor, "describe the drill for a barman handling spirits."

"Don't muck the drink about or you'll bruise it. Don't leave it sit or you'll stale it."

"What are the chances, Sergeant Major, that an inexperienced hand could recognize a bruise on the drink or notice it had staled?"

"Not one in a million. Easier to sight a field-piece by eye and hit a shilling a mile off."

"But few men can hit anything with a field-piece unless they have a rangefinder."

"They haven't got instinct, sir, so we give them a way to measure instead."

"Instinct or not, Sergeant Major, give your men some way to measure when the spirits



are bruised or staled or we'll give you the sack. You have thirty days."

Thirty days! The Sergeant Major's grace period was nearly over, when one of the members noticed something odd.

"Sergeant Major," he said, "there are bubbles in my drink."

"I hope so, sir,"

"Where did the bubbles come from, Sergeant Major?"

"Put them in myself, sir. The bubbles are the measure that shows the spirits haven't been bruised or staled."

"Bubbles?"

"Yes, sir. Muck it about enough to bruise and you shake away the bubbles. Leave it long enough to stale and the bubbles go flat."

"What an extraordinary idea!"

This story kept cropping up between wars, but the Sergeant Major's original formula did not. Not long ago, however, we came across a recipe and whipped up a batch, just as a lark.

That's how we discovered that the Sergeant Major really had something. Now, if you're curious, you can have it too. (Minus the bubbles, the way it was at first.)

Before we dared bottle it we had to satisfy ourselves on one more point. Could we, in a careless moment, bruise or stale the drink, as so many others were supposed to have done in the past? Frankly, no. We punished the Sergeant Major's pride unmercifully. No matter what we did, however, the drink remained unchanged and unspoiled. If the Sergeant Major was watching us from the place to which old soldiers fade away, he probably had a good chuckle.

What's a Sergeant Major?

That's our secret—ours and the old prig who invented it. Tart, crisp, crackling on the tongue, it's a perfect drink for the kind of day when only mad dogs and Englishmen would go out voluntarily. Let us know how you like it and if you say it's wizard, we'll whip up some more.

The Sergeant Major from Heublein



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PLAYBILL

THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF IFs that could have kept us from ever learning about the entire Watergate affair, but the biggest would have been if Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward hadn't been there. They're the two *Washington Post* reporters who single-handedly exposed almost every bit of early incriminating information we had on the Government. "Everyone else was just coming up dry," one reporter said. *All the President's Men* is their account of exactly how they did it, and it's the best detective story we've ever read (Simon & Schuster is the book publisher; we're publishing two excerpts, the second in June). In addition, it contains new and more mind-blowing muck about the clay-footed paragons we put into office that gray November day so long ago. B. and W. were 28 and 29 years old at the time (Woodward had all of nine months' experience on the *Post*) and in less than a year, they went from pounding a beat to cracking the century's most sensational news story. While working on the manuscript for *All the President's Men*, they were visited by two of our editors, G. Barry Golson and Geoffrey Norman, and Woodward decided to take them to Nixon's favorite restaurant, Trader Vic's. After a nice, long political conversation, they noticed a man who had been eating dinner not five feet from them—and he looked a little familiar. It turned out to be Nixon's lawyer J. Fred Buzhardt, Jr. "I guess this is kind of an existential moment for you," said Golson. Woodward nodded with an existential smile.

Those of you who buy the magazine for the pictures are in for a treat this month. Former Staff Photographer Alexas Urba and our West Coast Photo Editor, Marilyn Grabowski, have had a creative relationship for eight years. *The Devil and the Flesh*, a pictorial excursion into the dark world of the occult and the erotic, is their strangest—and most compelling—collaboration. It was as if they were possessed: In a cyclone of energy and inspiration, they shot it in two weeks. "Before the shooting," Urba says, "I bought a blessed cross and everything went perfectly." Marilyn researched occultism and wrote the script and together they translated all this into some of the most striking pictures we've seen.

The Antelope Cage will go into Bruce Jay Friedman's new novel, *About Harry Towns* (soon from Alfred A. Knopf). To say that Towns is into whores and cocaine and finds himself in the middle of a 20th Century metaphysical dilemma would be shortchanging the story and its character. All we might add is that Towns has been with Friedman a long time and many dynamite stories have come out of the relationship. In our other fiction, Jerry Solhl's *Mr. Moyachki* gets at some basic problems in diagnosing insanity and Robert Chatain's *Whores* (illustrated by George Hirsch) may make you wonder just who's crazy around here.

Do you own any stock on the big board? If so, take a look at *How the New York Stock Exchange, the Life Insurance Industry, the SEC and a Host of Other Guardians of the Public Weal Allowed the American Public to be Swindled out of \$100,000,000*, by Raymond L. Dirks and Leonard Gross (to be included in McGraw-Hill's *The Great Wall Street Scandal*). Afterward, you may want to put your money in socks rather than stocks.

What's Wrong with Adultery is part of a three-book sequence L. Rust Hills calls his "Fussy Man Trilogy." "It's a terrible thing," he says of the enormous work, "that has ruined eight years of my life." But his worries are over: There won't be anything to write about soon if we believe *Crisis*, the magazine of accelerating entropy. Several of our best thugs in residence—Laurence Gonzales, David Standish and Gordon Mortensen—raided a local printing shop, stole the entire run of *Crisis* and hand-stapled them into each copy of the May *PLAYBOY*. That's dedication.

Readers who haven't been able to stand the suspense of waiting for our next thrilling chapter of *Playboy's History of Organized Crime* can relax. They'll find Part X on page 101; it has a heavy illustration by Ron Villani. Arnold Roth, meanwhile, continues his puckish *History of Sex*. Also with us this month is underwear: Photographer Richard Fegley has gotten into somebody's pants again and come up with *Sheer Delights*, while Bill Arsenault shot *Loose Threads*. And for Fitzgerald fans, Peter De Vries puts some holes in the mystique of *The Good—but Not Great—Gatsby* (illustrated by Larry R. Laslo). For fans of another kind, Associate Editor Carl Snyder caught up with Henry Aaron for this month's timely interview. Snyder also wrote his 21st Playmate story in this issue (an editorial coming of age, so to speak). When he's not talking to pretty girls and baseball superstars, Carl plays guitar with a Chicago group called The Inner Drive (on Zodiac Records). And by the way: Look out your window. It's spring. We had it specially staged just for you. Another great Playboy Production.



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Cage P. 130



Lingerie P. 93



Whores P. 122



Occult P. 134



Crisis P. 147

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TALE OF THE FOX

BY AUDI

Once upon a time, all cars were more or less the same.

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Most extraordinary of all, despite the fact that this peppy little creature's overhead-cam engine can do 0 to 50 in 8.4 seconds and has a top speed of 97 mph,

it has an amazingly small appetite: 25 miles per gallon. Its price is relatively small also: \$3975.*

The interior, we might mention, is relatively large: seats five, comfortably. And it has an amount of trunk space almost unbelievable for a car this size. Its interior, by the way, is fairly smart, too, with things like fully-reclining contoured seats and door-to-door pile carpeting.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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NEW CHINA HAND

Candice Bergen's account of her trip to China in *Can a Cultural Worker from Beverly Hills Find Happiness in the People's Republic of China?* (PLAYBOY, February) is fantastic. Her choice of words and her experiences with the American leftist group with whom she traveled make hers one of the finest articles that you've ever published. Those who missed it should read it!

Bob Waters
Englewood, Colorado

Can a Cultural Worker . . . is crammed with information not only on the people, beauty and ugliness of China but also on the extraordinary Americans who accompanied Miss Bergen on her journey. As a result of reading her report, I no longer find myself viewing China as just another Red imperialist nation with an oversized population problem. The People's Republic of China is revealed by Miss Bergen to be a nation full of warm, determined, hospitable, cohesive people. Moreover, it is enlightening to know that a girl of Miss Bergen's background and talent can demonstrate other talents: those of a first-class journalist. My compliments to all.

D. G. Beckley
Scottsdale, Arizona

In Miss Bergen's report, there is a question on whether Lao-tzu and Confucius are still studied in China. The question is never really answered, but I've a feeling some people still take these words of Lao-tzu to heart:

In the government of the sage,
He keeps [the people's] hearts
vacuous,
Fills their bellies,
Weakens their ambitions,
And strengthens their bones,
He always causes his people to be
without knowledge [cunning] or
desire,
And the crafty to be afraid to act.
By acting without action, all things
will be in order.

Carl B. Frankel
St. Paul, Minnesota

BABY LOVE

My congratulations to Susan Sontag and her very intriguing February story,

Baby. It is one of the most thoughtful, enjoyable things I've read in a long time. It's a story that leaves much to the imagination, and it seems to me these days that people need to think.

Robert Mickle
Tacoma, Washington

Miss Sontag is one of my favorite short-story writers, and *Baby* assures me that her work continues to be a pattern of perfection. I think all serious creative-writing students should be required to read *Baby*. The dialog is truly a model of excellence. I hope Miss Sontag wins awards for her story. You deserve high praise for publishing it.

Jack S. Schiffman, Jr.
Columbus, Georgia

FAT CITY

My thanks to Malcolm Braly for exposing the internal workings of health clinics in *Terror Stalks the Fat Farm* (PLAYBOY, February). My initial reaction was to admonish him for touting fasting as a weight-control method, but he made a friend when he wrote that it is a reckless way to lose weight. You bet it is! Because of the biochemistry at work, the body loses not only fat during a fast but considerable vital body tissue (protein) as well. In addition, assuming Braly was 220 pounds at the start of his fast, my calculations show that it is theoretically impossible for him to lose more than 13 pounds of real body weight in 14 days. The remainder of his indicated 20-pound loss must have been fluid, easily regained after a few beers. A word of advice: Don't do it again, Malcolm, at the farm or at home.

Vincent W. Antonetti
Poughkeepsie, New York

Antonetti is an engineer and author.
His latest book is "The Computer Diet."

Malcolm Braly's fatuous experience with the fat farm proves only that sadists will inflict pain on masochists. Fasting, of course, falls into place as another of the many devices that create the yo-yo dieter who will, in the course of 20 years, lose and regain 900 pounds. These bulge battlers never detect the fallacy of reducing procedures that don't re-educate the palate, and Braly's journey from the

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initial glass of water to the guilt-ridden clandestine reunion with spaghetti demonstrates the point. Fasting is a stress, and blood cholesterol rises with it, as has been scientifically demonstrated in accountants at tax time, medical students taking examinations and editors eying a deadline. Some well-known figures of stage and screen have departed the scene permanently a few months after prolonged fasting. Their death certificates recorded pneumonia, complications after surgery or heart attack, for the law does not ask for penultimate causes. What they never got the chance to see was that survival or weight loss are not a tribute to the value of fasting but a testimonial to the capacity of the organism for taking punishment.

Carlton Fredericks
New City, New York

Apparently, Fredericks is one nutritionist who truly believes you are what you eat. One of his books was titled "Nutrition: The Key to Your Inner Self."

Terror Stalks the Fat Farm is very amusing, since our Pawling Health Manor is quite obviously the health clinic and I quite obviously the Dr. Moss to which and to whom Braly refers in his article. I've got credentials, but Braly didn't ask for them. More important are the thousands of people who have come to Pawling and have lost tons of fat, most of it permanently. Apart from that, I found Braly's humor very effective. It's gotta be good when I can laugh at a satire of myself!

Robert R. Gross, Ph.D.
Hyde Park, New York

Fasting as a form of reducing has been thoroughly studied. At one university, the subjects maintaining fasts developed both gout and arthritis. Other studies have found that pounds lost through fasting quickly return. Overweight people invariably suffer from low blood sugar, which will continue as long as they eat highly refined foods such as white flour, soft drinks and sweets. Such foods digest quickly and, upon entering the blood, overstimulate insulin production, which, in turn, causes sugar to be withdrawn for storage, resulting again in low blood sugar. Whenever the blood sugar becomes low, it is accompanied by exhaustion, severe hunger and usually a craving for sweets.

Adelle Davis

Palos Verdes Estates, California
Author and nutritionist Davis, whose books have sold in the millions, has been called "the high priestess of natural foods."

Had the fatties watching television in the George Hirsch illustration for

Terror Stalks the Fat Farm tried my Quick Weight Loss Diet, there might be some hope for them. All forced or fasting diets are doomed to failure, and fasting on only water is dangerous even in the most qualified hands. To those who are still interested in losing weight, I recommend my newest book, *Dr. Stillman's 14-Day Shape-Up Program*.

Irwin M. Stillman, M.D.
Bal Harbour, Florida

Although Braly's article makes interesting reading, it's due more to the author's knack with a story than to factual accuracy. I have been at Dr. Gross's clinic many times to undertake long fasts that enabled me to recover from a nearly fatal illness. For me, fasting is not only a means to lose weight but a way of living called "natural hygiene," which includes such elements as pure air and water, exercise, rest, emotional poise and abstinence from drugs and poisons such as coffee, tea, alcohol, tobacco, chocolate, white sugar, white flour, milk, meats, eggs and any other denatured, chemicalized and preserved "food" that does not truly nourish the body. Braly makes the clinic sound like some prison in the Dark Ages. Such exaggeration sells, but in reality, the Pawling Health Manor is a pleasant, clean and friendly place in beautiful wooded surroundings overlooking the Hudson River. He implies people are locked in their rooms—false. He implies that Dr. Gross is some kind of quack—false. He states he was given a glass of Tang one morning—false. I know for a fact that nothing unnatural or artificial is ever given to any person there. Readers interested in the truth about fasting can get more information by writing to the American Natural Hygiene Society, 1920 Irving Park Road, Chicago, Illinois 60613.

Jack Goldstein, M.D.

American Natural Hygiene Society
Livonia, Michigan

Braly replies:

"What I was served may not have been Tang, but it wasn't orange juice. I did not imply that the patients were locked in at night, nor did I suggest my Dr. Moss was a quack. I suggested he wasn't a medical doctor, which he wasn't. And I have to question the wisdom of undertaking a long fast without medical supervision. It would, however, be mean of me not to cheerfully acknowledge that I suffered no ill effects from my own fast, and I lost a great deal of weight."

PLUCKY TUCK

I first observed Dick Tuck when I was a campaign worker in California during the late Fifties. I didn't see him again until 1972, when he was right here in

Rochester. He told me he had landed in our town to return somebody's car. A likely story. The following is not an understatement: I have never enjoyed anything in PLAYBOY so much as his February article, *Watergate Wasn't All My Fault*. We need more Dick Tucks in an America where Nixon is still President.

Martin Fass

Rochester, New York

When I read *Watergate Wasn't All My Fault*, I almost started to laugh; that is, until I realized how easy it is to slip behind a political opponent's battle lines.

Tuck rekindled the memories of my own personal encounters with Murray Chotiner: It was the summer of 1970 and I was, in my occupation of a resort burglar, hanging around the Balboa Bay Club's swimming pool, soaking up sunshine and checking out the elite clientele. On my right was a Green Beret buddy of mine named Jeff.

Well, along came this dark-haired guy who looked like another one of the many Secret Service agents who stayed at the Bay Club. "Hi, Murray," said Jeff. I leaned over and asked him who Murray was. "Oh, that's Murray Chotiner. Nixon's West Coast bagman." "Bagman?" I asked. "Yeah, you know, the guy who picks up the payoffs. It's common knowledge around here."

The next time Chotiner came into the conversation was a week later: Jeff had been trying to get a date with Tricia Nixon. He had made some stupid bet with his Army buddies and was now searching for a way to get into the White House. "I know," he said, "I'll call Mimi Chotiner and see if she can get Murray to set it up." The call was placed, and after Mrs. Chotiner expressed her doubts that Murray would be willing to help him, Jeff pressed on: "But doesn't Murray have any romantic notions?" Mrs. Chotiner paused a second, and then answered, "Yes, he's in love with the President!" With that she ended the conversation.

My last meeting with Chotiner was a month later: Jeff had asked if I'd like to make a trip to Washington, D.C., with him and, because it was the off season for a burglar, I accepted his invitation. A call was placed from D.C.'s Burlington Hotel. Jeff arranged to meet Chotiner for breakfast the next morning. "It's all set," he yelled. "Eight A.M. we meet Murray at the White House east gate." I thought to myself: My parole officer's never going to believe this. But next day, sure as shit, we met Chotiner and went to a staff dining room below the west wing. After some idle chitchat and more campaigning by Jeff to date Nixon's daughter, Chotiner said something that made me reduce the toast I was buttering to mere crumbs:

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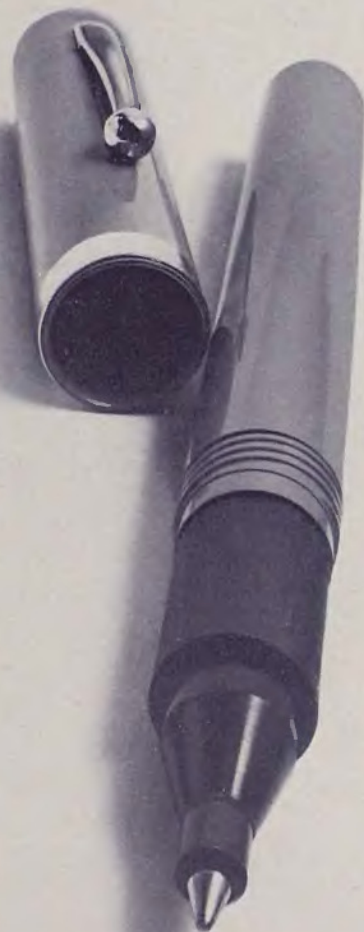
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"Jeff here tells me you're a pretty good burglar." After recovering from my initial shock, I told him that I had run with a bad crowd when I was younger and lied that I was going straight. He smiled and told me that I shouldn't let my past mistakes stand in the way of a useful life and assured me that my talents could be put to work for a "better America," that there might just be a place for me in their organization. A few months later, I asked Jeff why Murray never called me back. "Oh, that! He found out you liked McGovern. So he dropped you from his plans." Three years later, I learned just what those plans might have included.

I had to get revenge, so I decided to pull a Dick Tuck on my next burglary. I left a book of White House matches at the scene of the crime.

I was caught (I'm still in San Quentin, but I'll be paroled in July).

Daniel J. Portley
San Quentin Prison
Tamal, California

A FAN'S NOTE

Thank you for *Jazz & Pop '74* (PLAYBOY, February), in which you announce Duane Allman's election to The Playboy Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame. I am not a regular PLAYBOY reader, but I sure as hell bought a copy when I heard of your recognition of Allman's talent. It's a pleasure to see that you and your readers have such fine taste.

Bruce R. Replogle
Wallingford, Connecticut

LONG-GREEN BLUES

I find myself in agreement with much of what John Kenneth Galbraith writes in his tongue-in-cheek opinion piece *Neuroses of the Rich* (PLAYBOY, February). It does seem true that inclusion in the upper class no longer has the distinction it used to. Nowadays, most people could care less about the rich; the only ones who do seem to are the rich themselves.

Dan Bean
Seattle, Washington

Galbraith's look at the rich calls attention to very real problems. In my book *Children of the Rich*, I point out that many such children are, indeed, disadvantaged. They are raised by servants, isolated from middle-class children and, often, they do not learn values that lend meaning to their lives and money. In addition, *nouveau riche* children have special problems, since they are caught in a disastrous dilemma of conflicting values. The situation, however, is far from hopeless. With help, the aimless, depressed and bored scions of wealth can not only find meaning to their own lives but also help others.

Burton N. Wixen, M.D.
Los Angeles, California

GUEST LIST

Hats off to you for the satirical assault on your imitators, *Be Our Guest* (PLAYBOY, February). I laughed at each mock magazine cover till tears almost came to my eyes. Right on to everyone responsible.

Thurston A. Crygl
East St. Louis, Illinois

At least one of your "seven sure-fire publishing ideas based on a certain well-known format"—namely, *Gayboy*—is workable. Although I am gay, I pick up PLAYBOY and *Oui*, and if you published *Gayboy* with the same individuality and style with which you publish PLAYBOY and *Oui*, I'm sure that it would become successful. If you change your mind about *Gayboy*, please let me know.

Michael L. Turner
Anthony, New Mexico

CLINT KUDOS

I applaud Arthur Knight's excellent February interview with Clint Eastwood, which gives us Eastwood fans an excellent insight into the man. It is fascinating to read of Eastwood's journey to the top in which his memory was unfailing and his attitude appreciative of those he met on the way.

John J. Grimes
Watertown, Massachusetts

Your interview with Eastwood is great. It proves to me that he is as human as the next guy.

John T. Doherty
Fountain Valley, California

I enjoyed your interview with Clint Eastwood. He has had the reputation of being difficult to interview, and I guess that's because he puts his work above himself. You, nevertheless, did a wonderful job; Eastwood and PLAYBOY do have something in common, indeed. You are both number one.

Joyce Briley
College Park, Georgia

RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE

I wish to extend my warmest appreciation to you for a truly rewarding year. Your magazine has not only made me more aware of the changes in today's society, it has also provided a priceless source of entertainment and relaxation. You have an extremely talented staff of writers and photographers. Their excellence has prompted and inspired me to do many things I otherwise would not have done. The subscription price is also quite a bargain, and that's why I have chosen to renew mine. I'm looking forward to many more memorable years with PLAYBOY.

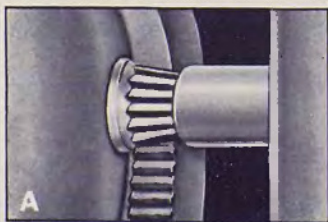
Harold Demeter
Chicago, Illinois



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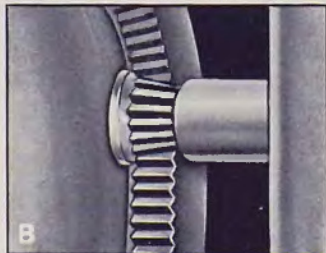


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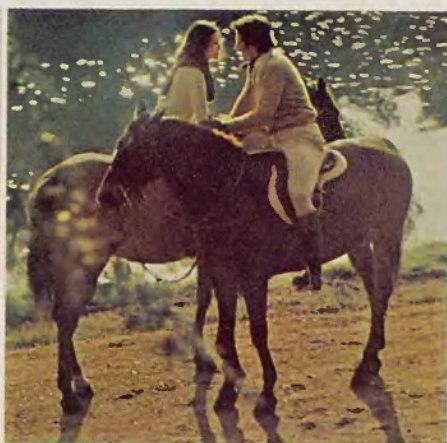
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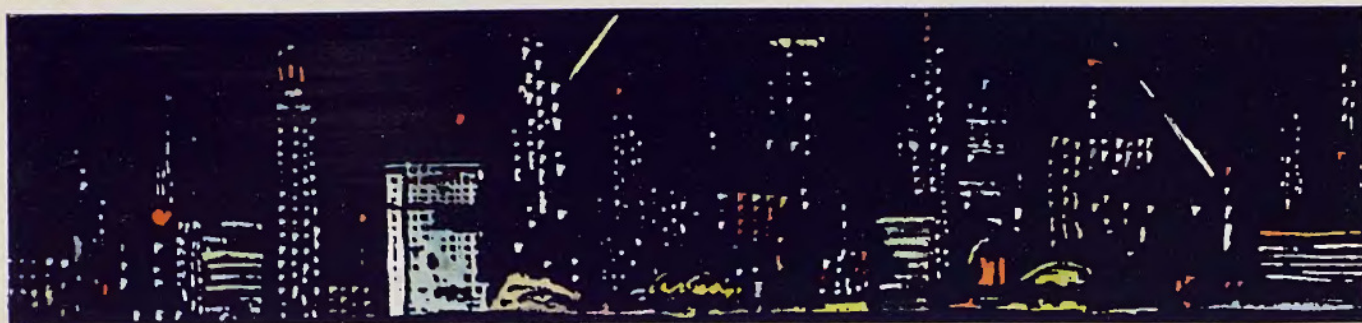
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A regional tax official recently received a letter with a check for \$500. "I haven't been able to sleep since cheating on my income tax," the letter read. There was a postscript: "If still unable to sleep, I will mail you the balance."

If you'd asked us, we wouldn't have said that the American Society for Public Administration represented the cutting edge of sexual permissiveness. But that was before we received one of the application blanks for a convention the society held last year in Las Vegas. The registration sheet read this way: "A. S. P. A. Member—\$15 . . . Spouse (limit one per member)—\$10."

A tweak of the tartufo to the 17 Republican legislators in Pennsylvania who voted late last year to ban sales of professionally prepared term papers to students. A reporter on *The Philadelphia Inquirer* found out that the same legislators have agreed to put their by-lines on weekly columns that appear in local newspapers. Though they bear individual by-lines, the columns are identical and are ghostwritten by the G.O.P. public-relations staff.

Mayor George Shaw of Newburgh, New York, has warned that "we're going to run a clean city here." Fat chance. When asked about prostitutes who are arrested only to be on the streets a few days later, the mayor replied: "When that happens, we've got to get right on top of them."

I'm Dan Rather, fly me: A wire-service story reported that President Nixon, concerned about the need for conserving energy, told White House reporters they would "have to fly themselves to Florida" at the time of the President's post-Christmas vacation.

"One must go!" said a classified ad in *The Miami Herald*. "'55 T-bird, engine rebuilt, reasonably priced. '44 wife slightly higher."

We kinda liked the first version better: The leading daily in conservative San Clemente apologized for a typographical

error, explaining: "One letter was dropped from a headline . . . creating a totally false meaning. The headline should have read: 'GEN. GRAHAM TAKES POST.' However, the letter S was dropped in printing, changing the word to POT. The *Daily Sun-Post* wishes to publicly extend its apologies to Gen. Graham and regrets any inference our readers may have gained from seeing the headline."

Can this marriage be saved? George Kellar, of Peterborough, Ontario, who was ordered into court to answer an assault charge, explained to the judge that he couldn't make it that day because he was getting married—to the woman who had filed the charge against him. The judge asked whether the charge of assault might change his wedding plans. "I don't know," replied the would-be bridegroom. "I haven't talked to her."

Can this divorce be salvaged? A dispatch from Melbourne informs us that a Jim Hutchings, whose wife was awarded half ownership of their house in a divorce suit, climbed onto a bulldozer and turned their \$37,500 home into rubble.

Hey, no editorializing, huh? California's *Stockton Record*, in a news story about the Internal Revenue Service decision to audit the financial affairs of Nixon pal Bebe Rebozo, said: "Rebozo lives within the K&Y Biscayne compound of President Nixon's Florida retreat."

For those of you concerned about such things, we'd like to point out that on a list compiled by the Consumer Product Safety Commission of the most dangerous household objects, swimming pools are ranked in 16th place and matches in 29th place, while beds are way up there in sixth place.

Who wants to be the one to tell Gloria Steinem that the first World Festival of Women's Liberation is scheduled to take place on the Isle of Man? Not us.

Nick Catsinas had a lousy day. North Carolina's *Durham Morning Herald* says that Catsinas left for the Winston-Salem

regional airport early one morning. His car went into a muddy ditch. He returned home, got another car and again headed for the airport. Again his car went into a muddy ditch. He went home again, borrowed his son's car and arrived at the airport in time to board a noon flight. The jet started its take-off run, then plowed into the mud at the end of the runway. Catsinas returned home and did not go out for the remainder of the day.

Sports fans must have been unusually appreciative of one young woman who chose to compete in the weight-lifting



event at an Eastern amateur meet. As the local newspaper summarized it, the lady "had 105 in the snatch and 123 in the clean and jerk, for a total of 228."

Another unusual sports sight was reported by the Baltimore *Evening Sun* in an article about the first woman diver to join the men's swimming team at the University of Maryland: "Doing what comes unnaturally for women, Terry Schrider was beating off eight men for the number-two diving spot . . . when the howling began."

Here's a guy who's had a pretty interesting life so far: John Crowther was a 28-year-old British father of three when his first marriage ended in divorce. He asked for a sex-change operation, got it,

called herself Carol and did a brief stint as a woman wrestler. She got tired of that, started dressing as a man, resumed the name John and became a construction worker. Now, after consulting with doctors about reversing the operation, he or she has married an 18-year-old woman.

Alabama's *Birmingham News*, with a little help from two juxtaposed headlines, provided this reassuring confirmation that culture is alive and well in the South: "MEN'S CLUB HELPS SUPPORT BALLET BY BALL DISPLAY."

In Carbondale, Illinois, marijuana confiscated by cops had been disappearing from police headquarters at an alarming rate. An investigation revealed



that the grass was stolen, according to police official Thomas McNamara, by "a mouse or mice unknown." Traps with poisoned bait were set, but McNamara noted with some puzzlement that the thefts continued, since the rodents apparently preferred the grass.

A new place to do it: on the air. An A.P. dispatch from London noted, in a story about a prostitution trial, that a "34-year-old platinum blonde is charged with providing prostitutes for British Broadcasting Corporation producers and disc jockeys as a means of getting plugged on radio and television."

Employees of at least 12 grocery stores in the Kalamazoo area haven't been on their tippy-toes lately. They've been accepting checks for over \$100 payable to "I. M. Slick" and signed by "U. R. Stuck." To make matters worse, a police detective said the checks were copies of samples used in teaching cashiers how to spot forged checks. "I've never seen anything so obvious," the detective volunteered.

Herb Caen, the columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, reported on a new

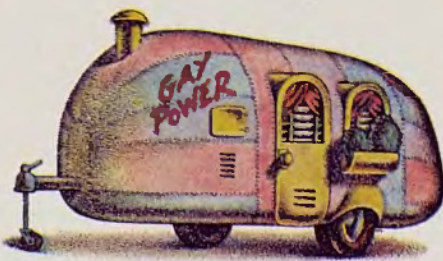
drink invented by the Orient Express bar: It's a concoction of sloe gin, Southern Comfort, vodka and orange juice, and to order it, you ask for a Sloe Comfortable Screw.

Mom's phone calls getting you down? Try the Patricia Lipsky technique: Annoyed by her mother's constant calls, which she said were making her a "nervous wreck," Mrs. Lipsky, who is an artist in Greenwich Village, filed suit in Manhattan Supreme Court. The case hasn't been decided yet, but she's asking for an injunction barring her mother from phoning and for \$21,000 in compensatory and punitive damages.

Hmmm, wonder if it's part of the package tour? A travel brochure published by Travel Dynamics has this description of Brazilian *joie de vivre*: "Rio is in love with itself. Enjoyment is its spirit. The people dance and sing—infecting everyone."

Taking a page from President Nixon's tax return, a businessman in Springfield, Massachusetts, has offered the National Archives a collection of "papers and other memorabilia from the two-year period I served my company as zone manager." Robert Coburn, who appraises his papers at \$384,766.80, said the collection includes "notes of praise from my boss, toll receipts, notes of a kind nature from my clients, notes of an unkind nature from my clients, a briefcase of outdated prospectuses and my favorite suit, which was deformed the day Dow-Jones averages closed under 800." The National Archives has not, as yet, responded.

A columnist for the business publication *The Ragan Report* scolded someone in print for committing a "peccadillo." In a later column, he reported that the spelling mistake had been brought to his attention by a reader who works for Snap-On Tools Corporation.



Trailer camps get with it: A classified ad in *The Tampa Tribune* read, "B & G Adult Mobile Homo Park. 505 N. Brandon Road."

How to quit (A) smoking: Golden Gibson, of Knoxville, Tennessee, nonchalantly reached into his pocket for a cigarette, put a two-inch firecracker in

his mouth and lit up; he quit smoking, just like that. . . . (B) eating: Shirley Turner, a British housewife, found she couldn't stay away from food, so she had surgeons cement her jaws together; lost 30 pounds in one month, just like that.

An alarm for a small trash fire recently resulted in a torrent of volunteer firemen,



in what officials of Marengo, Illinois, described as a record turnout. The fire was in a local nudist colony.

SPORTS

To most American sports fans, *Riverboat Racing* ranks somewhere between mumblety-peg and frog jumping. First of all, only six bona fide river boats still operate in the U.S., and only two of them—the Delta Queen, which cruises from Cincinnati to points as remote as New Orleans and St. Paul, and the Belle of Louisville, a smaller excursion steamer—regularly race each other. When they do, the action has the feverish pace of a chess match, and the untrained eye might perceive nothing more rousing than a couple of antique stern-wheelers paddling slowly up a river, puffing smoke and hooting their calliopes at an encircling swarm of little boats whose occupants are frantically waving glasses and beer cans, as if pleading for a refill.

The biggest event (for that matter, one of the few events) in steamboat competition is the annual Derby Week race out of Louisville, scheduled for May 1 this year; but there are signs that the sport is growing. For one thing, The Delta Queen Steamboat Company of Cincinnati, which owns the Queen, is building her a sister ship; for another, the Queen has been accepting impromptu challenges from local excursion steamers along its route. And last fall, the Jaycees of Campbell County, Kentucky, across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, promoted yet another race between the archrivals, the Queen



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and the Belle. It was supposed to be a dramatic tie breaker—both boats having five wins apiece out of the ten races held since 1962—and we signed on to learn some of the subtleties of high-speed (about ten mph) river-boat racing.

Unfortunately, the Queen, steaming hard upriver from New Orleans, was delayed by rudder problems and couldn't make the starting line in time. The Belle won by default and spent Sunday afternoon puffing up and down the river while a raucous banjo band blasted out Dixieland favorites and Doc Hawley, virtuoso of the rooftop steam calliope, rendered such classics as *St. Louis Blues* and *Hey, Look Me Over*. There on



the Belle, and later on the Queen, we had a chance to meet a good sampling of genuine river people—elderly sentimentalists who remember when steamboats were the Midwestern equivalent of transatlantic liners and young nostalgics who simply dig the history and color of the country's inland waterways. Not too surprisingly, their favorite drink was Kentucky bourbon and their favorite topic was the rivalry between, and the relative virtues of, the two old steamers.

The boats, we were told, are about as comparable as a 1926 Cadillac and a 1914 Dodge Brothers touring car. By far the more elegant craft, in nearly everyone's opinion, is the Delta Queen, built in Scotland 48 years ago to ply the rivers of California; since 1947, she has cruised the Mississippi and its tributaries. One glance at her stained glass, polished brass, deep carpets and gleaming woodwork and you find yourself looking around for Clark Gable in a white suit smoking a long cheroot at the roulette wheel—which, alas, is as absent as he. The Belle of Louisville, on the other hand, is basically a Sunday-afternoon excursion boat. A dozen years older than the Queen, the Pittsburgh-built Belle has classic twin smokestacks, gingerbread trim and a Mark Twain-style pilothouse. She's also smaller and lighter than the Queen, which gives her a distinct advantage over short distances—and during tight turnarounds. The Belle, we learned, can do a paddle wheelie off the starting line and top out at a sizzling ten miles per hour in well under half a mile, wind and current permitting; and since she can run in slightly shallower water than the Queen, it's easier for the Belle to pass on turns. All of which makes it perfectly obvious why the Belle tries to badger the Queen into up-and-back races,

and why she has won five of the ten held to date. The Queen has won the other five by relying on special tactics and navigational cunning. Take the Zimmer Twist, the not-too-secret weapon of one of the Delta Queen's pilots, Captain Arthur Zimmer. To hear paddle-wheeler buffs describe it, the Zimmer Twist, executed during the critical midstream turn, is the most dramatic tactic employed since the race in 1870, when the Natchez allegedly burned her fancy smoked hams in a desperate effort to stoke up and beat the Robert E. Lee. Simply explained, the Z.T. involves swinging the wheel first one way, just long enough to change heading a few degrees, and then throwing it full in the opposite direction. Not very quickly, you understand; it takes maybe four or five minutes, and the unsophisticated passenger might observe only that the scenery outside his window has switched sides. To a serious boat-race fan, though, it's a spine-tingling exhibition of guts and skill.

It's anybody's guess how seriously the respective captains take their rivalry. Captain Charles Brasher of the Belle once commanded the Queen and Captain Ernest Wagner of the Queen once skippered the Belle. (There are about as many old-time river-boat captains left as there are old-time river boats.) But for the sake of today's whippersnappers, young and old, who are turned on by steamboating, they do their damndest to put on a good show.

MOVIES

The American Film Theater's ongoing program of filmed plays, coolly considered, amounts to little more than a bright new marketing gimmick—agliter with snob appeal as a kind of repertory cinema but prudently mum about the fact that moviemakers have been



ransacking best-play collections for half a century. Recruiting prestigious actors to work for peanuts in worthwhile dramas that otherwise might be dubious commercial ventures certainly has some value, nonetheless, if the productions meet the highest professional standards. On this

point, however, A.F.T.'s score so far has been spotty.

Eugene O'Neill's classic *The Iceman Cometh* had grand performances by Fredric March and the late Robert Ryan but was stodgily directed, with Lee Marvin woefully miscast in the key role. Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* was theatrical dynamite and triumphant on all counts—cruelly funny, sardonic and sad, and socked across with breath-stopping skill. Edward Albee's talky family drama, *A Delicate Balance*, abandoned such skillful players as Paul Scofield and Katharine Hepburn to a landslide of words that became anesthetic after a while.

Prior to the unveiling of Chekhov's *Three Sisters* (with Laurence Olivier top-billed), Alan Bates in *Butley* and the musical *Lost in the Stars*, A.F.T. revealed some of its strengths—along with many of its glaring weaknesses—in two middle-weight midseason productions. Director Tom O'Horgan (the dynamo behind *Futz*, *Hair*, *Lenny* and the Broadway production of *Jesus Christ Superstar*) tries his patented showbiz pyrotechnics in the film version of Eugene Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*, the absurdist black comedy about totalitarianism and conformity. The O'Horgan hype, instead of helping, leaves the play looking more dated and schematic than it probably deserves. There are compensations, however, in a delightful comic performance by Gene Wilder as one of the befuddled small-town folk who see their fellow citizens becoming quite literally horny—and in a tour de force by Zero Mostel, who somehow forces even O'Horgan's restless camera to stand still and bear witness when he repeats his incredible stage transformation from man to beast.

Under director Guy Green, John Osborne's *Luther* has worse luck, though it isn't an especially distinguished drama in the first place. Stacy Keach has the title role (sounding disconcertingly like Bing Crosby playing one of those priests Der Bingle used to play) as the pioneer Christian reformer who suffered from chronic constipation. The way Osborne characterizes him, Luther's problems with the Pope seem less spiritual than gastrointestinal. "If I break wind in Wittenberg, do they smell it in Rome?" he asks; and not long after he has been excommunicated for denouncing the sale of indulgences, he is being assured by associates that "Every time you belch now, the world stops." It's an interesting interpretation of Christian history, but a pretty constricted one for both Keach and his director. There are dozens of long tirades and statements of policy aimed straight at the camera—a technique that tends to intimidate movie audiences. And may irritate them, too, for *Luther* makes you feel you've been buttonholed by a compulsive speechmaker while torture, rebellion and bloody religious wars are

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raging offscreen, or maybe in a less pretentious movie palace nearby that doesn't encourage highbrow debates in the lobby during intermission.

His horse replaced by a green sports car, John Wayne goes contemporary in *McQ* as a hard-nosed detective who dashes around the photogenic city of Seattle, teaching wrongdoers to do right. It takes more than a snappily tailored suit, however, to conceal the brawling, boisterous style that has made the Duke an all-American box-office champ. Reminded of the time he threw a hoodlum off a rooftop, Wayne as McQ quickly defends the basic principles of police brutality. "Well, it kept him off the street, didn't it?" he quips laconically.

There's a filip of sex, a plethora of violence and a long hell-and-gone-car chase in the action concocted by writer and coproducer Lawrence Roman, who follows the well-worn *Serpico* trail into a scheme involving some crooked cops and a drug heist. Director John Sturges, a seasoned veteran of Wayne's stock company, knows the rules of the game from A (for ass kicking) to Z (for zap) and never loses sight of the formula simply because Duke is mounted in a bucket seat instead of a Western saddle. Among the talented folk McQ encounters at various water holes are Eddie Albert, Diana Muldaur and Broadway's Colleen Dewhurst, all acting up a storm that makes modern Seattle look as ornery as Dodge City. Heigh-ho-hum.

The thrills, spills and hairbreadth escapes crammed into Saturday-afternoon serials in the cinema of yesteryear are revived with gusto by director Richard Lester and scenarist George MacDonald Fraser (author of the *Flashman* novels) in *The Three Musketeers*, based on the first part of Alexandre Dumas' rollicking classic. Not since *A Hard Day's Night* and *The Knack* has Lester found a movie vehicle so suitable for his particular brand of madcap foolery, and he is abetted by an all-star cast, letting its collective hair down as if sworn under oath—with tongues in cheek—to bring back the heyday of buckle and swash. As D'Artagnan, the clumsy but plucky bumpkin who aspires to join His Majesty's Musketeers, nimble Michael York appears to be impersonating Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and

energetically holds his own opposite Oliver Reed, Richard Chamberlain and Frank Finlay as the titular fighting trio dubbed Athos, Aramis and Porthos. How to transform pure vintage corn into viable pop corn is demonstrated by Lester in one scene of spectacular swordplay, staged in a convent courtyard amid clotheslines full of billowing sheets—topped by another stylish sequence in which King Louis XIII (Jean Pierre Cassel) plays lawn chess, using live animals as his rooks and pawns. Charlton Heston as Cardinal Richelieu, Christopher Lee as the evil Rochefort, Geraldine Chaplin as Queen Anne and Simon Ward as the Duke of Buckingham round out a handsome company that is beautified almost to excess by Raquel Welch as Constance and Faye Dunaway as Milady de Winter. Two such damsels fighting a duel with a crucifix, a diamond comb and a candlestick as their chosen weapons help make *Musketeers* a robust, breezy slapstick that could easily pass for a musical comedy if anyone had bothered to pen words for Michel Legrand's lively background score. The spoken words, however, are impudent and droll, ranging from the "Thank you, sir" of a manservant who doesn't mind being struck to the mock heroics of a musketeer shouting "Kill the fellow and follow us as soon as you can!" Originally planned as a feature that turned out to be four hours long, *Musketeers* was chopped in half at mid-point and now ends—a bit abruptly, but pretty saucily, all in all—with the promise of a sequel titled *The Four Musketeers*.

The co-star and scene stealer of *Man on a Swing* is Joel Grey, playing an amateur clairvoyant who volunteers his psychic powers to help police captain Cliff Robertson solve a sex murder. As Franklin Wills, who may be a fraud, a publicity seeker, a psychotic or worse—to reveal more would tip too much of the plot—Grey has to tread a thin line between plain truth and deliberate theatrics, and he manages both in a flashy performance that uses all his musical-comedy savvy as well as a hint of sly depravity left over from his Oscar-winning role in *Cabaret*. He proves himself an actor, with or without music. Robertson has a less rewarding part but acts with solid assurance as the small-town cop stymied by the case of a girl whose trussed and violated body is found on the floor of her Volkswagen in a shopping-center parking lot. While the links between the victim, the police chief, the curious clairvoyant and a suspected killer are based on the details of an actual case, *Man on a Swing's* ambitious scriptwriter must have invented a few flourishes that hinder believability—such as a contrived suggestion that Robertson becomes emotionally fixated on the dead girl to the detriment of his marriage, in the classic old-movie manner of

Laura. Director Frank Perry (of *David and Lisa* and *Last Summer*) maintains control in an underplayed *Dragnet* style, while cinematographer Adam Holender keeps every scene eye-catching, obviously hip that this movie is destined to make it in shades of Grey.

Despite the cloying sound of its title, *Where the Lilies Bloom* is a first-rate human comedy from producer Robert B. Radnitz, who also produced *Sounder* and who obviously believes in the radical proposition that wholesome youth-oriented movies don't *have* to be stupid. Based on a prize-winning novel, *Lilies* was filmed with feeling on location in North Carolina (by director William A. Graham). A fine, previously inexperienced teenager named Julie Gholson stars as head of an Appalachian family of four youngsters who are orphaned but manage to keep their father's death a secret without becoming unduly brave or cute. Even in this engagingly fresh company, Harry Dean Stanton stands out as a well-to-do neighbor whose moon-eyed longing for the family's oldest daughter helps deepen the plot.

Cleavon Little in *Blazing Saddles* plays a black sheriff whose saddlebag carries a Gucci label. Earlier on, when he is a railroad hand, a white racist overseer requests a "nigger work song"—Cleavon's cue for a few choruses of that Cole Porter favorite *I Get a Kick Out of You*. At the end of the movie—or just after the chief bad guy (Harvey Korman) hails a taxi in Hollywood and snaps, "Drive me off this picture"—Little and his deputy (Gene Wilder, dryly playing a drunken



has-been gunslinger once known as the Waco Kid) leave their horses and tool into the sunset in a chauffeured limousine. It should be clear by now that *Blazing Saddles* is no ordinary Western but the kind of unhinged lunacy seldom seen on movie screens since the Marx Brothers were elbowed into posterity by Woody Allen. Of course, the mad genius who directed and wrote *Saddles* (aided by four feverish co-authors) happens to be Mel Brooks, who also adorns this anything-goes hoss opera in dual roles, first as a depraved frontier governor, then as a Jewish Indian chief. As a film maker of the buckshot school, Brooks takes aim at a little ole Western town where Korman and some baddies want to snap up all the real estate before the railroad comes



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through—and that's the only excuse Mel needs to bring on the clowns in a slapdash comedy full of puns, parody, gratuitous four-letter words and wagonloads of cheeky racial enmity, some of it doggedly sophomoric, most of it profane and hilarious. Life is cheap in a town like Rock Ridge, and so are the jokes, often as not. The actors pound right through the rough spots, however, and pert Madeline Kahn soars above them in a bitingly funny shtick as Lili Von Shtupp, a dance-hall vamp with a Dietrichy lisp who invites Little to her "dwessing woom" at the climax of a song lamenting that she's goddamn tired of unbridled passion. Sophisticates beware, because the Brooks brand of humor is about as subtle as a pie in the face (and he manages to work in the pie bit, too). If there's a pigeonhole big enough to hold him after *Saddles*, Brooks will have to be pegged the John Ford of the Borscht Belt.

The giddy exploitation and celebration of crime by some of America's finest film talent continues at a headlong pace, leaving open the question of whether the moviemakers root for the crooks or criticize the society that produced them, or perhaps both. Latest entry in a trend that boomed with *Bonnie and Clyde* and has recently brought *Thieves Like Us* and *Badlands* into prominence is *The Sugarland Express*, by fledgling director Steven Spielberg, a car-crazy but gifted recruit from television who obviously knows his business. Lively and bitter-sweet, *Sugarland* stars Goldie Hawn in her grittiest screen performance to date as a childish, dim but ruthlessly willful Texas girl named Lou Jean who persuades her young husband to break out of jail when he has only four more months to serve—then eggs him on to kidnap a Texas highway patrolman, as stage one of a plan to forcibly retrieve their young son from the custody of foster parents in the town of Sugarland. The amazing account of how the desperate young couple drive from county to county with a gun held at their captive's head—and scores of patrol cars following tight behind—is based on a real incident that made headlines in 1969. After a slow start, the movie turns out to be a grabber—with a terse screenplay by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins that develops some high tension and credibility. Opposite Goldie, movie newcomer William Atherton does an effective job as the muddled fugitive, and Michael Sacks (last seen as the hero of *Slaughterhouse-Five*) couldn't be better as the captive cop who develops a sneaking fondness for his kidnapers and ends up on a first-name basis, showing them snapshots in his wallet. If the movie has a message, director Spielberg and cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond flash it

across in a harsh, unretouched living portrait of the great state of Texas—as a place where virtually no one is gun-shy and where nice people line the streets with youngsters on their shoulders, begging autographs and taking pictures of the escaped con, the kidnapped officer and the frantic young momma who'll stop at nothin' to get her baby back. In this bizarre spectacle, the only sympathetic character outside the getaway car is Captain Tanner of the highway patrol, played with unassuming dignity—and played perfectly, as usual—by Ben Johnson. By the time *Sugarland Express* races through miles and miles of local color to its tragic conclusion, Spielberg strongly suggests that the true villains of the piece are law-and-order fanatics sporting red-white-and-blue bumper stickers.

Shakespeare's *Othello* is watered down with soul music, folk-rock and what not in *Catch My Soul*, a stage transplant from Los Angeles and London, directed by actor Patrick McGoohan. Pop star Richie Havens plays the Moor to Season Hubley's wan Desdemona as if he could play it straight, with able backing from Lance LeGault and Susan Tyrrell (*Fat City*'s scene stealer). All are helped by a budget that prohibits the excesses



of, say, *Jesus Christ Superstar*. The hindrance is Jack Good's sophomoric adaptation of the Bard, relocated in New Mexico—with a band of Jesus freaks muttering pseudoclassic jive talk, e.g.: "We gonna have a Black Mass on Othello's black ass." Purists, beware.

Director Martin Ritt's *Conrack*, starring Jon Voight in the title role as a white

teacher in a black island community off the Carolina coast, makes a fitting encore to *Sounder*, in which Ritt showed studied compassion for the lot of a sharecropper's family down South. Based on the autobiographical tale *The Water Is Wide*, by author-teacher Pat Conroy, *Conrack* wears its heart on its sleeve and might conceivably annoy black militants, who will shrink from the portrait of a young white liberal nobly lighting the torch of knowledge for black kids enslaved by generations of ignorance and poverty. Even a native black schoolmarm resists every effort to bend her basic tenet that "colored children are slow." While Ritt gets fine, flavorful performances from a largely nonprofessional cast, recruited on location, he does linger over their faces until natural sympathy and curiosity begin to slip into outright sentimentalizing. Voight keeps a good grip on himself as a dedicated, humorous, determined and infinitely patient man whose idealism never becomes dulled by saintly virtue. To assure a sterner view, Hume Cronyn supplies crotchety relief as superintendent of schools. The do-gooder air of *Conrack* emanates mostly from the screenplay by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. But perhaps they couldn't do otherwise with the true story of a man who wins the hearts and minds of his students, only to be wrenched away from them by white bigots and petty bureaucrats on the mainland. If *this* doesn't leave a lump in your throat, nothing will.

EXPERIENCES

It sounded like another crazy story out of Lotusland: Crooks—albeit reformed ones—teaching store clerks the elements of shoplifting? All under the approving eye of the law? This, we reasoned, had to be seen to be believed. So we sent our roving-eyed—but, as far as we know, not light-fingered—Bay Area reporter, Herbert Gold, to investigate. Here's his dispatch:

This is the theater of the abhorred—a long and funny lesson in how to thwart the junkies, dipsos, whores and the merely greedy, demonstrated by those who were formerly hopheads, drunks and streetwalkers. It's a traveling thieves' circus staffed by a crew of efficient kleptos (ret.) sent out by the *Delancey Street Foundation*, an energetic San Francisco by-blow of Synanon that strives to turn the rejected of the earth into acceptable citizens—to themselves and to society. They knock on Delancey Street's doors after deciding to kick unsatisfactory careers as pushers, users, murderers, albies and hookers, and start life over in this new family, earning money by selling flowers, running restaurants, trucking, repairing, security guarding—and, in this



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instance, by presenting to shop personnel a dramatic demonstration of just how easily they can be ripped off.

The Delancey Street players charge \$250 for their performance, of which they've given a dozen or so by now. For that fee, the business customer gets a complete cast, including genuine ex-whore, ex-thief, ex-junkie, present and future black man and assorted floating supernumeraries. They show how to lift a suit, a wallet or money; how to short-change; how to sue for false arrest; and how to scare the bejesus out of store dicks and managers. The truth may not make them free, but it just might reduce inventory shrinkage.

Your faithful San Francisco correspondent joined the Delancey Street Traveling Boosting, Rip-off and General Thievery Make-Out Show on an early-morning gig in the grand mall of the Tanforan Park Shopping Center, down the peninsula in squarest suburbia. I helped set up chairs, dish out Styrofoam cups of coffee and semi-Styrofoam doughnuts along with the real stars of the show. They were:

Moe Hodges, who looks a little like Fate: heavy, street-wise, walks with a cane—with which he can trip people.

Jain, playing a sweet cashier who supports a \$50-a-day habit out of the cash register while making every employer smile, smile. Jain has delicate skin, heavily lashed eyes and bangs; she looks like the only 22-year-old you know whose clothes all come from Peck & Peck.

Tommy Grapshi, playing a fast-talking con artist who occasionally removes a parcel via the lining of his coat. You've seen him standing behind you at the parimutuel window. Keep your hand on your wallet and a grip on your sanity.

Alice is black and a lady; a little sleepy at times. She knows her way around dressing rooms. Rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, the clerks and managers arrive, sit obediently on folding chairs and watch Alice stuff ties—somewhere. They simply disappear.

"Bored housewives do most of the shoplifting," Tommy announces, "plus store help." Nervous titters. Alice does the distracting, leading the dicks and managers around like sheep, while demure Jain magnetizes the merchandise into an elasticized fake package. Racial preconceptions help this black-and-white team; nobody expects *them* to be partners.

As the show goes on, the clerks start to hip up; one says, "Oh, Myrt, this is fun, kind of gives me an idea."

"I heard that," retorts another, with part of a sugared doughnut peeking from a corner of his mouth.

Now Jain is showing how to steal from the register. "Hey," she says to a pseudo customer, "I like your face. So let's just give me an even ten for that eleven-dollar-and-thirty-five-cent item." The customer darts off rejoicing; Jain doesn't

have to clang into the register for change: the bill goes straight into her habit, which is not a nun's.

And there are other gimmicks:

Fits. Black man falls thrashing to the floor, gurgling and babbling in an epileptic seizure. Somehow this draws attention away from the friend who gathers up the loot.

Boosting bloomers. They're not stylish, but if a lady wears baggy, elastic-edged underwear, she can line her thighs with goodies.

Booby traps. For a change of pace, a player *pretends* to steal by tucking a paid-for package under his coat and running. Suits for false arrest, or public embarrassment or abuse, can be profitable.

Even the threat of suit will frequently charm a timid store out of a few bucks.

The performance ends and the Delancey Street show takes its bows.

The applause is impassioned, or as much so as



floor managers, clerks and cashiers can get at nine A.M. Captain Frank Hedley of the San Bruno Police Department gets up to give the posttheater lecture: "Help us get these kids into the legal system so we can help them," he pleads, asking clerks to turn in the boosters they catch. He talks about "re-moon-eration."

As the early shoppers arrive, sweepers get busy pushing away the Styrofoam leavings that litter the mall. Moe, Tommy, Alice and Jain stand aside with the somewhat weary, stiff and abstract faces of so many Lords Olivier—burned out after a master performance. They are twice-born now: this theater is from life—a life they no longer lead.

RECORDINGS

Maggie Bell grew up poor in Glasgow; but in some strange way, it must have been like growing up sad and plain in Port Arthur, Texas, because her first solo album, *Queen of the Night* (Atlantic), is an amazing ghost of Janis—and one song, *A Woman Left Lonely*, is even dedicated to her. Maggie sings with Janis' roadhouse urgency, almost touching the fire and pain that sometimes possessed her voice; but she is no Joplin imitator. She clearly got there all by herself. On

cuts such as *Caddo Queen* and *After Midnight*, with some tasty help from guitarist Cornell Dupree, she lets loose and it's fine; and she sings the blues really low-down and blue. Watch out for Maggie Bell.

In his elliptical fashion, Dylan traces some impressions of his musical career ("Back to the Starting Point!") on the back cover of *Planet Waves* (Asylum). Read it carefully and you'll find an indication—through the apocalyptic images—of how the young man from Minnesota came to affect us all so profoundly. Ten years ago, in a number of musical guises, Dylan's judgment-day stance, detached yet committed, touched the minds and emotions of millions. Now, seven years or so after he stopped making that kind of music, the *rapprochement* of audience and bard should long have evaporated. The fact that it hasn't is documented by the explosion of feeling his recent tour caused. (The Band, maybe the best rock band in the world, was virtually ignored in the crush to hear and respond to Dylan.) *Planet Waves* is the preplanned program guide to the tour: Nearly all the tunes are new and, to a degree, it presents a new Dylan—slightly mellow, more tolerant than before. The actual tour canceled out this intent, however, because the public need for the old Dylan stance was still there and had been unmet for so long. Bob ended up singing the old songs in a newish style. Still, this disc has its own brand of magic, principally in three numbers: *Something There Is About You*, with a fine sweet-sour vocal by Dylan over Robbie Robertson's guitar figures; *Forever Young*, a classic in both versions; and *Wedding Song*, where the old Dylan, fiery and touching, surfaces at last.

Yes is a band that loves to play rock with definite umbilical ties to people like Stravinsky and Bartók—fourth-stream rock 'n' roll. And *Tales from Topographic Oceans* (Atlantic), its new release, provides a remarkable display of the group's conceptual skill. It's a two-record set that builds thematically all the way, swirling without warning from mood to mood. The boys in the band take healthy risks with unpretty vocal lines, violent percussion solos and generally nonwhistleable tunes—and do them with an obsessive, almost unrocklike precision. Even if some of it does come out emotionally limp, they're serious musicians, trying to move it all a little farther on down the road from *Maybellene*.

After the success of *Behind Closed Doors*, the music biz has embarked on a belated hype of Charlie Rich, whose 15-year career spans everything from jazz and blues to rock-a-billy, country and

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Gospel. The latest entry in the Rich sweepstakes is *There Won't Be Anymore* (RCA), produced by Chet Atkins and cut some years ago but unreleased till now. It represents the country-sunshine side of Charlie, here somewhat inflated with big backup choruses and strings, occasional bogus sentiment (*Too Many Teardrops*), but also some clever experimenting with Latin rhythms and an excellent remake of the pop standard *Nice 'n' Easy* with Gospel tints. Nearly every arrangement contains something musically interesting, and Charlie's voice, reminiscent of Elvis' in timbre and phrasing, is a magnificent instrument.

Besides Carlos, the new Santana band features the keyboards of Tom Coster and Richard Kermode, the superfine percussion work of "Chepito" Areas and Armando Peraza with the drumming of Maitreya Michael Shrieve. *Welcome* (Columbia) is a happy return to Latin roots with a variety of jazz or jazz-influenced material ranging from Coltrane to Herbie Mann. The Mahavishnu vein continues to be mined with, in *Flame-Sky*, for instance, an extended series of duets between Carlos and Mahavishnu John McLaughlin. Leon Thomas and Wendy Haas, both first-rate singers, are heard to good advantage on *When I Look into Your Eyes*, which also features Joe Farrell on flute. On the samba *Yours Is the Light*, Flora Purim sings in the Chick Corea *Light as a Feather* style, which Carlos explores here while offering a great solo himself. *Mother Africa* highlights Coster and Kermode's keyboard work, Carlos' bass and kalimba and fine Jules Broussard soprano sax. The diversity of all this is made to cohere through varying Latin rhythmic modes and the caliber of the musicians, who sound as though they had been playing together all their lives.

A couple of our favorite vocalists have provided some great listening this month. *Joe Williams Lives* (Fantasy) finds the estimable singer in some fast company—the brothers Adderley and a small group of sympathetic musicians. "Live" refers to an audience recruited for the recording session, and it obviously kept things cooking. Top items on the agenda: *On Green Dolphin Street*, a movie tune that has become a jazz classic, *Goin' to Chicago Blues*, which, now that Jimmy Rushing has gone on to that great studio in the sky, Williams just about owns, and *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, by Tom McIntosh, a first-rate but much-neglected composer. The Adderleys provide just the right sensitively robust background for the big-voiced Williams, who doesn't record nearly enough to suit us. *Ella Fitzgerald: Newport Jazz Festival Live at Carnegie Hall, July 5, 1973* (Columbia)—if you're not exhausted after reading the title of this twin-LP album, you're in for

a rare treat. Ella moves from her own small group, featuring Tommy Flanagan on piano and Joe Pass on guitar, through a reincarnation of the Chick Webb orchestra (where the Fitzgerald legend started), on to the simple complexities of pianist Ellis Larkins' backdrops, sits out a side while the Jazz at Carnegie All-Stars perform and then takes command on side four. Our favorites? *Miss Otis Regrets*, *Any Old Blues* (on which Miss Fitz acknowledges a debt to the aforementioned Williams), *I've Got a Crush on You* (Ella alchemizing what are basically banal lyrics into pure gold) and a medley of *Taking a Chance on Love* and *I'm in the Mood for Love*. A bright, beautiful package.

Gregg Allman's *Laid Back* (Capricorn) is as reserved as its name implies, serious and reflective in spots, mournful, even, and richly produced with multitudes of horns, strings and choruses. Gregg's powerhouse Allman Brothers style gives way to ballad, slow-paced musings that are beautifully effective, intense probings



into Jackson Browne and Scott Boyer tunes, a traditional Gospel and four Gregg originals. The LP contains some familiar Allman material; e.g., the moody *Midnight Rider*, whose surging, eerie vocal over tasteful strings is one of the album's high points. An easy rocker, *Don't Mess Up a Good Thing*, has superb Chuck Leavell piano and David Newman sax. *These Days* offers some of Gregg's finest singing ever—moving and sad without being sorrowful. The final cut, *Will the Circle Be Unbroken?*, avoids the typical shouting, stomping approach to this Gospel classic and settles for strength and sincerity, two virtues that mark everything here.

There's a rich sense of personality behind the music in *Hotcakes* (Elektra) that seems to bring Carly Simon to her audience almost for the first time. Previously,

she seemed to hang back in various personae or disguises (*You're So Vain*) or get hung up in Jacob Brackman's tunes. There's only one such lapse here, with *Older Sister*, a pretty awful attempt at Dan Hicks nostalgia. Everything else is crystal-clear declaration or insight. The easy, reflective groove she's best at (*Mind on My Man* and *Just Not True*) shows the James Taylor, jazz-tinged influence; and Richard Perry's production and an all-star supporting cast make it all happen. Carly's voice was never richer nor more capable, her personality never more attractive and winning.

The story of Greek composer Mikis Theodorakis is probably better known than his music: his political struggles, first against the monarchist regime, then against the colonels, his subsequent imprisonment and release in 1970. Now John Williams, the fine classical guitarist, and Maria Farandouri, who gained fame from singing Theodorakis' music and leading the ensuing revival of Greek popular music, have recorded *Songs of Freedom* (Columbia), an intriguing sampling of Theodorakis' music. A large part of the disc is given over to *Seven Songs of Lorca*, composed by Theodorakis from a cycle of poems a month before the military coup. *Three Songs* dates from 1967 and 1969 and deals with the assassination of Lambrakis (the deputy whose story was filmed in *Z*) and Theodorakis' imprisonment. Williams and Farandouri seem to be perfect interpreters of this music, and the songs, particularly the last three, come alive through their talents.

Those who dug *Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'round the Ole Oak Tree* should set off a 21-gun salute for *Dawn's New Ragtime Follies Featuring Tony Orlando* (Bell). It's a giant helping of nostalgic sounds from the sweet-singing trio (Telma Hopkins and Joyce Vincent Wilson provide the pretty harmonies). There isn't a harsh note to be found as the group, backed by some dynamite studio musicians, treads lightly through the likes of *Say, Has Anybody Seen My Sweet Gypsy Rose?*, *Who's in the Strawberry Patch* with Sally and *Steppin' Out, I'm Gonna Boogie Tonight*. You can almost hear the soft shoes.

No doubt about it; Eddie Harris consistently turns out some of the most interesting jazz on record. His *E. H. in the U.K.* (Atlantic) is no exception. The electrifying and electrified Harris (electric sax and electric trumpet) joins forces with several top-drawer British rock musicians and the results are decidedly salutary. Stevie Winwood, Jeff Beck and Rick Grech are the big names from Blighty and with Harris they form an English-Speaking Union that is an unqualified success. The boss track of the



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session is *I've Tried Everything*, which has Eddie at the top of his form and guitar work by Messrs. Beck and Albert Lee that's breath-taking.

DINING-DRINKING

The tiny Manhattan restaurant *la petite ferme* (189 West Tenth Street) numbers among its patrons the Paleys, the Onassises, the Plimptons and the Capote—but don't let that put you off. It's not one of your cunningly contrived modern boites where customers leave humming the decor. Oh, it's charming, all right: whitewashed walls hung with such natural pop art as a whole prosciutto, a provolone, garlands of red onions and garlic, plus fresh flowers strategically spotted where they do the most good. But the main attraction here is the scoff, and it's the distinctive culinary expression of one man, proprietor Charles Chevillot. His family owns the Hôtel de la Poste in Beaune, and *la petite ferme* may be an evocation of that respected Burgundian hostelry. Chevillot's cuisine is bourgeois, emphasizing the honest taste of superb raw ingredients rather than the rich, complex sauces and garnitures of *haute cuisine*. But while the cooking is unembellished, and almost austere on occasion, it's by no means artless. Two admirable appetizers, mussels vinaigrette and leeks vinaigrette, exemplify the deceptively simple Chevillot style. The mussels are steamed with onion and parsley, doused with a tangy vinaigrette and served cool (not chilled) in a crude wooden bowl. The same sauce—good red-wine vinegar, Dijon mustard and olive oil—plays a lovely counterpoint to the leeks. The entire menu is severely limited; only four

anointed with a sauce of butter, shallots and wine-vinegar dressing. Gray sole or red snapper *sauté* might be the other *poisson*. *Entrecôte Poêlée* (boneless shell steak sautéed in butter) is the one menu constant. (*Le patron* is not enthralled with steak, but "We have to have it.") The fourth main dish is likely to be *en casserole*—perhaps *Navarin d'Agneau* (lamb stew to you). *Pot au Feu* served with coarse salt, mustard and horseradish sauce, *Osso Buco* (veal braised with white wine and vegetables but served without the traditional *gremolata* garnish), *Poulet Bourguignon* or even a *Lapin Chasseur*. Two crisp, perfectly prepared vegetables, absolutely unadorned, come with most entrees. *La petite ferme* isn't a dessert lover's mecca, but good cheese is served from a board, with bread, in the French manner, never with crackers. There is no bar, and spirits are not served, but you can start with an aperitif such as the house special—sparkling white burgundy spiked with *sirop de cassis*. And wines are fairly priced at about double the retail list. M. Chevillot is under the illusion that a couple can dine well at *la petite ferme* for about \$25—"if they don't go wild on wine." Would that it were so. With gratuities, the à-la-carte tab could run double that. There are two seatings, at 7 and 9:30 P.M. Reservations are imperative (212-242-7035). A group of four or six is easier to book than a two-some. Lunch, served at 12:30 P.M. Tuesday through Friday, is less crowded, also a bit cheaper. *La petite ferme* is closed to the public on Monday—reserved for private parties.

MUSIC

The current edition of *Woody Herman and the Young Thundering Herd* is the most consistently exciting band that jazzdom's perennial traveler has headed in some years. At New York City's Halfnote (149 West 54th Street), where blowups of his scores are a permanent fixture over the bar, Woody displayed two young tenor saxophonists—Gregory Herbert and Frank Tiberi—who swing hard and inventively with big larruping sounds. Other names worth watching for as they eventually leave the Herd to strike out on their own are Andy Laverne (electric piano) and Jim Pugh (trombone). The scores, mostly by trumpeter-arranger Bill Stapleton, range from such refurbished vintage Herman charts as *Early Autumn* and *Four Brothers* to John Coltrane's *Giant Steps* (the title tune of Woody's most recent Fantasy album). Collectively, the band's section work is crisp and driving; and every once in a while, Woody's clarinet rides over the wall of sound behind him as it has ridden over a long series of Thundering Herds. Whether or not big bands are coming back, the indefatigable Mr. Herman works 48 weeks

every year and is booked well into 1974. Asked where he keeps finding young and eager sidemen, Woody says that his main sources are the Berklee College of Music in Boston, North Texas State University and the University of Indiana. "We don't



usually get them *right* out of school," he adds, "but we know they're there from our sources around the country and we keep track of them." Woody thinks it's going to be easier and easier to find recruits because of the thousands of stage bands and dance bands in America's schools. An index of the interest in big bands among the young is that 30 percent of Woody's bookings are now at colleges (where the band is involved in clinics and seminars as well as concerts) and at high schools. While Woody continues on the road, the University of Houston has meanwhile inaugurated a Woody Herman Collection of early scores, old horns and other Herman memorabilia. It's installed in the archives of the university's music library. In view of Woody's capacity to keep regenerating himself through contact with the young, bold musicians who continue to be attracted to his various Herds, the University of Houston is going to have to keep expanding the space committed to the Herman archives, because Woody is far from retirement. After all, he's 14 years younger than that other long-distance swinger, Duke Ellington.

PLACES

They show up in bizarre places—alongside a canal in Amsterdam, leaning against a milepost in Italy, among the advertising placards in the London underground, tacked up next to the basketball hoop on a small-town Kansas garage. You may have seen your first one in Vietnam—240 of them were



are offered on any given evening—which is all to the good, considering the size and aspirations of *la petite ferme*. Selections are chalked on a small slate, which allows M. Chevillot last-minute flexibility on his morning market amble. If a striped bass or a salmon catches his eye, it may become one of the day's two fish entrees, poached in court bouillon and



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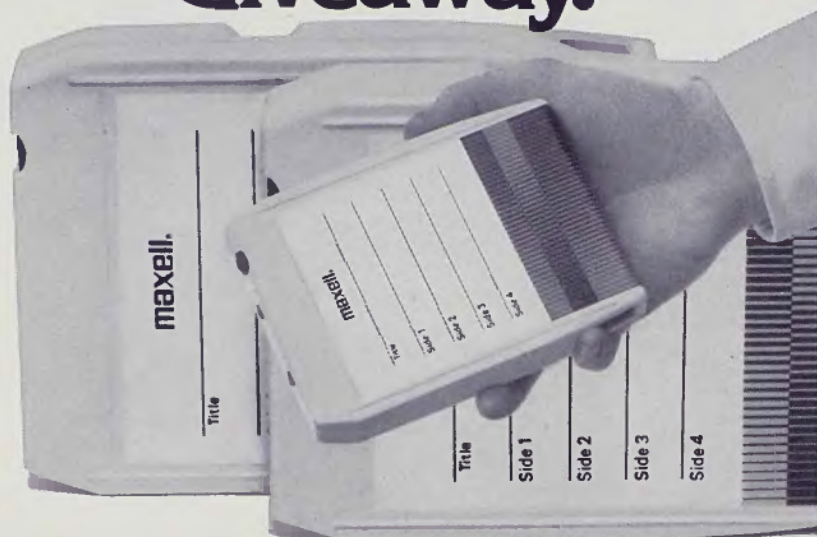


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mailed over there, at Servicemen's requests—or, in the unlikely event you were there at the right time on the right dog sled, on the polar icecap. The message is alternately straightforward (WALL DRUG, 10,632 MILES) or corn-pone cutesy (WALL, I'LL BE DRUGGED). So popular is this odd bit of Americana, the *Wall Drug* sign, that nearly 20,000 are given away each year. But their largest concentration, understandably enough, is along a dreary, 348-mile stretch of Interstate Highway 90 between Sioux Falls and Rapid City, South Dakota. The distance between signs decreases relentlessly the closer one gets to the town of Wall (population 740), on the northern rim of the Badlands National Monument. There, in defiance of all logic, stands an institution that's a marvelous mixture of high camp and big business, the ultimate tribute to the old saw that it pays to advertise.

Wall Drug started out as a drugstore. It still is, though nowadays it seems everything but. The store was founded as a mom-and-pop operation by Ted and Dorothy Hustead in 1931, just in time for the double whammy of Depression and drought. Things were going rapidly downhill when one hot Sunday in the summer of 1936, Dorothy had a brain storm. Why not do something to attract some of the sweltering tourists passing by on the nearby highway en route to and from the Black Hills and points west? So she and Ted had a batch of signs made up, touting something druggists had been giving away for years but had never thought to advertise: FREE ICE WATER—WALL DRUGSTORE. It worked. "People were turning off the road before we got back to the store from posting the last sign," recalls Ted, who remains active in the business, now managed by his son Bill.

Wall Drug still gives away ice water—close to 10,000 glasses a day during the peak season, June through August, when the place opens at 4:30 A.M. and doesn't close until ten P.M. It also sells a lot of stuff, to the tune of \$1,000,000-plus gross per year: books, pottery, camping equipment, stamps, jewelry, Western clothing, souvenirs—baby rattlesnakes encased in plastic, bullwhips, genuine Sioux moccasins and plastic horses made in Hong Kong—and food. Tons of it, to an average 600 customers a day, some days as many as 15,000. Hot-test items on the menu are coffee at five cents a cup, two eggs and toast at 49 cents. "On a good day we'll serve 200 to 240 dozen eggs, and when you've got to crack 'em and fry 'em, you feel like you've seen a heap of eggs," Bill Hustead says. Other popular offerings are homemade doughnuts at 15 cents (6000 per day in season) and buffalo-meat burgers at 69 cents. Everything is ordered, McDonald's style, at a window and picked up when your number's bawled out by one of the 60 or so college

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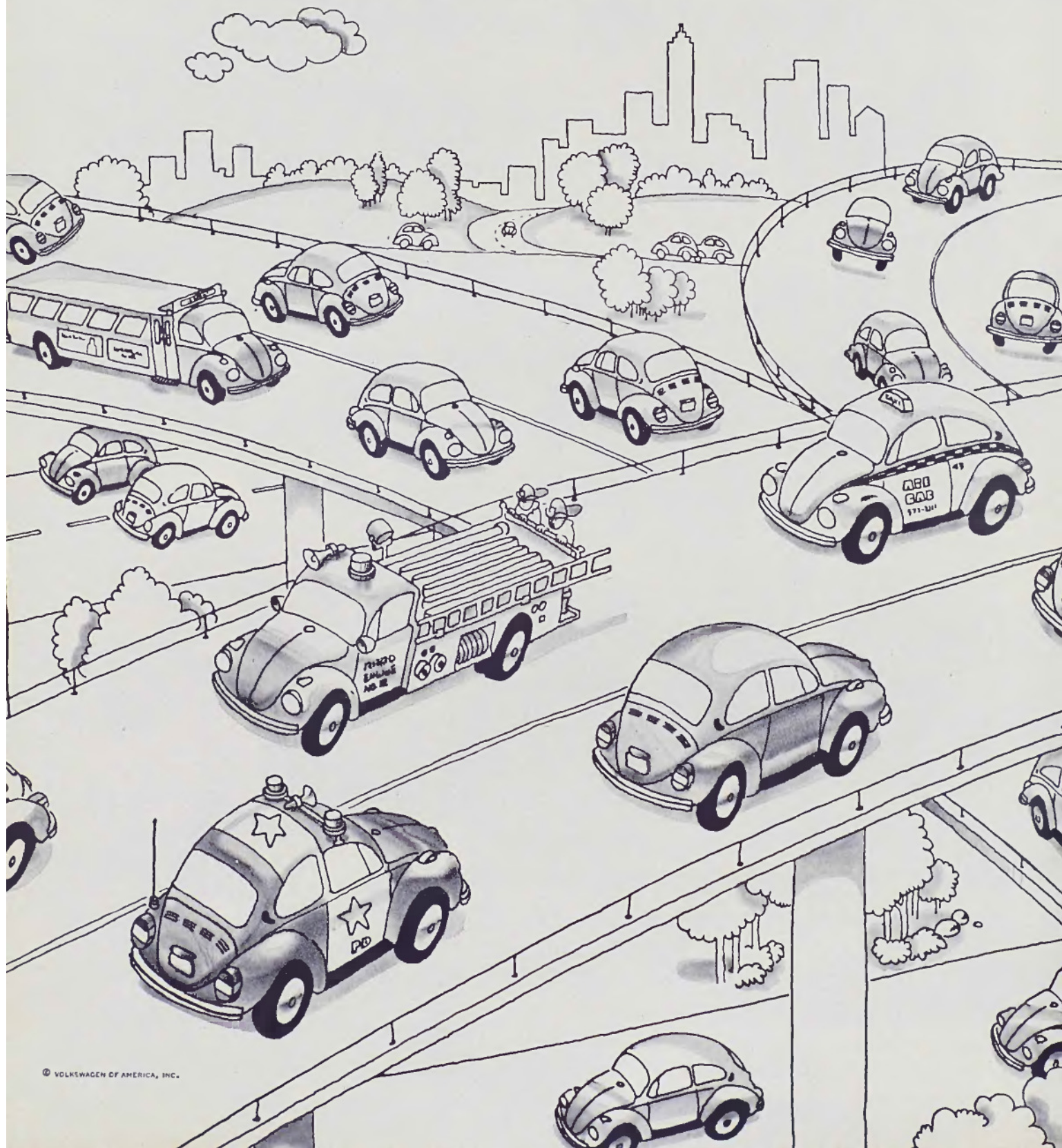
What's right with this picture? Well if it were true, we'd be saving 28 billion, 560 million gallons of gas every year.

How did we arrive at that figure? Since we're a nation of national averages, we know the average car uses about 735 gallons of gas a year. The Beetle, 399*. Turn the eighty-five million average cars

on the road right now into Beetles, and it works out to a saving of 28,560,000,000 (give or take a few gallons).

Now we haven't figured out all the water and antifreeze that would be saved with the Beetle's air-cooled engine.

Nor can we compute the extra parking space that would be around.



to rationing gas.

Not to mention all the money people would be able to save in a world of Volkswagens.

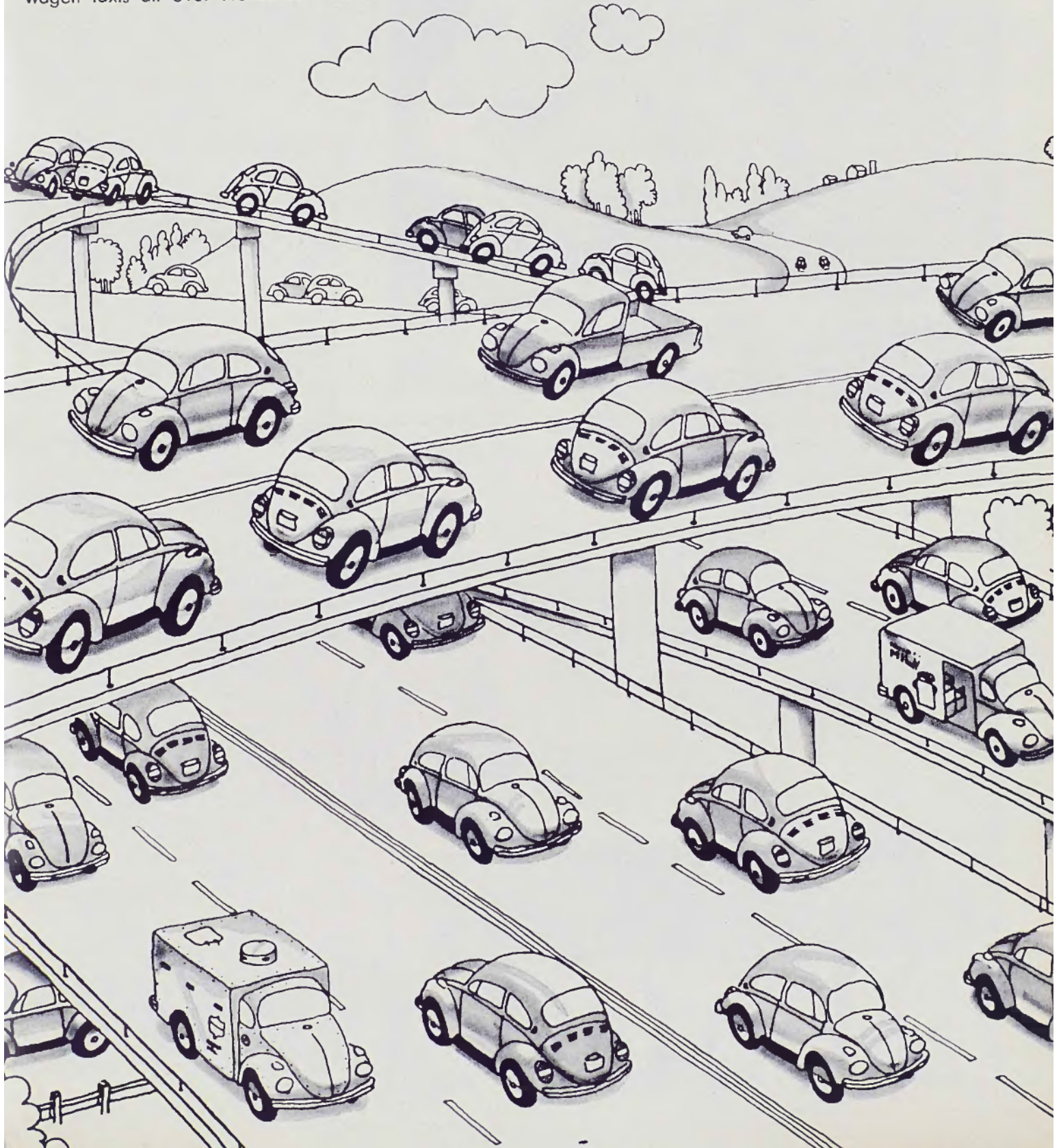
But we know for sure that this is no pipe dream. There already are police car Beetles up in Ossining. And a custom built, chauffeur-driven Bug in L. A. And Volkswagen taxis all over Honduras. And a

Beetle that herds cattle in Missouri.

So with gas prices going up and rationing becoming a reality, the Beetle never looked so good. In fact, you might almost call it beautiful.



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work as well as a Volkswagen.



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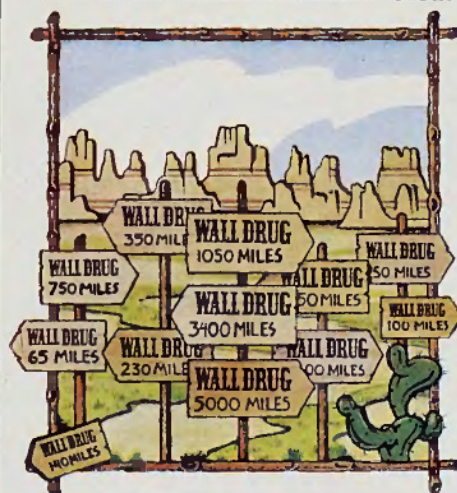
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kids who swell the store's payroll in summer—and are housed in Wall Drug dormitories, with their own employees' swimming pool. In the middle of the short-order menu is another Wall Drug surprise: a selection of Sebastiani's California wines, impeccably served (whites and rosés in iced tankards, reds at cellar temperature) and modestly priced (a pitcher of Mountain White, containing a shade over two glassfuls, is tagged at 98 cents).

"We probably don't break even on some things, like the coffee and eggs, but what the heck—we're trying to give people a good deal," says Bill. "They come here and get a free history of the Badlands country, get their jugs filled with free ice, have their questions answered at our tourist-information booth



and watch our Cowboy Quartet of life-sized animated musicians play. Nobody has to buy anything. Of course, most of them do."

Behind the buildings is a mecca for kids, the Back Yard—containing picnic tables, the well dispensing the free ice water, a replica of Mount Rushmore, a covered wagon, a stuffed bucking horse, a mounted buffalo and a six-foot rabbit (constructed, according to our spies, from burrohides). As Junior poses atop the bronco or peeks out of the Conestoga, the place is awhirl with the click of camera shutters. Wall Drug, of course, sells film.

It also sells some drugs, though you have to search for the prescription counter; it's hidden away upstairs. "In winter, I'd guess 90 percent of our business is in prescriptions and veterinary supplies, like vaccines for the ranchers," Bill says. "Rest of the year, well, I suppose we fill around 20 prescriptions a day."

The Wall Drug's boom, though, could be about to bust. Even before the energy crisis threatened to take many of his prospective customers off the road, Bill was predicting gloomily that Wall Drug may be on shaky ground. Provisions of the Highway Beautification Act, when they go into full force, will require removal of

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all those Wall Drug signs. "The way I see it now," he says, "about the only sign I'll have left is the one on the front of my building. We've taken a chance on expanding our business—just added an air-conditioned shopping mall that looks like a Western village street—but whether we can survive remains to be seen. And if we go, the whole town goes."

We're betting the store and the town, with its three-block-long main street and its 14 motels, all catering to the more than 1,000,000 tourists who've been turning off the highway each year to visit Wall Drug, will find a way to stay in business. Met any skywriting balloonists lately?

BOOKS

For a lot of people, going to Florida is a far more solemn and momentous act than just visiting Disney World with the kids or dropping into Fort Lauderdale for a beer-soaked spring vacation (yes, they still do that). Some people go to Florida to die. They may not plan on getting right down to business as soon as they're unpacked, but that's how the move will end. In that state, it seems, you are either a tourist or a terminal—or a servant of one of those two.

PLAYBOY contributor Donn Pearce spent several months looking into the dying business in Florida—it's booming, needless to say—and wrote *Dying in the Sun* (Charterhouse), probably the grimmest and most compelling of a number of recent books on old age and death. Pearce has an eye for the grotesque. In his research, he discovered a loquacious funeral director who takes real pride in his work, some geriatric nudists, a crew of cynical ambulance men who insouciantly watch the aged go (that was part of his article *Win Some, Lose Some*, PLAYBOY, July 1973) and, worst of all, a young hustler who has set up a profitable euthanasia business.

The book is depressing but oddly human. Pearce stopped grinding axes after he wrote *Cool Hand Luke*. Now he looks at the world, doesn't much like what he sees, can't really tell you what to do about it and asks that you take pity. One is reminded of the old ditty: "Never laugh when the hearse goes by / For you may be the next to die. . . ."

Every time a new book by Studs Terkel comes out, a reviewer casts around for some sort of comparison, an analogy, a handle to catch him by: In *Division Street: America*, he played Oscar Lewis to an entire city, letting the people of Chicago talk their own anthropology into his tape recorder. *Hard Times* had him exploring America's racial memory of the Depression, getting those who contributed their recollections to unburden themselves as they might to some friendly

old Dr. Jung. With his new book, *Working* (Pantheon), Terkel becomes a kind of latter-day Henry Mayhew, the journalist who skulked the lower depths of London with his notebook at the ready, interviewing all and sundry as to what they did and thought. It's Mayhew who gave us the truest picture of Victorian England, and it's Terkel who presents the most accurate account to date of life as it is lived day to day in America.

How does he do it?

Just by asking questions and letting the people he



talks to—

135 by actual count here—tell their own

stories about what they do for money. It may sound easy, but it isn't—not for anybody but Studs. He has what it takes: a limitless curiosity about people and a love for them he communicates in what one of his subjects once called "a feeling tone." He talks to people from nearly every walk of life, the high and the low, people you've heard of and people you haven't, and people whose names he has had to change to protect them from the consequences of their own frankness. It's actor Rip Torn who best sums up the attitude of his fellow talkers when he says, "That's what's changed in the nature of work in this country—the lack of pride in the work itself. A man's life is his work." A sad conclusion, yes, but a beautiful book.

"Altogether she blew 270 hours, \$9450 and possibly an even 1000 Kleenex on him. He never once said he loved her, or invited her for the slightest peek behind the other door to see whether he lived back there—and if so, how." So much for traditional psychoanalysis. The real analysis in *Final Analysis* (Random House), Lois Gould's new novel, begins when the doctor makes the mistake of thinking he can seduce his ex-patient and leave in the morning. Never. She loves him. She is miserable and lonely and exhausted from the strain of a bad marriage, divorce, New York, free-lance writing, women's liberation, consciousness raising, etc., etc. And S. Conrad Foxx, M.D., is just what she needs to recover. Not that he did her much good before, but this will be different. Love always is. Unfortunately, the doctor is just as screwy as his former patient. His own life begins to fall apart. He needs the Kleenex more than she does. She grins. She is feeling much better. Writing again, radiating energy, health, strength,

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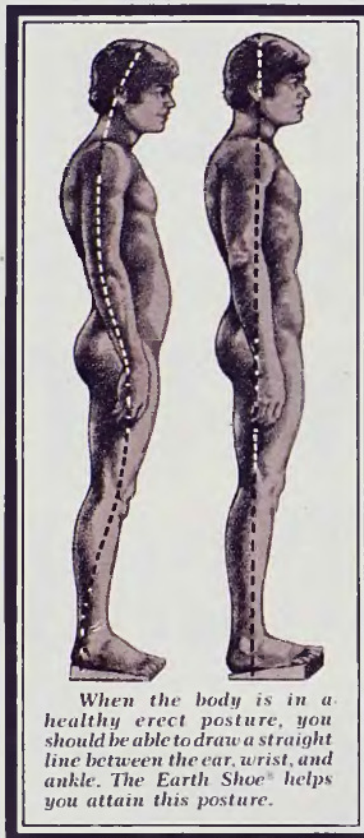
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I don't make shoes for your feet. I make shoes for your body.



When the body is in a healthy erect posture, you should be able to draw a straight line between the ear, wrist, and ankle. The Earth Shoe® helps you attain this posture.

My shoe is completely different from any shoe you've ever worn. It's a shoe for your entire body.

It was designed by studying the body. How it stands. How it walks. And what it needs.

I call my shoe The Earth Shoe.*

It's more natural to walk with your heels lower than your toes.

That might sound strange at first. But look at your footprints when you walk barefoot in sand. You will see that the heel is much deeper than the toe.

This is the natural way your body wants to walk.

My shoes work with your body.

The heel of The Earth

Shoe is actually lower than the toe.

This helps guide your body into a straighter, more upright posture. A posture that takes weight and pressure off your lower back and the metatarsal area of your foot. This should help reduce fatigue, and make walking and standing easier and more comfortable.

This straighter posture is similar to that attained in the Lotus position in Yoga.

The sole of my shoe is molded in the form of a healthy footprint in sand.

Lowering the heel is not enough.

The entire sole of my shoe is molded in a very special way. With each step you take, your weight is shifted from your heel to the outside of your foot, to the ball of your foot, and then to your big toe.

This gentle rolling motion allows you to walk and stand for hours longer without tiring. You should feel a whole new energy in my shoes.



The Earth Shoe® comes in styles for men and women, from open sandals to high boots. From \$23.50 to \$42.50. Prices slightly higher in the West.



To get an idea of how The Earth Shoe works, stand barefoot with your toes up on a book. Feel what begins to happen to your body.

The toe of my shoe is wide. So your toes can spread out naturally and comfortably. Instead of being cramped and squashed.

The arch of The Earth Shoe is much more than just a support. It helps your arch exercise. When you try my shoes you will feel the difference immediately.

It took me 10 years to perfect The Earth Shoe. And I did it with several doctors, in my native Denmark, who not only worked with me, but actually wore the shoes to test each delicate adjustment.

You may feel strange at first.

When you first put The Earth Shoe on, you may feel a little odd. This is because you will be using neglected muscles you're not used to using.

Wearing my shoe is a special way of exercising your body while you walk.

You should wear them moderately at first, until you get used to this new way of walking.

Where to buy them.

My shoes are sold at stores that only sell The Earth Shoe.

In every case, these stores were opened by people who wore my shoes, and believed in them so much, they decided to sell them themselves.

To really appreciate my shoes you must try them.

I have received thousands of letters from wearers who were pleased beyond their expectations.

Come try them. You will see, perhaps for the first time in your life, what it is like to stand straighter, to walk more gracefully, naturally and comfortably.



As with all successful ideas and inventions, there are imitators.

Although a shoe may look like The Earth Shoe, none reproduce the careful design and years of testing that are built into every pair. The Earth Shoe is patented. It can not be copied without being changed.

To be sure you're getting the real thing, look on the sole for The Earth Shoe trademark, and U.S. patent number, 3305947.

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Anne Kalso

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Prices of regular gasoline in Europe. Denmark, \$1.13, Norway, \$1.22, West Germany, \$1.16, Sweden, \$1.15, Greece, \$1.80. (Costs and currency exchange rate as of 1/2/74.*) Italy, \$1.14, Belgium, \$1.01, Netherlands, \$1.05, Portugal, \$1.05, Switzerland, \$.95, Spain, \$1.17, England, \$.77. (Costs and currency exchange rate as of 1/25/74.**)

*Source: European Embassies, Paris, France. **Source: Institute of Petroleum, London, England.

FIAT

The biggest selling car in Europe.

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calm. Just what the doctor needs, and on a cold April Fools' night, she takes him into *his* beach house and *his* bed and promises peace. This is the first truly funny book to come from the stack of women's novels about neurotic women trying to find love in their lives and meaning in their work. Once in a while there is banality and cuteness, almost like a hangover from adolescence, but most of the time there is a brilliant and poignant humor.

William Faulkner liked rattlesnakes considerably better than people who tried to poke around in his private life. He would habitually flee from, insult or lie to anyone who stumbled uninvited into that territory, and he was so good at it that the stories about him were, even after his death, apocryphal and few. No more.

Joseph Blotner's two-volume *Faulkner* (Random House) is nearly 2000 pages long, and it tells you more than you'd ever want to know about the man—and less. Blotner, who was a friend of Faulkner's during the last years of his life, begins with those wild early Mississippi



settlers who were finally transformed into Sutpkins and Sartorises and Snopeses, and from there follows more than a century of the Falkners—as he spelled his name before turning literary—and kin and friends who passed through and changed his life. Faulkner himself emerges sometimes vividly as he passes through his seasons—as a young poet imitating T. S. Eliot in New Orleans, finding slowly, with obsession, the right way to write, supporting much of the Falkner clan during the Depression by periodic hackwork trips to Hollywood (where he hunted with Clark Gable and got drunk with Humphrey Bogart) and, finally, settling into the life of a Virginia gentleman after winning the Nobel Prize. And the good



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stories are here: At a cocktail party after *Sanctuary* was published, a bookish lady asked him, "I understand that an author always puts himself in his books. Which character are you in *Sanctuary*?" "Madam," Faulkner replied, "I was the cornucob." And one for Faulkner scholars: Asked by his publisher what one particularly snarled and inspired sentence in *Light in August* meant, Faulkner answered: "Damned if I know. . . . I remember I was pretty well corned up when I wrote that part."

But to find the brilliant, funny and occasionally bitter man lurking here requires wading through more summary and analysis of his writing than anybody but a registered Faulkner fanatic will find agreeable; and, worse, this is, for all it reveals, finally a timid biography. Blotner tells enough for us to know that Faulkner's marriage was less than tranquil, that he and his wife both became alcoholics, that she was once pissed enough at him to toss the finished manuscript of *Light in August* out of a car window—but we never quite find out *why*. Throughout, she remains a tortured ghost we never come to know. Blotner deserves abiding thanks for his careful and clearly loving work, and maybe he gets to pull some punches if he wants to, but it's too bad for those of us he's teased into speculation.

The reader of *Hard Scrabble: Observations on a Patch of Land* (Knopf) need not care much about nature to be moved by John Graves's description of his own attempt to tame a rough bit of terrain in southwest Texas and make it produce a living. The power of this quasi biography comes from the leanness of its language as well as from the grandeur of its subject. And Graves is an uncommon writer with an ability to see, in the meanest of topics, beauty and universality—without ever denying them their rightful place in the balance of things. *Hard Scrabble's* topics range from amusing snatches on the stinging habits of horseflies to a touching "fictionalized" account of a former hand who has left the ranch to live in suburbia. Graves is obviously both an unabashed naturalist—though not a crusader—and a fierce humanist: He has produced a rare, sometimes ferocious, sometimes tender book for even those among us who manage to kill the cactus in the window box.

Does anybody still believe that the great age of the American short story is safely buried with Fitzgerald and Hemingway? There have been hundreds of good stories written in, say, the past three decades—many of them (it may be time to say) by women. The generation that included Eudora Welty, Jean Stafford and the universally admired Flannery O'Connor set standards for precision and resonance that continue to distinguish

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the stories of American writers such as Grace Paley.

Paley's famous first book, *The Little Disturbances of Man*, has, unaccountably, long been unavailable. The stripped-down, understated revelations waiting to catch you in *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) have also been around awhile—published in various magazines and respectfully celebrated well before their appearance here.

One can see why. These are murderously laconic accounts of journeys into awareness. Each story is briefer than seems possible. Frustrated self-questionings are limned in an elliptical shorthand that somehow manages to summarize unruly masses of experiences. In the most extended and searching of her stories, Paley opens up the lives of her urban watchers and listeners and takes us deep inside.

They are divorcees, sometimes on the make, more often on suspicious alert; mothers nervously ignoring the perceptive questions of their bright, fatherless kids; daughters who can't make their querulous, aging parents understand that their own lives won't fit snugly into the neat boxes lovingly dreamed for them.

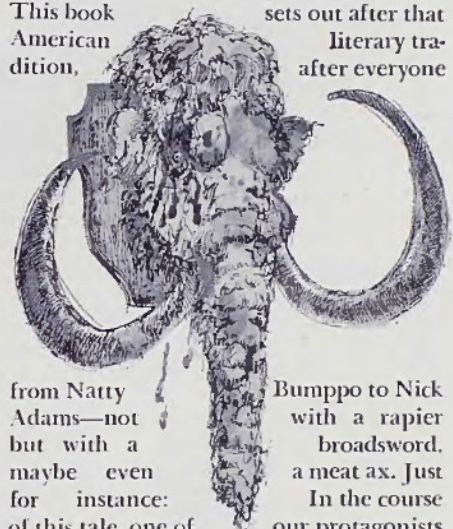
Behind them all is the writer, telling people's stories, "in order, you might say, to save a few lives"; gently rejecting her dying father's hard-won fatalism; scorning "plot, the absolute line between two points which I've always despised . . . because it takes all hope away."

Those are the words of a writer so intensely involved with her world that she can bring it to life by the simplest, most direct means possible. And this is the best work of short fiction by an American writer since the last Flannery O'Connor. And that may be an understatement, too.

Tom Mayer has expanded *Staggerwing and Me*, which appeared in these pages in September 1972, to book length, for which pilots and nonpilots alike can be grateful. His *Climb for the Evening Star* (Houghton Mifflin) brings to mind the few other books by airmen (Saint-Exupéry first among them, of course, and—somehow surprisingly—Lindbergh as well) who have been able to articulate some of the moral dimensions of flying without descending into sentiment. Mayer's accounts of two long flights in Mexico and Texas and his tributes to the handful of "true believers" who have helped show him the joys and disciplines of the air will be of particular interest to fellow fliers. But especially in a section on an uncle who died in 1935 testing an obscure but worthy craft he'd helped design, and in Mayer's account of his reluctant participation in a Cobra gunship

mission in Vietnam, he earns the right to have this book shifted from the transportation shelf of the bookstores to whatever space they set aside for well-crafted, deeply felt self-explanation.

Ever noticed the way rivers figure in American fiction? Well, it hasn't escaped the notice of Robert F. Jones, whose first novel, *Blood Sport* (Simon & Schuster), concerns an adventure along the Hassayampa, "a burly stream with its share of trout [that] rises in northern China, meanders through an Indian reservation in central Wisconsin, and empties finally into Croton Lake . . . in southern New York State." The Hassayampa is not, in short, just any river. And *Blood Sport* is not just any taut novel that uses the woods and danger to make a point about life. This book sets out after that American literary tradition, after everyone



from Natty Adams—not with a rapier but with a broadsword, maybe even a meat ax. Just for instance: In the course of this tale, one of our protagonists is forced to dispatch a unicorn with a 9mm Luger. Later, he and the villain dine on a maggot the size of an oil drum. The final showdown takes place at a whirlpool in the river. Weapons? Fly rods, of course, with poisoned flies. (Purists will be interested in the anglers' choice of flies: the Cowdang for our hero, while the villain ties the Rat-Faced MacDougall.) It's clear through all this that Jones is having a hell of a time, as well as trying to make a literary case. The slapstick is effective, if a little repetitive; there is more corrupted flesh in this novel than there was at Verdun. Which is another way of saying that Jones isn't really much of a satirist. When he runs out of ideas, he gives you more of an old one. His only one.

A Darkening Green: Notes from the Silent Generation (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan) comprises portions of a diary that Peter S. Prescott kept during his freshman year at Harvard (1953), interspersed with more recent observations on that faraway period. Certain of the entries are amusing, and there is that wonderfully smug exuberance to be found in most

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2. Compare its mileage to the car at the top of the list.

3. Then decide.

This list is being published by the makers of the car at the top of the list. Partly as a public service.

	TRANS	MPG
Honda Civic	M4	29.1
Volkswagen 412 Wagon	M4	27.9
Toyota Corolla 1200 Coupe	M4	27.1
Lotus Europa Special	M5	25.2
Datsun B210	M4	24.9
Toyota Corolla 1200 Sedan	M4	24.8
Volkswagen 412 Wagon	A3	24.6
Chevrolet Vega Hatchback	M3	24.6
Lotus Europa	M4	24.5
Volkswagen Dasher Sedan	M4	24.3
Volkswagen Dasher Wagon	A3	23.7
Volkswagen Dasher Sedan	A3	23.3
Triumph Spitfire	M4	23.1
Ford Pinto	M4	22.8
Dodge Colt Wagon	M4	22.8
Dodge Colt Coupe	A3	22.7
Subaru Wagon	M4	22.7
Toyota Corolla 1600 Sedan	M4	22.6
Volkswagen Convertible	SA	22.6
BMW 2002	A3	22.6
Dodge Colt Coupe	M4	22.5
MG Midget	M4	22.4
Datsun B210	A3	22.2
Renault 17 Gordini	M5	22.2
Renault 12 Wagon	A3	22.2
Audi Fox	M4	22.0
Dodge Colt Wagon	A3	21.9
Honda Civic	SA	21.8
Saab 97	M4	21.7
Volkswagen Karmann Ghia	M4	21.7
Subaru Coupe	M4	21.7
Toyota Corolla 1600 Wagon	A3	21.1

Volkswagen 181 "Thing"	M4	21.0
Volkswagen Super Beetle	M4	20.9
Toyota Corolla 1600 Sedan	A2	20.8
Datsun 710	A3	20.7
Datsun 610	M4	20.6
Fiat X1/9	M4	20.4
BMW 2002 tii	M4	20.3
Fiat 124 Special TC	M4	20.2
Ford Mustang	M4	20.1
Datsun 710	M4	20.0
Mazda 808 Coupe	M4	20.0
Chevrolet Vega Panel		
Express	M3	20.0
Chevrolet Vega Kammback	A3	20.0
Lincoln-Mercury Comet	M3	19.9
Opel Manta Rallye	M4	19.8
Lincoln-Mercury Capri	M4	19.8
Datsun 610	A3	19.8
Alfa Romeo 2000 Berlina	M5	19.7
Ford Pinto Wagon	M4	19.7
Volkswagen Kombi-22		
(Microbus)	M4	19.6
Chevrolet Vega Hatchback	A3	19.6
Saab 99 LE	M4	19.4
Toyota Mark II Wagon	A3	19.4
Alfa Romeo 2000 GTV	M5	19.1
Renault 12 Sedan	A3	19.1
Porsche 911-T	M4	19.1
TVR 2500 M	M4	19.0
Volkswagen Kombi-22		
(Microbus)	A3	19.0
Mazda 808 Coupe	A3	18.9

Renault 12 Sedan	M4	18.8
MGB	M4	18.7
Toyota Corona SR Sedan	M4	18.4
Toyota Corona SR Sedan	A3	18.4
Volvo 145	M4	18.4
Opel Manta	M4	18.2
Opel 1900	A3	18.2
Fiat 124 Sport Sedan	M5	18.0
Renault 15 TL Coupe	M4	17.9
Opel Manta Luxus	A3	17.9
Fiat 124 Special TC	A3	17.9
Fiat 128 Wagon	M4	17.8
Fiat 124 Wagon	A3	17.7
Porsche 914-4	M5	17.5
Renault 17 TL Coupe	M4	17.5
Volvo 142	M5	17.5
Fiat 128 Sedan	M4	17.4
Chevrolet Vega Hatchback	M4	17.4
Ford Mustang	M4	17.3
Porsche 911 S	M5	17.2
Ford Pinto	A3	17.1
Peugeot 504 Sedan	A3	17.0
Volvo 144	A3	17.0
Ford Mustang	A3	16.9
Lincoln-Mercury Capri	A3	16.9
Porsche 911 S	SA	16.9
Triumph TR-6	M4	16.9
Peugeot 504 Sedan	M4	16.8
Plymouth Valiant Duster	A3	16.7
Ford Maverick	A3	16.7
Ford Pinto Wagon	A3	16.6
MGB/GT	M4	16.3
Datsun 260Z	M4	16.2
Porsche 911 T	M5	16.1
Audi 100	M4	16.1
Saab 99 LE	A3	16.1
Fiat 124 Sport Coupe	M5	16.0
Dodge Dart	A3	16.0
AMC Gremlin	A3	15.9
Datsun 260Z	A3	15.8
Chevrolet Nova Hatchback	A3	15.7
AMC Gremlin	M3	15.6
Ford Maverick	A3	15.6
Lincoln-Mercury Comet	A3	15.5
AMC Hornet Sportabout	A3	15.5
Chevrolet Vega Panel		
Express	M4	15.4
Toyota Mark II Sedan	A3	15.4
Toyota Mark II Wagon	A3	15.2
Toyota Mark II Sedan	M4	15.2
Chevrolet Nova Hatchback	A3	15.2
AMC Hornet Sedan	A3	14.7
Volvo 164	A3	14.5
Mercedes Benz 230	A4	14.3
Mercedes Benz 280	A4	14.1
Ford Torino	A3	14.0
BMW Bavaria	M4	13.8

Checker Sedan	A3	13.8	Buick Century Wagon	A3	9.7	Pontiac LeMans Safari	A3	8.6
Volvo 164	M5	13.4	Jaguar E Type V-12	A3	9.7	Excalibur II	A3	8.5
AMC Gremlin	M4	13.2	Buick Estate Wagon	A3	9.6	Dodge Sport Wagon	A3	8.5
AMC Javelin	M3	13.2	Chevrolet Caprice Wagon	A3	9.6	Pontiac Grand Safari	A3	8.4
BMW Bavaria	A3	12.7	Lincoln-Mercury Cougar	A3	9.5	Oldsmobile Toronado	A3	8.3
Plymouth Valiant Duster	M3	12.5	Ford Wagon	A3	9.5	Buick Electra 225	A3	8.3
AMC Matador	A3	12.4	Oldsmobile Cutlass			Pontiac Catalina Safari	A3	8.3
AMC Matador Wagon	A3	12.3	Supreme	A3	9.5	Jensen Interceptor	A3	8.2
AMC Javelin	A3	12.1	Pontiac LeMans	M4	9.4	Pontiac Grand Ville	A3	8.1
Citroen SM	A4	11.9	Rolls Royce Silver Shadow	A3	9.3	Mercury Wagon	A3	8.1
Plymouth Satellite	M4	11.8	Pontiac Catalina	A3	9.2	Lincoln Continental	A3	7.9
AMC Hornet	M3	11.7	Pontiac LeMans	A3	9.2	Maserati 120	M5	7.8
Plymouth Satellite	A3	11.6	Buick Grand Sport	A3	9.1	Pontiac Bonneville	A3	7.8
Maserati Bora	M5	11.6	Chrysler	A3	9.1	Chevrolet Chevelle Laguna	M4	7.6
Ford Torino Wagon	A3	11.4	Oldsmobile Delta 88 Royal	A3	9.0	Oldsmobile 98 Regency	A3	7.6
Lincoln-Mercury			Pontiac Ventura GTO	A3	8.9	Oldsmobile Delta 88 Wagon	A3	7.6
Montego Wagon	A3	11.4	Pontiac Ventura GTO	M4	8.9	Lamborghini Jarama	M5	7.3
Citroen SM	M5	11.2	Chrysler Wagon	A3	8.9	Lamborghini Espada	M5	7.2
Avanti Coupe	A3	11.0	Plymouth Fury Wagon	A3	8.9	Ferrari 365 GTB-4	M5	6.5
Chevrolet Impala			Cadillac DeVille	A3	8.9			
Sports Sedan	A3	11.0	Buick Regal	A3	8.8			
Lincoln-Mercury Montego	M3	11.0	Pontiac Grand Am	A3	8.8			
AMC Javelin	M4	10.8	Chevrolet Caprice Classic	A3	8.8			
AMC Ambassador	A3	10.8	Oldsmobile Vista Cruiser	A3	8.7			
Mazda RX 3 Wagon	M4	10.8	Cadillac Fleetwood	A3	8.7			
Ford	A3	10.7	Pontiac Trans Am	M4	8.6			
Mazda RX 3 Coupe	A3	10.7						
Mazda RX 2 Coupe	M4	10.6						
Mercedes Benz 450	A3	10.6						
Mazda RX 4 Wagon	M4	10.4						
Ford Pantera	M5	10.4						
Buick Century 350	A3	10.4						
Buick LeSabre	A3	10.4						
Cadillac Eldorado	A3	10.4						
Mazda RX 4 Coupe	A3	10.3						
Jaguar E Type V-12	M4	10.3						
Oldsmobile Cutlass	A3	10.3						
Chevrolet Impala Custom								
Coupe	A3	10.3						
Pontiac Trans Am	A3	10.3						
Ferrari Dino 246 GT	M5	10.3						
Chevrolet Impala Estate								
Wagon	A3	10.3						
Pontiac Ventura	A3	10.3						
Lincoln-Mercury Montego	A3	10.3						
Chevrolet Malibu Classic	A3	10.3						
Pontiac LeMans	A3	9.9						
Ford Torino	M4	9.8						

In transmission listings, A is automatic and M is manual; i.e. A3 is a three-speed automatic and M4 is a four-speed manual. SA is semi-automatic.

Where two or more cars of the same make, model and transmission were tested, we have listed the best mileage figure recorded for that model, regardless of variances in weight, engine size and axle ratio.

Data is based on information available as of Feb. 19, 1974.



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adolescent diaries. But 21 years ago, Prescott wasn't Holden Caulfield or Raskolnikov. He was also not Salinger or Dostoevsky.

Finally, we would once again like to direct your attention to William Kotzwinkle. He is one of today's most inventive writers of fiction. We reviewed *The Fan Man* last month. (We were a little late. Sorry.) This month, it is *Nightbook* (Avon). In this slender book, Kotzwinkle juxtaposes the sexual accounts of Athenian ladies told during the feast of Demeter and sad tales of lust taken from our own shabby time. The effect is striking—poignant yet comic. *Nightbook* is a paperback original, so buy it and enjoy a bargain.

THEATER

On the best of all possible Broadways, *Candide* would not have flunked first time around (in 1956). The score is one of Leonard Bernstein's best and Richard Wilbur's lyrics are marked by caustic wit and intelligence. But the original production had problems, and one of the biggest was Lillian Hellman's heavy-handed adaptation of Voltaire. The first thing that director Harold Prince has done in



his new version of *Candide* is to substitute a new book by Hugh Wheeler, one that accents the black comedy in *Candide*'s picaresque journey from innocence to enlightenment, sexual and otherwise. The music is still operatic, but this *Candide* is a comedy. The play takes place in and around the paying customers, in an environment designed by Eugene and Franne Lee. Actors swing on vines, drawbridges drop on cue (and almost on the audience) and the orchestra is all over the place; the sound is at least quadraphonic. Almost *too much* is happening and Prince's *Candide* is not without its coyness, but the evening is full of pleasures, not the least of which is hearing that score again, well sung by a cast of largely unknown performers. The most impressive contributions come from

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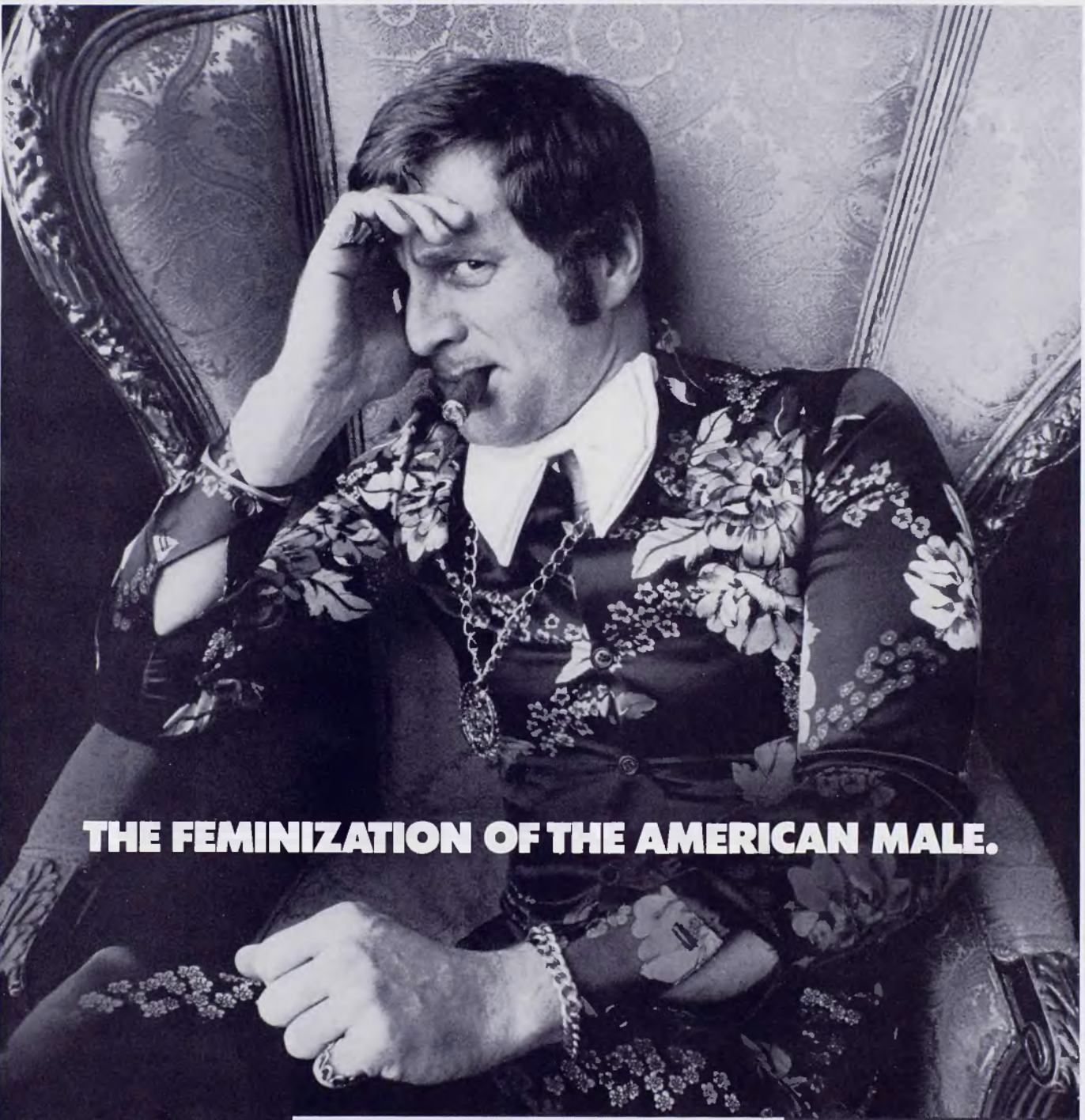
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Mark Baker as an ingenuous open-faced *Candide* and Sam Freed as an elegant and assertive gentleman. Lewis J. Stadlen, doubling as a Groucho-like Dr. Pangloss and a decrepit old Voltaire, has the most to do—and doesn't overdo it. This exuberant *Candide* was first presented at the Brooklyn Academy of Music by the adventurous Chelsea Theater Center, and then, after a sold-out run, it soared to Manhattan, where it's a most welcome tenant at the Broadway, 1681 Broadway.

That goggle-eyed, shiny-cheeked, dimple-kneed Kewpie doll, Carol Channing, is back on Broadway, yet another time, as Anita Loos's diamond-digging Lorelei Lee. The show is now called *Lorelei* or "Gentlemen Still Prefer Blondes." Obviously, there are many who still prefer Miss Channing, which is why the show dawdled endlessly around the provinces before braving Broadway. But in the 25 years since she first played the role, the actress has become a self-caricature. At middle age, Miss Channing is, frankly, unconvincing as a Twenties 20-year-old, cuddling up to a succession of sugar daddies (the first is in buttons, the second in zippers). She has played the part so long that her falsettoed mincing characterization offers not a single surprise—and neither does the show, despite some additional music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and book by Kenny Solms and Gail Parent. The settings are art deco-ish. The dancing is dull. As always, Miss Channing can sing, and her renditions of *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend* and *Little Rock* are showstoppers. But the show goes on and on. At the Palace, Broadway at 47th Street.

The public's craze for mental readjustment is sharply satirized in Terrence McNally's *Bad Habits*. Each of these complementary one-act plays takes place in a different pastoral sanatorium—a cross between a health club and a funny farm (and as played by a deft cast of comic actors, these are very funny farms). The first is *Ravenswood*, run by the indulgent Dr. Pepper, who feeds rifted marital partners bad habits. The second is *Dunelawn*, run by the saintly Dr. Toynbee, who turns off his patients' bad habits by shooting them full of magic serum. The characters are manic and impressive: a showbiz couple blaring at each other, two elderly homosexuals (one committed a crime of passion; he threw his mate's corgi out the window), an alcoholic, a transvestite, a sadist—in other words, a typical cross section of civilization. The laughter is inexhaustible. Only society suffers at *Bad Habits*. At the Astor Place, 434 Lafayette Street.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I have a passionate and uninhibited sex life. Lately it has become enriched by fantasies taken from various X-rated films that we have seen together. We imagine what group sex would be like; specifically, a *ménage à trois* with another woman present. I am excited by the image of two women caressing and kissing each other, the symmetry of breasts pressing against breasts, the intimacies based on a woman's knowledge of what turns a woman on. My wife favors a scenario in which she is an invisible observer, watching me enjoy myself with the other woman. She jokingly points out that she has never seen how the muscles in my back move when we make love, and thinks she would get off on it. Neither of us would mind having our fantasies become fact, if we could find a cooperative accomplice, but the more we talk about it, the more we feel for each other and the less inclined we are to admit a third party. We can't figure out what the fantasies mean. Do they indicate some underlying compulsion that must be cured by acting out? Are we closet voyeurs who need help? What do you say?—J. U., Columbia, Missouri.

A voyeur is an innocent bystander in a crowd of exhibitionists; to a certain extent, we are all voyeurs. Fantasies often reflect a desire for distance; they allow us to bring things into focus and satisfy a curiosity that lies beyond involvement. Simply because you have imagined the *ménage* does not make it mandatory. You can create your own crowd: Place a mirror over your bed or rent a video-tape recorder for a weekend. (This may cost you an arm and a leg, but it's your back that interests your wife and, in addition, you can have an instant replay of the parts that turn her on.) Carry on.

After my discharge from the Navy, I'd like to drive a van to Peru and back. I've heard disturbing rumors that you have to obtain a vehicle passport and post a \$2000 bond or letter of credit before you can take a car into South America. Can you explain why and how this is done? Do I need pictures of my van for the passport?—B. J., APO San Francisco, California.

The vehicle passport is called a carnet de passage—a French term used by Americans to designate a piece of paper that will get your vehicle into Spanish-speaking countries, if you can follow that. Detroit-made cars go for outrageous prices in South America, even more outrageous than the prices they go for in North America, because of import duties and local taxes. The \$2000 bond is a guarantee that you will not deprive a country of

revenue from these sources by selling your car on the black market. (If you wanted to make the trip on a motorcycle, the bond would amount to 125 percent of the value of the bike.) You can obtain a carnet by taking a letter of credit for \$2000 from your bank to an office of the American Automobile Association. There is a fee for the service. No pictures are required, so don't try to park your van in a 50-cent photo booth.

Like many would-be fathers, I would like to sire a son. Is there any method by which parents can determine the sex of the offspring?—R. N., Washington, D.C.

Not yet, but there may be one soon. In 1972, a London researcher discovered that the sperm cells bearing Y chromosomes were skinnier and swam faster than sperm cells bearing X chromosomes. (If a Y sperm fertilizes the egg, the offspring will be male; if an X sperm fertilizes the egg, the offspring will be female.) Based on this fact, three scientists in Germany have developed a technique for isolating the Y sperm. They place sperm in a dense liquid that impedes movement. The Y-sperm cells, being better swimmers, reach the bottom of the liquid first. They are collected and the process is repeated. After several elimination heats, the scientists have a fluid that contains about 85 percent Y-sperm cells. They haven't yet determined if the Y sperm is still fertile after its Olympic ordeal, but theoretically it would be possible to sire a son by artificial insemination using this fluid. But don't be surprised if he looks like Mark Spitz.

New York City's social scene is as flat as the buildings are tall. A close woman-friend and I are dismayed by the low quality of the various lovers we've had since we got out of graduate school. The dismay renews itself every weekend. I'm a man of 28, average-looking, with interests in weight lifting, karate and mah-jongg. She is 27, good-looking, with interests in painting, needlepoint and backgammon. We're both professional people and have known each other for six years. A strong Platonic love exists between us. We often go to singles bars, then leave together for a late snack if neither of us scores. That happens a lot these days, since we both refuse to accept people with a lower social or mental level. Can you help us break out of this trend?—T. J., New York, New York.

You expect too much of the world. Colleges have full-time admissions staffs that screen applicants; the doormen at singles bars will check I.D.s for age and that's it. You might have better luck if

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you sought companions in the places that cater to your interests; art galleries for your friend, dark alleys for yourself. Or try the Random Mythic Reference System: Fire a shotgun into a Manhattan Telephone Directory, call those names touched by the stray pellets and invite them to the policeman's ball. There is another alternative: What you call Platonic love is actually pre-Socratic. It is love based on Zeno's denial of the possibility of motion: If every step decreases by half the distance between you, you can never cover the entire distance. There's a fallacy there, but we slept through the lecture. You assume that you can never touch, no matter how close you get. Take bigger steps. Obviously, the two of you are made for each other. Why not get married and move to exciting New Jersey?

During a trip to Hawaii, I experienced a taste treat. It was served as caviar, but the waiter told me that it was a Japanese food made from the roe of sea urchins. I am a diver and I know that the ocean is full of sea urchins, but I have yet to find a cookbook with a recipe for this dish. Can you help?—D. S., Los Angeles, California.

Japanese eat sea-urchin roe both raw and pickled. The pickled variety is packed in jars and exported to the United States. You may be able to find some in a gourmet food store. If you want to try raw sea-urchin roe, wash the outside of the sea urchin, remove the top of the shell and scoop out the orange-colored roe. You can eat the roe as is, spread it on bread, or season it with lemon juice, finely chopped onion or Worcestershire sauce. Sea urchins are also considered a delicacy in the region of France around Marseilles, where it is alleged that they have great restorative powers. But then, Frenchmen are inclined to believe that everything has restorative powers. You should hear what they say about a row of street urchins.

My girl and I want to get married, but she is only 18 and her parents, while not opposed to me as a husband, are not about to consent to the marriage of their teenaged daughter. In our state, a girl under 21 must have parental consent to get married. What's the nearest state that will allow us to marry without parental permission?—R. H., Dayton, Ohio.

Go next door to Indiana, where the age of consent for girls is 18—but be prepared to have a blood test and to wait three days for a license. As a matter of fact, 18 is the age of consent for girls in most states, except Delaware, Georgia and Montana, where it's 19; Nebraska, where it's 20; and Florida, Mississippi, New Mexico, Ohio, Tennessee, West Virginia and Wyoming, where it's 21. With the consent of the parents, the marriageable age for girls varies from 13 in New

Hampshire (the court's consent is also required) on up. A blood test is necessary in almost all states, but the length of time you have to wait for a license varies from no time at all to seven days (in Oregon).

When I get a girl in my bedroom and we are starting to enjoy ourselves, I get scared. I want to make love, but I don't know what to do or how to get her clothes off. I've heard that undressing is the most important stage in preparing for sex. Can you suggest a step-by-step method?—B. D., Fullerton, California.

Sure. Watch closely the person who dresses you in the morning, then reverse the process with your girl. (The item of clothing you don't recognize is a bra; it unhooks in the back.) We're only kidding; you are correct in assuming that undressing is important, but there is no set way to approach the subject. The method should vary according to the mood. New lovers almost naturally savor a slow disrobing—after all, you see another person's body for the first time only once. Each piece of clothing removed imparts an erotic friction and a sense of release to the encounter. Consider a blouse edged across a collarbone, a dress bunched just below an expectant breast, the descent of a pair of Levis down an inner thigh or the moment a woman arches her back to allow the removal of an undergarment. Now take a cold shower. Bare in mind that later, an economy of expectation may dictate a sudden striptease, with both partners overcoming the obstacles between themselves and what they know is about to happen. If you think it might be worth the expense, buy your girlfriend a light cotton dress and literally tear it off her body. It's like splitting firewood—her nakedness is immediate and will certainly kindle your fires. You're on your own from there on in.

Talking about the Depression the other night, my father stated that during the Thirties there was a popular melody called *The Suicide Song*. Supposedly, it drove people to take their lives and the FCC banned it from the air. Is this true and, if so, where can I get a copy of the song?—F. N., Omaha, Nebraska.

Your father was referring to the Hungarian song "*Szomorú Vasárnap*," or "*Gloomy Sunday*," which was written by László Jávör and Reszó Seress. In 1936, the Budapest police were investigating the suicide of a shoemaker named Joseph Keller and found that he had left a note quoting the lyrics of "*Gloomy Sunday*." Further investigation uncovered 17 other suicides in Hungary that could be attributed to the mournful ballad. Two Magyars shot themselves while listening to a gypsy band play the song; others leaped into the Danube clutching the sheet music, making it soggy and hard to play.

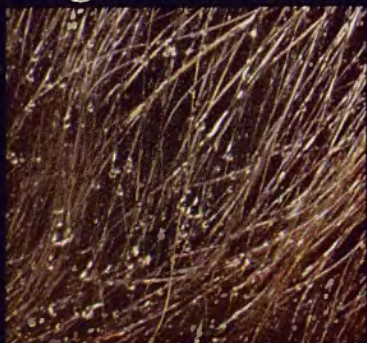
The Budapest police subsequently banned "*Gloomy Sunday*" and American record companies immediately released English versions of the suicide song. (Ray Charles, Josh White, Billie Holiday and Mel Tormé were among the artists to record the song—you should be able to find one of their dismal discs.) Virtually everyone who heard the song confessed that the melody and the lyrics had a profoundly depressing effect, but there was no official action in this country to ban the song, since it could not be proved that anyone had been driven to suicide by the music. For that, you have to listen to AM radio.

For some unknown reason, I seem to be cursed with bad luck. I was a lonely, unhappy divorcee until about three years ago, when I married a nice older man for security. I knew beforehand that he was impotent, but that did not stop me from feeling less than a woman when I could not turn him on, even after two years of marriage. We separated and I met another nice man who liked me and seemed responsive. We eventually made it into bed, but he couldn't get it up. I felt so cheated that I cried. A few months later, another man entered my life, but that's all he entered. Since the latter two men drank a lot, I figured that must have been the source of their impotence. Nothing a woman says, does or wears can excite an impotent man. Since the last incident, I have become a social recluse. I am actually terrified of sex. I have no idea what causes me to attract such losers. Can you help?—Mrs. M. F., Miami, Florida.

Don't be so hard on men who aren't or you'll contribute to the problem at hand. Performance anxiety is the primary cause of impotence. If a lover senses that you view sex as a high-stakes game, he may fold. Satisfaction, like any gambling debt, will be difficult to collect under such circumstances. But we're not sure you want to collect. Marrying an impotent man for security reminds us of a person who plays Russian roulette with a single-shot rifle. We suspect that you were trying to punish yourself for the failure of your first marriage. This might explain the impatience and frustration you experienced with your two one-night stands (if that's the word). Relax, extend your partners some credit and they might return the favor.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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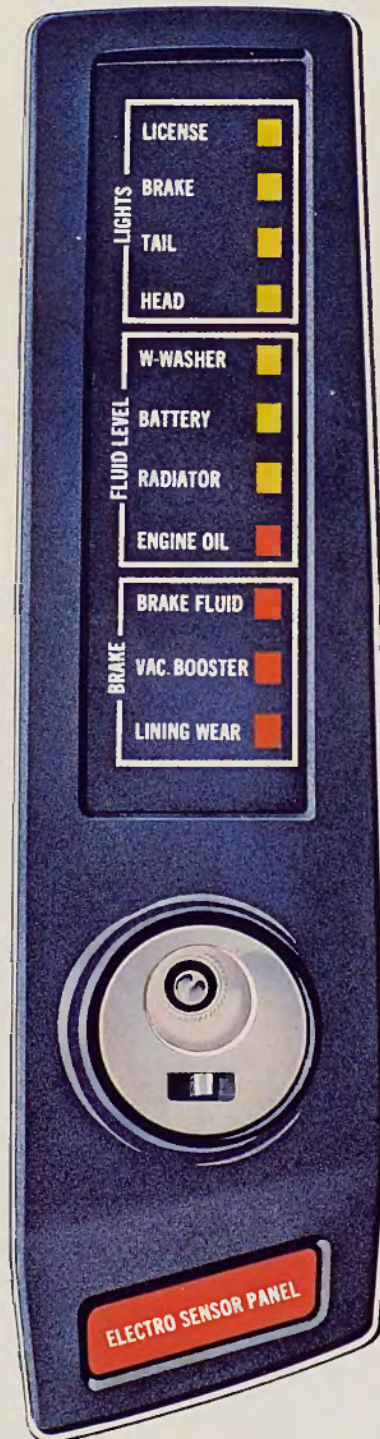


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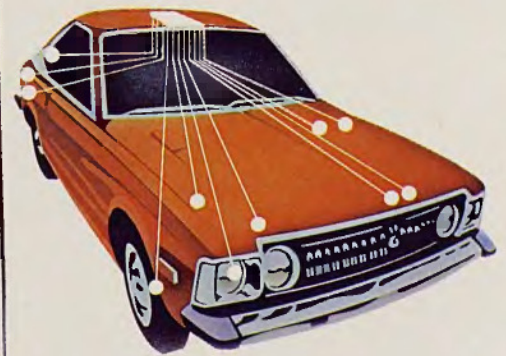
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

BETTER TO GIVE

I agree with the letter writer in the January *Playboy Forum* who states that it's ridiculous for a man to masturbate before going on a date. A wise man once told me one in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Leland Askeland
Loveland, Colorado

GOAL-FREE SEX

I'd like to comment on something that spoils many a good man's lovemaking: the mistake of trying to make something happen. For example, a man may stroke a woman's vulva not so much because he enjoys it but in order to achieve a utilitarian goal, to arouse her or to produce an orgasm. From my experience and from talking to other women, I believe this way of going at sex frequently produces an inferior orgasm or no orgasm at all. If, on the other hand, the man concentrates on whatever he is doing, for its own sake and not for any end result, this attitude, too, will communicate itself to the woman. Sensual feelings will gradually intensify themselves until orgasm simply occurs. When you stop looking to the future and concentrate totally on the present, you achieve the closest thing to an eternity of bliss a human can enjoy in this world.

F. Ross
New York, New York

THE OBSESSION

The September 1973 issue of *PLAYBOY* arrived here in Iran in December, protected from browsers by transparent wrappers suggestive of recycled condoms. After reading the *Playboy Panel: New Sexual Life Styles* and noting the eagerness of many of the participants to have sex in all the combinations and permutations of tactile and orificial contact among men, women, wee beasts and Coke machines, I could only conclude that your panelists have amended Vince Lombardi's well-known dictum to read, "Fucking isn't everything; it's the only thing."

E. W. Orr
Tehran, Iran

CREEPS, PERVERTS AND FRIGIDITY

While in Turkey on military duty, I met a very lovely young lady from California. We hit it off immediately and, before the week was out, we were in bed

together. But it was frustrating. After nearly two hours of frantic foreplay, she wasn't the least bit physically aroused. I was able to penetrate her by using a lubricant, but her body was so totally lifeless that I didn't even climax. We both felt confused and empty and finally just fell asleep.

When we talked about it the next day, she told me about all the creeps and perverts she had encountered in traveling through Europe; about walking down the street and having a hand shoved into her crotch, or finding semen all over the back of her jeans after riding on a crowded subway, or walking in a park one sunny afternoon and running into three exhibitionists. Her list went on and on and nearly made me feel ashamed to be a male. Each experience had turned her a little colder, until finally she had become completely frigid. Now, even with someone she really liked, it was physically impossible for her to give or receive sexual gratification. All I could do was try to console her.

I'll never understand how something as meaningful as sex with a person one really cares for can deliberately be twisted and soured by men with perverted minds.

M. Moore

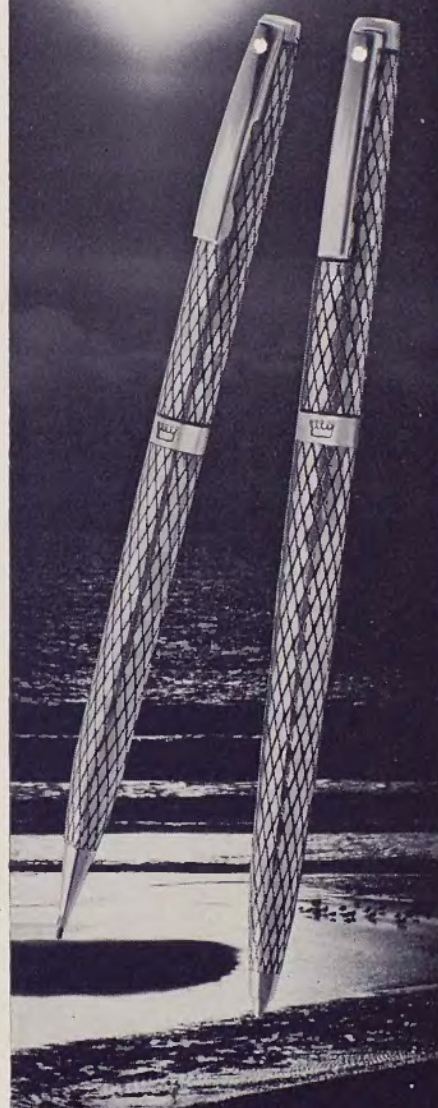
Istanbul, Turkey

Although only a handful of men are crude enough to try for a handful on the street, there seem to be enough of them to make life difficult for women. And any American girl who is unprepared for the uninhibited tactility of many European men may find such attention distressing (though most of the cases of exhibitionism and jean creaming we've heard about have occurred on the New York subway). That doesn't really explain why this girl was so profoundly affected, however (many a woman confronted by an exhibitionist with trousers at half-mast has been thoroughly offended without rejecting sex for all time). Whatever your girl's problem, it probably started long before she set foot on the Continent, but she does deserve the sympathy you gave her.

SWAPPING AND SITTING

Mate swapping has made my wife and me much happier by improving the quality of our lives. Some nights, I stay home and take care of our children while my wife dates one of the other men in our

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swinging group; other nights, my wife stays home while I take out one of the other wives. Being civilized people, we make dinner and dancing or a movie customary for such evenings, with bed reserved for the grand finale. As a result, we each get to go out a lot and the saving on baby sitters' bills is considerable.

(Name withheld by request)
Phoenix, Arizona

DEFENSE OF SWINGING

In implying that mate swapping is insignificant because it was tried by only two percent of the people in the Playboy survey's sample (*Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, January), Morton Hunt ignores the size of the pie from which that narrow slice is cut. Even the most conservative estimate indicates that his two percent amounts to around 1,000,000 people. For a movement that has no organization beyond a few periodicals, is difficult at best to get started in and is social suicide for those who get caught, its growth in the past 15 or 20 years is indeed significant.

Active swingers ourselves, we have yet to meet a couple under 30 who have not at least discussed mate swapping as a legitimate alternative to the occasional tedium that occurs in every union. That the majority of these same couples reject swapping for one reason or another is less significant than the fact that they do not, as a rule, criticize those who enjoy it.

We remind Hunt that it's not where you are that counts, but how far you've traveled from where you started.

Dell and Tracy Ford
Seattle, Washington

NEITHER NUTS NOR FREAKS

Patricia Bond, in *The Playboy Forum*, December 1973, describes a common problem of people who have sexually open marriages: Prospective lovers either refuse to believe such an arrangement could exist or decide that the couple must be nuts. In *The Extra-Marital Sex Contract*, a book I co-authored with my wife, also a psychologist, we demonstrate that such couples usually are not freaks. The open-marriage arrangement not only is genuine but expresses normal desires. Many of us have been taught that possessiveness is evidence of love, but people who agree to open marriage often show a higher degree of caring about the spouse's happiness.

Jay Ziskin, Ph.D., LL.B.
Beverly Hills, California

SEXUAL DOOM

A very disturbing book, *Sexual Suicide*, by George F. Gilder, claims that increasing social acceptance of a wider variety of sexual activity is responsible for a number of social ills, such as divorce, desertion, illegitimacy, venereal disease, alcoholism, drug addiction and a rising crime rate. For these ills, Gilder blames

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SIGNS OF RAPE

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA—A study of 504 rape cases in St. Paul disclosed several instances in which the conventional hospital test for sperm failed to confirm a sexual assault because the rapist was either sterile or had undergone a vasectomy. Pathologists at the Saint Paul-Ramsey Hospital who conducted the study urged that hospitals begin testing for semen as well as for sperm and said that such tests when used together are 95 percent accurate up to 12 hours after intercourse has occurred.

SEC VS. SEX

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The West German promoters of a chain of fancy bordellos in several European countries have collided with the Securities and Exchange Commission in their efforts to



sell American investors a piece of the action. The SEC banned the sale of the stock in the U.S. on grounds that the promoters inadequately described the risks involved in such an "unusual business" and could not support their claims that investors in the "Eros Centers" would double their money in less than a year.

RETURN OF THE KILLER WEED

NEW YORK—Dr. Gabriel G. Nahas, a Columbia University professor of anesthesiology and an avowed foe of marijuana, reports evidence that regular pot smoking produces several adverse physical effects, including weakening the body's defenses against disease by inhibiting the reproduction of white blood cells that attack viruses. At a news conference, Dr. Nahas indicated that the experiments conducted by himself and three colleagues had uncovered harmful effects of marijuana that have eluded other researchers and called

for a "thorough reappraisal" of the Government drug commission's recommendation that pot use should not be subject to criminal penalties. (See letter in this month's "Playboy Forum.")

Meanwhile, a researcher at UCLA says that marijuana appears to help asthma victims by opening air passages in the lungs. He did not recommend pot smoking as a treatment for asthma, however, because of reports that it can induce bronchitis, but said his findings suggest that marijuana may contain ingredients that could be extracted and administered in another form.

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

ANGOLA, LOUISIANA—The Louisiana Pardons and Paroles Board has refused to reduce the 50-year prison sentence of a man convicted of selling five dollars' worth of marijuana to a police undercover agent. Robert Apablaza, 37, was convicted and sentenced in New Orleans in 1967; two years later, he escaped but was then arrested by New York authorities; after two more years in New York jails, he was released on orders of the governor. New Orleans police arrested him again last year when he returned to that city to visit his two daughters and he was sent back to prison to complete his 50-year term, which carries no provision for parole.

SILENT CLAP

SEATTLE—Asymptomatic gonorrhea in men appears to be far more common than previously suspected, according to a team of University of Washington doctors. In a study of 28 civilians and 59 soldiers who were found to have the disease, 64 percent of the first group and 68 percent of the second developed no physical symptoms but were nevertheless contagious. Among women, the rate of symptomless infection is about 80 percent.

BETTER BREAK FOR VETS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—U. S. military veterans with less-than-honorable discharges may find jobs, credit, insurance, schooling and certain GI benefits easier to get as a result of a Federal Appeals Court decision in Louisiana. The court overturned a local ordinance limiting municipal employment of veterans to those with honorable discharges and ruled that such laws violate the 14th Amendment's guarantees of due process and equal rights. The A.C.L.U. attorney who argued the case said the decision was the first of its kind and would open the way to

challenging similar restrictive practices not only in state and municipal governments but in large corporations that have similar hiring policies.

ABORTION RESTRICTION LIFTED

MIAMI—Declaring that the state cannot delegate authority it does not itself possess, a three-judge Federal court in Miami struck down a Florida law requiring a married woman's husband or a female minor's parents to give consent before she can obtain an abortion. Such a law, the court held, in effect granted husbands and parents the authority to prevent abortion in contradiction to the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling that the state may not interfere with a woman's decision to end a pregnancy during the first trimester. The attorney who argued the case for three physicians and two pregnant patients has asked the U.S. Supreme Court for a supportive ruling that would invalidate similar consent laws in 12 other states.

In Decatur, Illinois, in a case in which a pregnant woman has sued for divorce from her husband of four months, a circuit-court judge ruled that the husband could not prevent his wife from obtaining an abortion.

THE NEW GERMANY

BONN—The West German government has revised the country's conservative sex laws to legalize pornography as well as group sex, mate swapping and homosexuality between consenting adults. The new law, to take effect in 1975, permits the sale of pornography (except that depicting sex with children or animals) to anyone 18 or older. It also lowers the age of sexual responsibility from 21 to 18 and, in some cases, from 16 to 14.



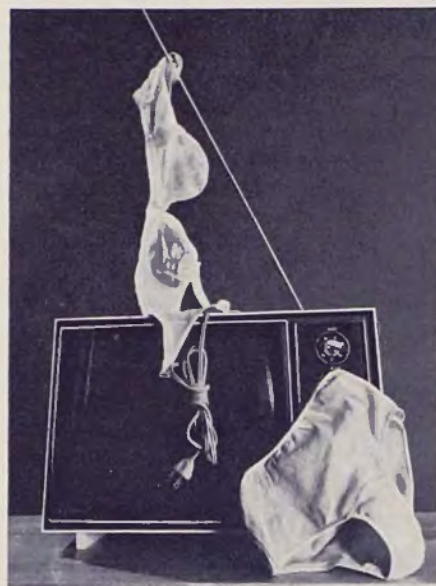
THE DEVIL MADE THEM DO IT

ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS—Protesting the "rising cult of Satanism," about 100 members of the Bethel Assembly of God Church ceremoniously incinerated 40 books on the occult, including copies of "The Exorcist," while singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The event took place in front of the church, using a barbecue grill specially made for the occasion. The church's 37-year-old pastor explained that the occult fad is as dangerous as pornography or drugs and "We felt a need to speak out. So the young members of the church spent about \$40 on paper-

backs for burning. We also threw in a Ouija board."

EARLY TO BED, EARLY TO . . .

LONDON—Having ordered television off the air by 10:30 P.M. to conserve energy, the British government is now concerned that earlier bedtimes will lead to a baby



boom similar to that which occurred in New York nine months after the Northeastern U.S. was blacked out by a massive power failure in 1965. To meet this threat, the government launched a campaign urging citizens to use contraceptives and telling where to get them without cost. The most conspicuous reminder was on the telly: 15-second spot commercials during the evening hours and at sign-off, reminding, "Make sure your baby is a wanted one."

MINOR PRECAUTIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The availability of contraceptives apparently plays no significant role in a teenage girl's decision whether or not to become sexually active. Researchers at UCLA surveyed 502 girls from the ages of 15 to 17 who went to birth-control clinics in the Los Angeles area and found that 96 percent were having sexual intercourse at least four times a month prior to their visit. According to the report, published in Family Planning Perspectives, "Most of the girls . . . became sexually active between 15 and 16 years of age and three out of five of the sexually active teenagers had been having intercourse for more than a year. . . . Clearly, the decision to have intercourse was unrelated to contraceptive use. Even those methods a minor could employ without medical assistance—condom, foam, rhythm, withdrawal—were not used ever by 61 percent of the sample for extended periods during which they were at risk of pregnancy." The study noted, "It is apparent that if a minor requests contraception, she is in great need of it."

males, especially single males, who put their own short-term satisfactions ahead of society's needs. He predicts that if such nonsocialized males continue to increase in number, we'll end up in chaos or under a police state.

The main target of the book is women's lib, since Gilder feels that precisely because women are superior to men, they should not strive for equality. Instead, they should stay in the home and devote themselves to civilizing their husbands and sons. Gilder attacks PLAYBOY as well as the feminist movement. Advocacy of free and varied sexual behavior, he says, "is also the essential sexual ideology of male chauvinism: *The Playboy Philosophy*. Although the chauvinists may retain an image of male dominance, they are delighted with the prospect of female liberation. . . . PLAYBOY is an eager supporter of both the Equal Rights Amendment and abortion on demand."

The way to a more stable society, according to Gilder, "is to re-establish the social pressures and cultural biases in favor of durable monogamous love and marriage—the long-term feminine sexual patterns—that the women's movement and the PLAYBOY philosophers find so 'oppressive.'" Gilder's book is being taken seriously; Harper's and *The New Leader* published excerpts from it and intellectual luminary Midge Decter found it "not only an exciting but a profoundly consoling book." Favorable reviews have appeared in several other periodicals. What's PLAYBOY's opinion?

Louis Fisher

New Orleans, Louisiana

To you Gilder's book was disturbing; to Midge Decter it was consoling; to us it was painfully familiar. In Gilder's eyes, life is like a B movie in which man is saved by hard work and the love of a good woman. Supposedly concerned about the welfare of civilization, Gilder actually demeans it by implying that it is a gigantic con game in which females entrap males by withholding sex until marriage and flattering them into believing they are superior. He has a pitifully low opinion of men; not only are they inferior to women, shortsighted and vicious but, with the advent of women's lib, "the male penis is no longer a decisive organ in itself. It has become an optional accessory of the woman's will and body and an instrument of sexual pleasure somewhat inferior to the clitoris and a Coke bottle." His opinion of single males is even lower: "They make less money . . . are less responsible about their bills, their driving and other personal conduct" and are "egocentric vagrants."

To obscure the banality of his view that man is a foot-loose adventurer and woman a monogamous homebody, Gilder relies on a style rich in eloquent confusion, such as his description of PLAYBOY's support of equal rights for

women as the "ideology of male chauvinism." He calls singles bars an evil "deadly to those who seriously partake" and he paints a picture of "homosexuals on every street corner, their genitalia pressing like vultures against their jeans." He blames unemployment, racial discrimination, poverty, the alienation of the young and crime on the feminist movement and its male-chauvinist allies at PLAYBOY. Increasing sexual freedom, he claims, is creating "an undertow that threatens to sweep out into a chaos of male rhythms the enduring structures of civilized sexuality." We're not sure what he means by that, but we think we couldn't disagree more. He contends, in effect, that if we regress several decades and subjugate women, vigorously persecute fornicators and adulterers and discriminate socially and legally against single men and homosexuals, we'll see a drop in crime, drug addiction, alcoholism and racial conflict. We doubt it. The Victorianism that Gilder longs for would drive anybody to drink and riot.

OUT OF THE CLOSET

Dr. Howard J. Brown, professor at New York University School of Medicine and former health-services administrator under Mayor Lindsay, has revealed his homosexuality in an effort to end the prejudice homosexuals face in obtaining employment. Poets and novelists have made similar revelations, but they certainly stand in less danger of reprisals than Dr. Brown does, and his courage is to be admired.

Although I am heterosexual, I feel that Dr. Brown's brave act benefits me as much as it aids the gay liberation cause. Why? Because every effort to end sexual hypocrisy and bigotry in this country moves us a little closer to civilization and away from the Dark Ages.

Herbert Carlson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

GOOD NEIGHBORS

The October 1973 *Forum Newsfront* included an item about a Boulder, Colorado, police officer who was demoted from lieutenant to patrolman for living with an unmarried woman. The item noted that he was suing the city for recovery of his rank and back pay; he has won that suit. Boulder district court judge William Neighbors ruled that the police department's regulation against "conduct prejudicial to the good order and police discipline of the department or conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" is unconstitutionally vague and "cannot be used as the basis for disciplinary action."

Noting that the officer's performance had been rated superior, Judge Neighbors added that what a policeman "does in the privacy of his home is of no concern [to the city] . . . unless his actions materially and substantially impair his

usefulness as a police officer."

At a time when bugging and break-ins have become commonplace, it is comforting to find official concern for the individual's right to privacy in the confines of his own home. Cheers for Judge Neighbors!

Paul G. Stopnik
Huntington Beach, California

A PLACE IN THE SUN

Two years ago, a young lady was arrested for topless sun-bathing in Perth, Australia; she pleaded guilty and was fined \$1.50, plus court costs of 50 cents. This year, another girl went topless in order to test the law. There were no complaints and, except for sunburned boobs, she wasn't punished. Recently, there have been several more instances of seminude sun-bathing on public beaches, once or twice involving every female present. And in one case, everyone in attendance at one beach went topless and bottomless. There have been no formal complaints to either beach inspectors or the police, who seem to think they have better things to do than bother citizens who are harming no one.

It's ironic that my wife and I had to travel more than 10,000 miles from sunny California to find a place where the authorities take a sane attitude toward sun-bathing.

D. L. Cline
Kensington, Australia

DRINKING AND DANCING

Some communities in this land are starting to crack down on nude dancing in establishments that serve liquor. This is hardly a problem here in Mount Carmel, Illinois, where it's illegal to engage in any kind of dancing, clothed or otherwise, in a tavern.

Personally, I do not frequent taverns and I don't like dancing—square, round, hula, belly or any other kind. But some of my fellow clergymen would have us return to Prohibition; some think that dancing is but a vertical expression of horizontal desires. I think that people whose idea of a good time is having a drink and dancing in a tavern should be able to do so.

It would be a good thing if more people heeded the sentiment of Martin Luther, who said, "He who loves not wine, women and song, remains a fool his whole life long."

The Reverend William Munson
Mount Carmel, Illinois

MISSION: INCREDIBLE

Somebody up there in Portland, Oregon, really hates prostitution. Local lawmen seem to have gone slightly balmy on the subject; as reported in the February *Forum Newsfront*, a 78-year-old Portland man was arrested after he tried to charge a female police spy \$50 to have sex with him. At his age, they should

have given him a medal and implored him to reveal his secret.

Since then, I've read another story that leaves me astounded. It seems that a Portland policeman met a prostitute in San Francisco; he and his superiors, pretending to be businessmen, made arrangements with this woman to fly in six prostitutes from San Jose, California, just so they could bust them. One of the women asked why the police had gone to so much trouble and was told it was because she wouldn't have "fallen for the same trick in her home town."

A very good question, indeed, and a weird answer. Since when do Oregon cops have to concern themselves with California prostitutes? Is it possible that the whole state of Oregon doesn't have enough prostitutes for the local lawmen to maintain a high arrest record? Are they trying to start a crime wave to justify higher salaries for themselves next year? Or is this just plain nuttiness? Jack the Ripper, for example, is said to have had a psychotic hatred for prostitutes; could the same mentality be at work here?

D. Rose
Kansas City, Missouri

EQUAL TIME FOR MEN

Here in Idaho, a female secretary complained to the state's Human Rights Commission that she was fired because she refused to put up with her boss's wandering hands. The commission chairman noted with tongue in cheek that "many women . . . have employers with wandering hands," and added that "this is considered sex discrimination when it is found in investigation that the employer does not treat the male employees in the same way."

As the attorney who argued the case that extended the 14th Amendment's equal-protection clause to sex discrimination for the first time in history, I applaud the Solomonlike wisdom of letting an offender decide for himself how an issue shall be resolved. An employer can avoid charges of discrimination either by keeping his hands to himself or by patting a male fanny with his left hand every time he squeezes his secretary's bottom with the right.

Allen R. Derr
Boise, Idaho

LAST DITCH ON ABORTION

This may come as a shock to those who rejoiced when the Supreme Court legalized abortion early last year, but the controversy is far from over. Supreme Court decisions can be overturned by amending the Constitution, and that is exactly what some last-ditch abortion opponents are trying to do. The National Right to Life Committee advocates a constitutional amendment that would protect fetuses from the moment of fertilization and ban abortifacient devices and medications. (If passed, this could push

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us at least two steps backward by making illegal such things as the morning-after pill and possibly the I.U.D., which were legal even before the Court's ruling.)

Of course, such an amendment would take some time to work its way through the machinery required for passage. But, in the meantime, several states have enacted new abortion laws, or retained old ones, that are clearly unconstitutional but are invoked, nevertheless. And abortion opponents in Congress have found ways to circumvent the Court's ruling by attaching essentially anti-abortion amendments to other legislation. For example, an amendment added to the Public Health Service Act Extension by Senator Frank Church says that hospitals refusing to perform abortions or sterilizations because of religious belief may not be denied Federal funds. A proposed amendment would have restricted abortions by prohibiting Medicaid payments unless the operation could be proved medically necessary.

Why is this happening? Because abortion foes have been working overtime bombarding their legislators with letters and propaganda, while those who believe abortion should be safe and legal have been lulled into a false sense of security by the Supreme Court's favorable ruling. Pro-abortion forces, therefore, must not assume that the battle is over. They must write, call, send telegrams and, in any other way they can think of, communicate to their elected representatives the fact that the Supreme Court's decision on this subject represented not only constitutional principle but also the will of the majority.

George Popovich
Cleveland, Ohio

SELF-FLAGELLATION

The U.S. Senate has adopted Mark O. Hatfield's resolution that April 30, 1974, be observed as a "national day of humiliation, fasting and prayer" on which we are called upon to "humble ourselves before Almighty God, to confess our national sins and to pray for clemency and forgiveness." How quaint. In one day, the U.S. will divest itself of all its guilt just by getting down on its collective knees to pray to the guy with the white beard.

Surely we can show even more humility. Let's break out the whips: a good round of self-flagellation never hurt anyone. And how about some crucifixions and witch-burnings? If, as Kevin O'Flaherty suggested in the January *Playboy Forum*, we're marching backward to the Middle Ages, we might as well go all the way.

L. D. Mitchell
Portland, Maine

RUMORS AND DELUSIONS

A few months ago, I heard a rumor that CBS was going to begin showing

X-rated movies on some of its late-hour film shows. I yawned, since I have already seen what the networks do to the R-rated movies, censoring them sometimes to the point of incoherence in order to avoid offending anybody in that hypothetical 12-year-old audience at which they aim. Obviously, if they did dare to show X-rated movies, trying to figure out the plots would be equivalent to deciphering Etruscan.

I've read in *TV Guide* that the rumor subsequently spread all over the country and brought in 429,820 letters of protest to CBS. In addition, two legislative bodies, representing Rockland County, New York, and the state of South Carolina, rushed to put themselves on record as opposing this foul plan to allow adult material to infiltrate the infantile TV medium. The Reverend Billy James Hargis, the Knights of Columbus, the Ohio Women's Christian Temperance Union and dozens of other church groups, have all denounced CBS roundly and angrily. The comical fact is that the rumor is completely unfounded, but none of these dumb wowsers bothered to check it out before starting to protest against it.

Psychologists and sociologists who have investigated the phenomenon of rumor have come to the conclusion that when a scare story spreads this fast and this far with nobody stopping to check it before getting angry, it's because many want to believe it as an excuse to blow off steam. Very similar were the racist myth about the white child castrated by blacks at the New York World's Fair in 1964, the rumor that the peace symbol was devised by Satanists and such famous forgeries as *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion* and "The Communist Rules for Revolution."

Oppressive societies need scapegoats and erotica is a good, safe, traditional target. Everybody who feels baffled, neurotic or generally hopeless can easily decide that persecuting booksellers, TV stations and moviehouses are fine patriotic outlets for lynch-mob impulses.

Retreating before this puritan onslaught is cowardly and self-defeating. The TV networks have always taken that course but, as this rumor shows, they are still regarded as part of the enemy. The only hope for the communications industries is to fight back.

James J. Hill
Sebastopol, California

TULSA TERROR

From the Salem witch-hunting days to the present, puritans have been noted for rabid fanaticism, but a new low was recently reached by Tulsa district attorney S. M. Fallis. *The Tulsa Tribune* reported that during Fallis' closing speech to the jury in an obscenity case, he held up a book called *The Workbook of Adult Sexual Education* and shouted that he would "kill the first man or woman" who showed

it to his children. He then melodramatically threw the book to the floor. Of course, the book was intended for adults, and there was no evidence that the bookseller on trial had shown it to the D.A.'s children, or to anybody's children, but what audience thinks about the facts when confronted with such frenzy? The bookseller was sentenced to four years in jail.

The next day, Fallis denied that he had advocated killing anyone, and said, "If I made the statement as reported, it was not my intention to convey the thought that I will kill the person for that act or advocate a killing by anyone. . . . If I did in fact make the statement, then I want to assure the public that it didn't correctly reflect what I intended." Fallis does not once say directly that the newspaper misquoted him but, by using phrases such as "If I made the statement," he manages to convey the impression that the truth is unknown, inaccessible, mysterious, and that neither he nor anyone else can possibly find out if he did say it. Too bad he can't hide the court record.

Frank Jordan
Dallas, Texas

District attorney Fallis, who is up for re-election next November, has filed nearly 60 prosecutions in a war on pornography in Tulsa. See the following letter from the wife of one of the casualties.

My husband, James Oliver, has been sentenced to 15 years in prison and fined \$25,000 for selling an allegedly obscene magazine to a police agent. Newspaper stories have described the purchaser as a student, implying that he might be underage, but he is about 27 years old. My husband is a good family man, the father of two daughters, aged one and two. To my knowledge, this is the longest sentence ever given in Oklahoma for selling pornography. One Tulsa man convicted of manslaughter received a four-year sentence; apparently magazine dealers are more dangerous to the public than killers.

Charlotte Oliver
Tulsa, Oklahoma

CORRUPTION BY BOOKS

Those who are against censorship often repeat the argument that no one was ever corrupted by a book. But if that were true, wouldn't it follow that no one was ever influenced for the better by a book? Or sold a product by an ad? Or moved to vote a certain way by a political speech? If obscene movies and books don't have some influence on people's morals, then all art is trivial and all education is irrelevant.

Peter George
Miami, Florida

Now there's a cheap shot. No one has ever argued that books or movies have no influence. What is true is that there's no



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evidence that pornography causes anti-social sexual behavior.

MARIJUANA WITCH-HUNTING

Dr. Gabriel G. Nahas of Columbia University claims he has suddenly discovered a danger of marijuana use that had somehow gone unnoticed for centuries: It weakens the body's defense against infection [see this month's *Forum News-front*]. Nahas' assertion, released at a press conference a week before the full report was published in *Science* magazine, was carried as front-page news by many newspapers and was given television coverage. These media never questioned the validity of the purported findings nor investigated Nahas' possible bias. The claims were reported as fact, or, as Nahas said, "the first direct evidence" that regular smoking of marijuana is unhealthy. It would appear, at least, that Nahas admits that all previous efforts to prove this contention were failures; but it is doubtful that his own work is any better.

Comprehensive studies by President Nixon's National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, as well as intensive inquiries by government commissions in England and Canada, have not produced any evidence that would confirm Nahas' charge. The National Institute of Mental Health completed the most thorough study ever made of heavy, long-term marijuana users and found no measurable harm.

Who is Nahas? He is the author of a book on marijuana so prejudiced that the conservative *Journal of the American Medical Association* warned that "examples of biased selection and interpretations of studies and omissions of facts abound in every chapter." Dr. Lester Grinspoon, Harvard psychiatrist and marijuana researcher, reviewing Nahas' book for *The New England Journal of Medicine*, warned that it is filled with "half-truths, innuendo and unverifiable assertions" and termed it "psychopharmacologic McCarthyism."

Nahas insists that this country continue treating marijuana users as criminals. He views pot not merely as harmful but as a moral evil. This is an attitude that has no place in scientific reporting on drugs. No one is suggesting that marijuana is totally harmless, nor that people should use it. We may continue to caution against the use of marijuana, but this does not mean that those who ignore our advice should be punished as criminals.

R. Keith Stroup, Director
National Organization for the
Reform of Marijuana Laws
Washington, D.C.

KENT STATE GRAND JURY

The dramatic, but long overdue, decision by Assistant Attorney General J. Stanley Pottinger, head of the Justice

Department's civil-rights division, to take the Kent State case before a Federal grand jury in Cleveland marks a significant turning point in the history of President Nixon's political strangle hold on the Department of Justice. There can be little doubt in the minds of those who have studied this Administration's handling of the Kent State killings that the decision is a direct consequence of both Watergate and the determination of Elliot Richardson, during his short tenure as Attorney General, to depoliticize the Justice Department.

The Kent State case was kept alive by the efforts of Arthur Krause, whose 19-year-old daughter, Allison, was one of the four young students shot to death by the Ohio National Guard. By chance, rather than plan, I joined him in his quest for truth and justice, and along the way others, such as the Reverend John P. Adams of the United Methodist Church, entered this long and frustrating struggle.

Whatever the grand jury decides to do in terms of indictments, the fact remains that justice was obstructed in this case by former Attorney General Mitchell's refusal to use a grand jury as a tool for discovery. On September 25, 1973, then-Attorney General Richardson said: "The grand jury will be used, in accordance with well-established practice, as an investigative body. This is a traditional function of a Federal grand jury, whose role, as representative of the community, is to ensure the fairness of the investigative process."

Mitchell had adhered to this concept in order to persecute Leslie Bacon in the Capitol bombing case, but pointedly declined to do so in the killing of four students just two days after his boss had publicly referred to campus demonstrators as "bums." Since then we have experienced the agony of Watergate and heard the once-admired leaders of our nation reveal their mediocrity. The fact that the Justice Department is taking the case to a grand jury while Nixon is still President underscores the fact that we are not yet a totalitarian state where the will of one man holds sway over all.

Peter Davies
Staten Island, New York

GUN LICENSING

Any attempt to solve the violent-crime problem in this country by confiscating, registering or otherwise trying to eliminate firearms is doomed to failure. If William Smith, who applauded just such an approach by the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals in the December 1973 *Playboy Forum*, had been following Richard Hammer's *Playboy's History of Organized Crime*, he would realize that.

No matter how thorough the effort to remove firearms from the American

scene, there will always be people who want guns and who will overcome any difficulties in obtaining them. To the teenage punk, a gun is power, an edge over rivals; to the revolutionary, it's an indispensable tool of the trade; to the thief, it's life insurance, a way to make sure his victim won't resist. All of them will pay through the nose, if necessary, to get a weapon; none will be deterred because possession is illegal.

So long as this market exists, the Mafia—or whatever one chooses to call organized crime—will move quickly to supply it. Thus, the only people who will benefit from eliminating legal handguns are criminals, who no longer will have to worry about encountering an armed victim capable of self-defense, and mobsters, who stand to make a bundle from the black-market gun trade.

The most effective and workable approach to gun control would be a licensing system, along the lines of motor-vehicle licensing, to identify those persons—the bulk of the population—reasonable enough to own and to use firearms. Excluded from this category would be persons convicted of violent crimes, hard-drug users, chronic alcoholics, the mentally unstable and others judged likely to misuse a gun. A license could be obtained only after completion of firearms training and would be required to buy, possess or use firearms and ammunition.

Before the National Rifle Association revokes my membership, let me hasten to add that any such license would have to conform to a national standard and that the issuing agency would have to present substantial evidence to a court to refuse to issue or to revoke a license.

The use of firearms entails a serious responsibility that some gun owners have refused to recognize. Nevertheless, the only thing that the National Advisory Commission's program for confiscation of handguns has going for it is its simplicity. If it is repeated often enough, maybe folks will believe the commission earned its \$1,750,000 and will ignore the more complicated problems of eliminating the causes of crime instead of the tools. As the Bolsheviks demonstrated in 1917, it's the simple mottoes like "Peace, bread, freedom," that gain supporters instead of the more complicated proposals that require thought and hard work.

Lt. Carl H. Inglin

APO Seattle, Washington

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HENRY AARON

a candid conversation with baseball's record-breaking slugger

Baseball is still mainly an American game, but the whole world knows about the flamboyant Babe Ruth and his supposedly unbreakable home-run record. It took the world long enough to notice him, but by now everybody also knows that Henry Louis "Hank" Aaron, longtime outfielder for the Atlanta Braves, is about to break that record. And everybody knows that Aaron has been functioning lately under incredible pressure. Everything he does, on or off the diamond, makes headlines; camera crews and reporters follow his every move, and when he hits the record-breaking shot—if he hasn't by now—they're going to interrupt whatever program you're watching in order to bring you the news.

During the 1973 season, there was also a lot of publicity given to the hate mail, and threats on his life, that Aaron was receiving from people who, for one reason or another, didn't want anyone—especially a black man—to break Ruth's record. What's been lost, amid all the excitement, is the fact that Aaron didn't just come from nowhere to threaten the Babe. Breaking that record is like carving a statue out of a mountain, and Aaron has been chipping away at it over a 20-year span in the big leagues, during most of which he was both underpublicized and underpaid. Along the way, he has amassed some remarkable statistics—

including several dozen records—none of which seemed to upset the known universe the way his assault on Ruth's home-run total has. He's gotten more hits than any right-handed batter in history. He's tops in total bases and runs batted in. He was the first man ever to get both 500 home runs and 3000 hits—and only the ninth player in baseball history to reach the latter figure. He's won three Golden Glove awards for his defense work. He's had more at bats than anyone but Ty Cobb. And, despite various injuries, he's had 14 seasons in which he played at least 150 games. Perhaps nothing attests to Aaron's consistency and staying power more than the fact that he's never hit 50 home runs in a season—and, early in his career, wasn't really considered a power hitter.

On the other hand, a 12-and-a-half-pound baby figures to become a power hitter; that's what Aaron weighed when he was born on February 5, 1934, in Mobile, Alabama. His father, Herbert, somehow managed to put three of his eight kids through college, despite his meager salary as a rivet-bucker in a shipyard. Henry, though, just wanted to play ball. They didn't have baseball teams at Central High, nor at Josephine Allen, a private school where he finished his secondary education—so he played football instead. But by the age of 15 he was

the shortstop for the Mobile Black Bears, a semipro team. And after completing high school, he accepted a \$200 monthly salary to play with the Indianapolis Clowns of the old Negro American League. During that season, he was signed by the then-Boston Braves for \$350 a month, finished the season with the Braves' farm club in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and a year later, playing for Jacksonville, won the South Atlantic League's batting championship and Most Valuable Player award.

Then, in 1954, he went up to the Braves' training camp, and when Bobby Thomson broke an ankle, Aaron became a regular outfielder for the team, which had moved to Milwaukee after signing Aaron to a contract. From then on, things were just nightmarish for National League pitchers. One said that trying to get a fast ball by Aaron was like trying to get the sun past a rooster. Another said that trying to fool him was like slapping a rattlesnake. Yet another thought that Aaron deliberately missed pitches he knew he could hit, just so he could get the same pitch later with men on base. And collectively, they tagged him with the nickname Bad Henry (he's also known as Hammerin' Hank or simply The Hammer).

But Aaron's style has always been



"You're gonna find racism everyplace. In fact, I have never lived a day in my life that in some way—some small way, somewhere—someone didn't remind me that I'm black."



"I've always been one to roll with the punches. I felt that one day, if I just stayed healthy, the attention some ball-players were gettin' had to roll my way. Because I had the credentials."



VERNON L. SMITH

"As far as my personal wealth is concerned, I owe everything to baseball. But I've given baseball more than it's given me. And I think the average black player can say the same thing."

low-key, his manner calm; he's played in cities that aren't big media centers; he's been in only two world series, in 1957 and 1958; and he's black. So for a long time people didn't pay much attention to him. Though stories used to go around that Aaron fell asleep during pitches, in fact, of course, he's a thinking hitter who keeps a mental book on every pitcher in the league, and whenever he's at the plate, he's trying to psych the pitcher into serving up a particular pitch. His memory is also impressive; at the end of any given season, he can recall just about every pitch he hit for a home run that year—who threw it, the situation at the time, etc. But it wasn't until the mid-Sixties that sports magazines started running feature articles about Aaron's remarkable talents; and it wasn't until 1967 that his salary reached the \$100,000 mark. After the 1971 season—he hit 44 home runs that year, at the age of 37—the Braves finally signed him to a reported three-year contract at \$200,000 a year. And more recently, Aaron has augmented that income by signing several lucrative advertising contracts, one with Magnavox, which will "borrow" the bat and ball with which he breaks the home-run record and display them around the country.

Ironically, as Aaron has come within striking distance of Babe Ruth's lifetime home-run total, the credit—and attention—he had craved for 19 years has finally come his way, with a vengeance. And not all of it has been friendly. Yet, in 1973, while virtually under siege, Aaron had a truly fantastic season, batting over .300 despite a very slow start and hitting 40 home runs even though, as a 39-year-old with the normal aches and pains, he sat out more than a few ball games. By the end of the season, one home run short of Ruth's total of 714, he had become an authentic hero to the black community; last fall, when he got married for the second time—to Billye Williams, who hosts a TV talk show in Atlanta—Jet gave it the same kind of coverage that Life used to give to coronations.

Since the opening of the new—and record-breaking—season seemed a perfect time to publish an interview with the beleaguered Braves star, PLAYBOY sent Associate Editor Carl Snyder (who interviewed former world heavyweight boxing champ Joe Frazier in our March 1973 issue) to Atlanta several weeks before Aaron was due to begin spring training. Here is Snyder's report:

"I arranged to meet Aaron at his office in Atlanta Stadium. Arriving first, I chatted with his secretary, Carla Koplin, and inspected the various awards, clippings and souvenirs in the office, until Aaron arrived—dressed in a leather coat and carrying a book called 'The Living Bible Paraphrased.' While signing baseballs and making some decisions about his

schedule, he kidded the people around the office—'You should read something like this, it'd be good for you'—with a sense of humor that he's shy about revealing in public; later, he checked to make sure my tape recorder hadn't been running.

"Our sessions, which were spread over three days, took place entirely in his '74 Chevy. He asked out front if we could do the interview in the car, and I said yes. Aaron told me he had turned down a book offer because the writer wanted to 'lock' him in a room. The interview was done in bits and pieces between various stops, including: the Y. M. C. A. in downtown Atlanta, where he was working out daily; the academy where his sons go to school; the dentist's, where I watched as one of his upper front teeth was polished (he was also in the process of getting a root-canal job); his financial advisor's office; his house, where we made one brief stop (on the way there, he proudly pointed out the home of Atlanta's new black mayor, Maynard Jackson, who'd been sworn in at a public ceremony the night I arrived in town); various gas stations and dry-cleaning places, where he'd invariably use the telephone; and several restaurants, the most noteworthy being Sgt. Wyatt's Country Bar-B-Que, where I had some dynamite ribs while Aaron and Sgt. Wyatt traded stories of hunting expeditions (besides being an avid fisherman, as he says in the interview, Aaron also loves to track elk in British Columbia).

"While Aaron was in one dry-cleaning place—I waited in the car—a bunch of black kids came by and recognized him; but he just frowned at them and wanted to know why they weren't in school. He's very concerned about his own kids—Gaile, Henry, Jr., Lary and Dorinda—and mentions them frequently. At one point, he asked me a few questions about the magazine business; he turned out to be surprisingly up to date on it, perhaps because Gaile, a journalism major at Fisk University in Tennessee, has already done some newspaper work during her summer vacations.

"As far as the interview was concerned, Aaron would think about each question before answering; if he didn't understand a question, or didn't like it, he would say so. I felt as I imagine pitchers must feel when they have to decide what to throw him. He is truly a man of few words, but he became animated whenever the conversation dealt with bigotry or racial discrimination. He didn't respond too much, however, whenever I mentioned Babe Ruth—and he made it clear that he didn't want to talk about any of his outside business interests. He's very conscious of how he appears to people: once he started whistling as we were walking through a parking lot, but when I glanced at him, he stopped. Aaron holds the world pretty much at arm's

length; he moves very deliberately, whether he's driving or on foot; and he dominated every situation in which I saw him, as much by his silence as by his words. The man projects incredible strength and determination, more so in person than through the media. But you don't stay in the big leagues for 21 years, or hit over 700 homers, if you're any kind of softy.

"We've all read or heard that Aaron, unlike Ruth, isn't the stuff that folk heroes are made of; I think that's wrong. He may not come up with the grand gestures that Ruth specialized in, but his laconic style is well suited to this age of overamplification. Despite the remarks of some Atlanta bartenders—who tried to tell me that they were 'letting' Hank break the record—I think that in a few years the name Henry Aaron will have the same kind of legendary aura as John Henry, Paul Bunyan—or Babe Ruth, for that matter."

PLAYBOY: We understand that when the Braves teach hitting to their young players, they don't exactly use you as a model.

AARON: Right. Everything I do is unorthodox—the way you're not supposed to do it. I hit off my front foot, I have a wiggle in my bat and I run on my heels. You wouldn't teach a kid to do any of those things. But it's just like everything else, you know—you can't fight results. Like Stan Musial; they said he'd never hit, standin' way back in the batter's box and crouchin' like he did. So it just proves that you have to do things your natural way. If you can do it better by hittin' a certain way—well, go ahead and do it.

PLAYBOY: What exactly do you do when you're batting in a game?

AARON: Well, to be successful at hittin', you have to be able to guess what pitch you're goin' to get. And when you guess right—when you get your pitch—you've got to be able to do somethin' with it. You don't have to hit a home run every time up, but you have to be able to hit the ball hard. That's what I've been able to do for 20 years—to look for a certain pitch in a certain situation and to hit it hard. I feel I can hit just about any pitch out of the ball park if I get the one I'm lookin' for.

PLAYBOY: Do you actually see the bat and the ball make contact?

AARON: Yeah, I can see contact—especially if I'm swingin' the bat right and hittin' the way I'm supposed to, with the bat out in front of me.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about getting hit by a pitch?

AARON: I've never had any fear of bein' thrown at. I get hit sometimes, you know, but it only hurts for a little while, and it makes me more determined to get up and do somethin' the next time. If they frighten you, they can run you out of the league. Of course, I've been hit three or

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four times in the head. And sometimes they throw at you deliberately. I can remember once when Vernon Law, who didn't have a world of stuff but was noted for his control, hit me in the head with a pitch. Roy Face hit me in the head, too, and Drysdale threw close. But they've never been able to frighten me.

PLAYBOY: Were you discouraged a year ago when you had such a tough time getting base hits?

AARON: No. I was confident, and I knew all along that I'd get things goin' again.

PLAYBOY: What was the reason for your slow start?

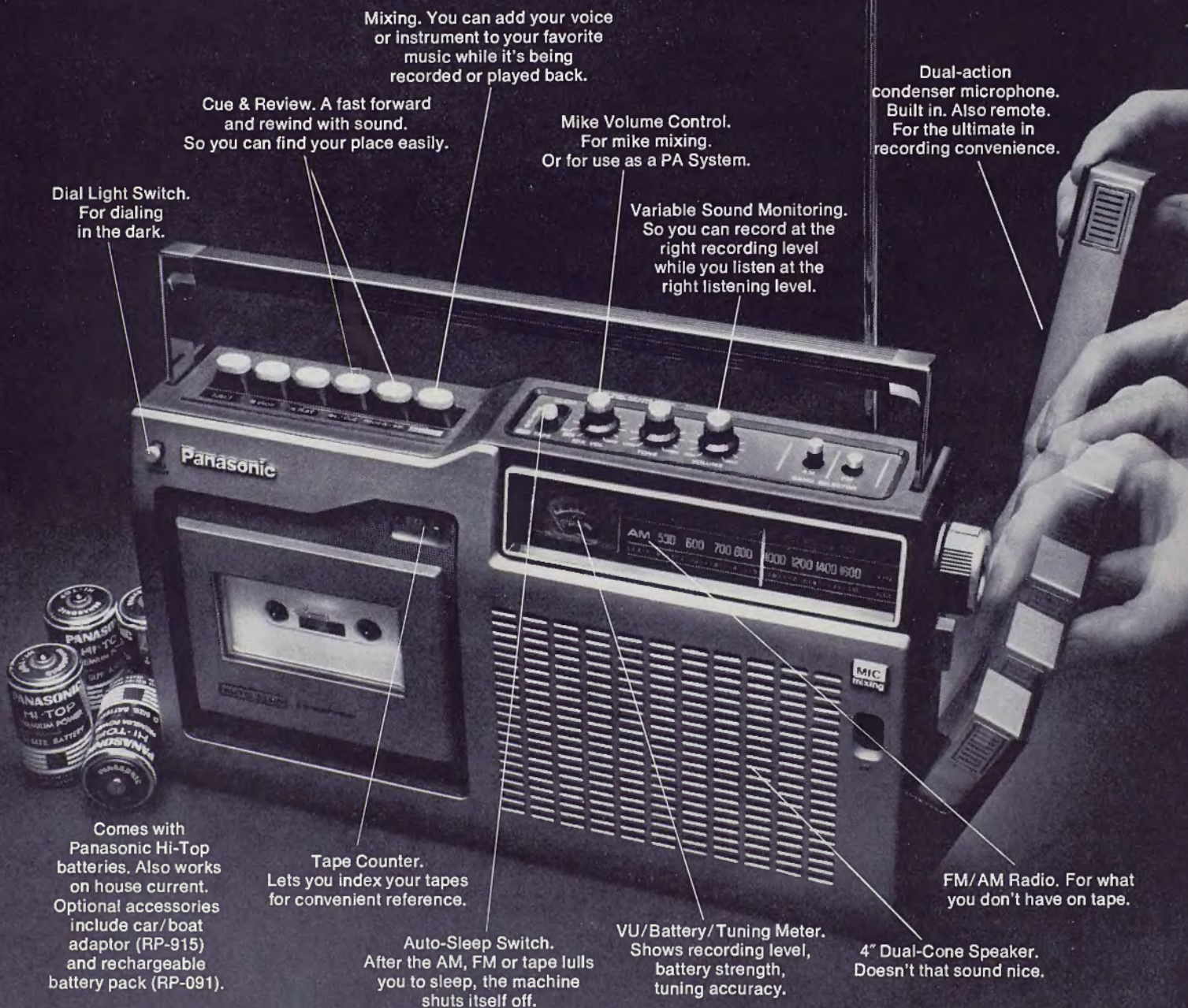
AARON: Well, I went to spring trainin' knowin' that I had to work twice as hard as some of the younger players to get in shape. I've had one philosophy about playin' baseball, and that is to take spring trainin' very, very seriously. I know a lot of players go down there, finish their workouts or practice, and by one o'clock they're worried about gettin' to the golf course. But my main job is to do one thing, and that's to get the jump on everybody else, because the earlier I can get in shape, the sooner I can start doin' the things I want to do. If I get some momentum in trainin', it'll carry right on into the season. When we broke camp last year, I thought I was ready. But I wasn't, you know? It took me another three and a half weeks to really get myself in tiptop shape. And I felt awful; the ball club was goin' bad and people were puttin' everything on me. My legs felt weak, and my arm was no longer as strong as it used to be. That was why they moved me from right field to left field; they thought that if I didn't have to make that long throw, or cover all that space, it would benefit me and help the ball club, too—which it did.

But I felt ashamed about it. And people were sayin', "Well, the only thing he's concentratin' on is hittin' home runs." And it seemed that way. It looked that way. Because I had maybe 13 hits—and ten of 'em was home runs. It seemed at the time like I couldn't do anything else *but* hit home runs. And I didn't want to put Eddie Mathews, our manager, in the position of havin' to say, "Henry, we've gotta set you down; you're gettin' too old." I don't ever want anybody comin' up and tellin' me that, and I don't ever want anyone feelin' sorry for me. And at that point I thought maybe a lot of people *were* feelin' sorry for me, in a way—because while I was gettin' my share of home runs, they aren't all that counts. You've got to be able to get your share of base hits—and also to steal bases and things like that. This was also the time that the hate mail started pourin' in, because I was gettin' so close to Babe Ruth's record. It got so my life was bein' threatened just for doin' my job.

PLAYBOY: What did you do about the threats?

AARON: All I *could* do was carry any

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threats on my life to the police department and to the commissioner's office. That was it. And the commissioner has assured me that anything their office can do, they'll do it.

PLAYBOY: You have security?

AARON: Yeah, in certain areas—but they can't do but so much to help. I still get hate mail every day, but you get used to it after a while. Anyway, I don't really worry about hate too much since Jesse Jackson came to my rescue. And when I say "rescue," I mean that. Before then, I had heard of Jesse and I respected him. But after all of this stuff came out, Jesse met me at the airport one night in Chicago, and he had about 100, 200 kids to meet me. That's kinda late for kids to be out, but they sang songs and everything right there at the airport. After that, I got to know Jesse real well. I had dinner with him, and that whole weekend was dedicated to me. I got to know all his aides. And I came to believe in what he was doin'. I said that if there was anything I could do personally to help in any way, I would. I think we athletes sometimes sit back and as long as things are goin' good for us, we don't want to disturb the appiecart. We forget where we came from. You know? If not for baseball, I'd just be an average black for white people to step on. We in sports get lost sometimes, wrapped up in our own little thing, and as long as we got a dollar, we forget about how there's 15,000,000 other blacks in America that's starvin' to death—not only blacks but whites and everybody else.

PLAYBOY: With or without hate mail—to get back to that—you had your share of base hits by the end of the 1973 season.

AARON: Yeah—I hit .301, I think.

PLAYBOY: You also ended the season with 713 homers, one short of the record. Were you disappointed to come so close and not make it?

AARON: No. It didn't bother me at all, to be frank with you. A lot of people said, "Well, what're you gonna do now? You gonna go in a gopher hole and lay there till next season?" Because, you know, I could have an automobile crash or get in an airplane and have it drop. I said, "Listen, whatever will be, will be—I can't change it. I've got to live my life the way I've been livin' for 40 years. I can't be any more careful than I've always been." Actually, if I'd taken full advantage of the situation—if I'd played some of the time in double-headers or if I'd played day games after night games—I probably could have hit that home run. But I wouldn't have been fair to my teammates, nor the manager, by doin' that. It's more important to get a winnin' attitude on the ball club. People said, "The ball club's gonna finish in fifth or sixth place anyhow; why not take advantage of it?" But that's kinda selfish—and I've never been a selfish ballplayer. I'm a

member of the Atlanta Braves, and whenever I leave here, I'd like for the young players to say, "Henry Aaron was a winnin'-type ballplayer; he wasn't just for himself. He didn't go out there just for the sake of hittin' a home run." Of course, it is a disappointment to close out my career with a losin' ball club, but I take into consideration that we're in a rebuildin' stage. We have some good ballplayers; it's just a matter of puttin' everything together. It'll probably be two, three years before we can develop the habits of a championship team.

PLAYBOY: Do any of your teammates resent your success?

AARON: I'm sure that some have been jealous—but I wouldn't be in a position to name them.

PLAYBOY: Was there ever any jealousy between you and Eddie Mathews?

AARON: If there ever was, it was friendly. It was never the kind of thing where he would come up in the ninth innin' and I wouldn't want him to hit the home run that would win the game. It was a friendly-type rivalry, and I think this is a healthy situation. Back in the days when Spahn and Burdette were pitchin' on our ball club, they would compete with each other in wins and losses, but after the ball game they would go and drink beer, maybe have dinner together. One record that's very dear to my heart is the record that Mathews and I hold as far as hittin' home runs as teammates. We happened to break the record of Ruth and Gehrig—and I think that the record we set will probably never be broken, because it's so hard to find two teammates who compare so equally in their work, in their skill at the job, and are gonna play together that long. Mays and McCovey might have done it if they had come up at the same time. But you never hear any talk about this record; it's never been played up at all. I don't know whether it's because Eddie and I played together all those years in smaller cities or whether it's because Mathews was basically the same-type player I was—not flashy, although he was probably a little bit flashier than I was—or if it's because this particular record happened to be broken by a black player and a white player.

PLAYBOY: In those years, you didn't get much publicity. Wasn't that depressing?

AARON: Well, I've always been one to roll with the punches. I felt all along that one day, if I just stayed healthy, the attention *some* ballplayers were gettin' had to roll my way. Because I had the credentials. I wasn't an overnight success; I was able to perform over a period of years, you know, and to really get my thing *down*. When you're number two, you try harder. If I'd been playin' in New York City, I would have been nationally known maybe ten, 15 years ago. But I happened to play in two smaller cities. I've never criticized the newspapers;

I felt all along that the media were just hoppin' on whatever they thought, at that time, was a hot item. And I just wasn't a flashy-type ballplayer. Maybe, somewhere down the line, this has hurt me. Years ago somebody said, "Why don't you be more flashy?" I don't know what they wanted—maybe for me to pretend I was hurt every time I slid into a base or to have my cap fly off every time I ran.

But I just did the things I knew I could do in the only way I knew I could do them. I'm a very low-key guy—this is just Henry Aaron's style—and I can't change. Today, Willie Stargell is in a situation just about like the one I was in a few years ago. He's had three of the greatest seasons, back to back, that any ballplayer has ever had, and yet he's been slighted as far as the M. V. P. award. If he'd been playin' in a city like New York, he probably would have *been* the Most Valuable Player. But the last three years, I've just tried to maintain the same kind of home-run pace as Willie—or McCovey or Johnny Bench.

PLAYBOY: But your own home-run pace picked up considerably during that time. Are you a better hitter now than you used to be?

AARON: No, I don't think I'm nearly the hitter that I was ten years ago. I'd have to be kiddin' myself to think that, at age 40, I'm as quick with my bat as I was 15 years ago. There's no way I could be. On given days I am, but if I have to play ten days in a row or play a day game after a night game, I just can't generate the bat speed that I used to. This is a young man's game, and that's the way it'll always be. However, I think that's one reason why I hit more home runs now than, say, 15 years ago: The older you get, the carefuller you get. When you get to the plate, you don't want to swing at anything unless you know exactly what you're swingin' at. But I would say that ten years ago, there's no way they could have defended me the way they have the last three years.

PLAYBOY: You mean—

AARON: By puttin' on the shift. That's another thing that's made me more of a home-run hitter: I have to hit with power to beat the shift. It's completely gotten me away from thinkin' about an average or of just hittin' the ball through the infield to the other side. I have to hit with power and I'm concentratin' so much that when I get my pitch and hit the ball—well, it might be my only hit of the game, but it's a home run.

PLAYBOY: Have you done anything special to get in shape for this season?

AARON: Well, I haven't picked up any baseballs yet, but I've worked out at the Y every mornin' at nine o'clock, swimmin' and playin' a lot of handball. People probably thought I was busy as hell this winter, but I wasn't. I promised after the season was over that I would

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stay away from the banquet circuit—and I didn't put on but three pounds. I feel like I've been blessed in that respect; I've never had any problem with my weight. And I've been able to come back from my injuries, whether you want to call that fortunate or unfortunate. I had an operation for calcium in my leg, I'm not sure what year, and before that I had a hemorrhoid operation. And I broke my ankle in my first major-league season, but bein' so young, I was able to recuperate with no ill effect.

PLAYBOY: No loss of speed?

AARON: Well, I never was a speed demon. I was always a pretty good base runner, but it was the element of surprise: Nobody ever thought I was gonna steal.

PLAYBOY: What's the hardest part of the game to cope with as you get older?

AARON: That would have to be the travel, because you get so much of it. And the older you get, the more it tires you out—packin' and unpackin', movin' through airports and time zones, goin' in and out of hotels. It really takes a toll on you. And I just don't go out. You know? I stay in my room—in seclusion. Because if I'm recognized, I wind up signin' a bunch of autographs instead of seein' the things I want to see. But lately it's been gettin' so I can't even rest in the hotel, because once the kids find out where I am, they just come to my room and knock on the door, and all day long I have to sign autographs.

PLAYBOY: You don't like that?

AARON: I just hate to get in a crowd where I'm gonna be subject to people stickin' pencils in my face. They might accidentally poke one of my eyes out. You know? So I don't get into that situation. I've always been a loner anyway, I don't know why—and sometimes it's good, sometimes it's bad. Because lately I've had to be alone more than ever. I just couldn't go anyplace. I've had to be isolated, which I'm already accustomed to, but still, you like to have some kind of outlet—to talk to people, or go to the movies, or do something. But it just hasn't been possible, the last few months, and I don't think it's gonna get better.

PLAYBOY: Rumor has it that your recreation usually involves going off by yourself anyway.

AARON: Well, I like to go fishin', you know. I go back to Mobile a lot, and I have my boat there—actually, two boats, a 27-foot cabin cruiser and a 13-footer, which I keep at my mother's house. I go fresh-water fishin', deep-sea fishin' out on the Gulf, and I've gone to Mexico to fish. I love fresh-water fishin' the best, but I'll go anyplace as long as there's fishin'.

PLAYBOY: Is it the challenge of bringing in the catch or the chance to get away?

AARON: Both. But I suppose just gettin' away is the most important thing—not havin' to hear the telephone ring and not bein' able to look at a TV. That is just

the greatest thing in the world.

PLAYBOY: Being isolated in the wilderness, obviously, is very different from being isolated in a room where there's nothing but a TV and a telephone. During the season, isn't it hard to stay in your hotel so much?

AARON: Not the way baseball is played today. Practically all the games are night games. So if you're playin' on the West Coast, say, and the game is over at 11:30, it's 12 o'clock or 12:30 by the time you get back in the hotel. And then you sleep till the next day, about 11 or 12—so actually the day is shot again. I think baseball players spend half their lives either ridin' in a plane or in bed sleepin'.

PLAYBOY: Have you read *Ball Four*?

AARON: Yes—part of it.

PLAYBOY: According to Jim Bouton, ballplayers on the road don't always go to bed in order to sleep. The guys in the book seem interested more in boozing and woman chasing than in playing baseball, and they come off as pretty immature characters. Is that accurate?

AARON: I suppose it is. But I'm sure that a lot of doctors and other professional people are just as immature as baseball players. They get drunk, they chase women and everything else. There are also a lot of immature women. They chase ballplayers just like the guys chase them. It's not a one-sided story.

PLAYBOY: According to Bouton, a lot of ballplayers also take pep pills in order to play better.

AARON: Well, to be honest with you, I've never seen a ballplayer take anything to stimulate him before a game. Maybe they do, and maybe Bouton has seen it—but I never have. I've taken a mild sedative in order to go to sleep, and I've seen other guys do the same—but I just don't believe you could function if you took somethin' to stimulate you.

PLAYBOY: A lot of fans claim they need stimulants when they try to watch baseball. Is the game too slow, out of touch with the times?

AARON: I know a lot of people say baseball is dull, but it's survived wars and everything else that's come along. Football has gained in popularity, but I was glad to see that, because I've always been a great football fan. Back in the Green Bay days, when Vince Lombardi had the old team back there, I used to go out and watch football in Milwaukee—just sit on one seat and stretch my legs out over three other ones. But it hasn't taken anything away from baseball; you can't really compare baseball and football.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of attempts to liven up the game, such as the American League's designated-hitter rule?

AARON: I think it's a fantastic rule. I think it's one of the greatest things that's ever happened to baseball. And talkin' to the American League players and fans, they love it, too—simply because it doesn't leave the game with a dull

moment. If you've got a pitcher up there, you're either gonna bunt with him or he's gonna strike out. You do get pitchers that'll hit the ball consistently—your Tom Seavers, your Gibsons, maybe a Rick Wise. But for every one of those guys, they've got ten other guys that ain't gonna touch the ball. It's gonna be an automatic out. Well, maybe that's a good thing—the fans can go buy popcorn. Seriously, though, I think it's a great rule. And it's helped a lot of ballplayers who probably wouldn't be in the big leagues now. Like Orlando Cepeda, who had a lot of trouble with his knees; it's given him a new lease on life. Or Tony Oliva; he was one of the brightest young stars that ever came into the league, some years ago, and he had knee trouble, too. So that rule's gonna help him an awful lot.

PLAYBOY: What about other changes people keep proposing, such as standardizing the ball parks?

AARON: I think every ball park should be built or fixed for that particular club. If you've got a good pitchin' staff, then make it a large ball park. For example, the Dodgers, ever since they've been in Los Angeles, have concentrated on speed and pitchin'. When they had Koufax and Drysdale, they felt they could beat anyone if you just gave them two runs. If you've got sluggers, make it a park where people can see home runs; they're not gonna come into the stadium just to see the team lose, lose, lose. But make it a fair park. If a pitcher makes a mistake and a guy hits the ball 340 feet, that's supposed to be a home run, regardless of what you think about it. Just like a hitter don't have any business swingin' at bad pitches, a pitcher don't have any business makin' a bad pitch. If he does, then he's supposed to be hurt by it.

PLAYBOY: What about the orange baseball? Would that make it easier for hitters to see what they're swinging at?

AARON: Well, I can't argue with Charley Finley. Much as people might say that his ideas are no good, the fact is that he has brought a lot of good ideas into baseball. He brought in the colored uniforms, and before he did, they were just goin' with the same old dull ones. But really, I can't say whether I like *this* idea until I swing at an orange baseball.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the people who claim that night baseball is responsible for the decline in .300 hitters?

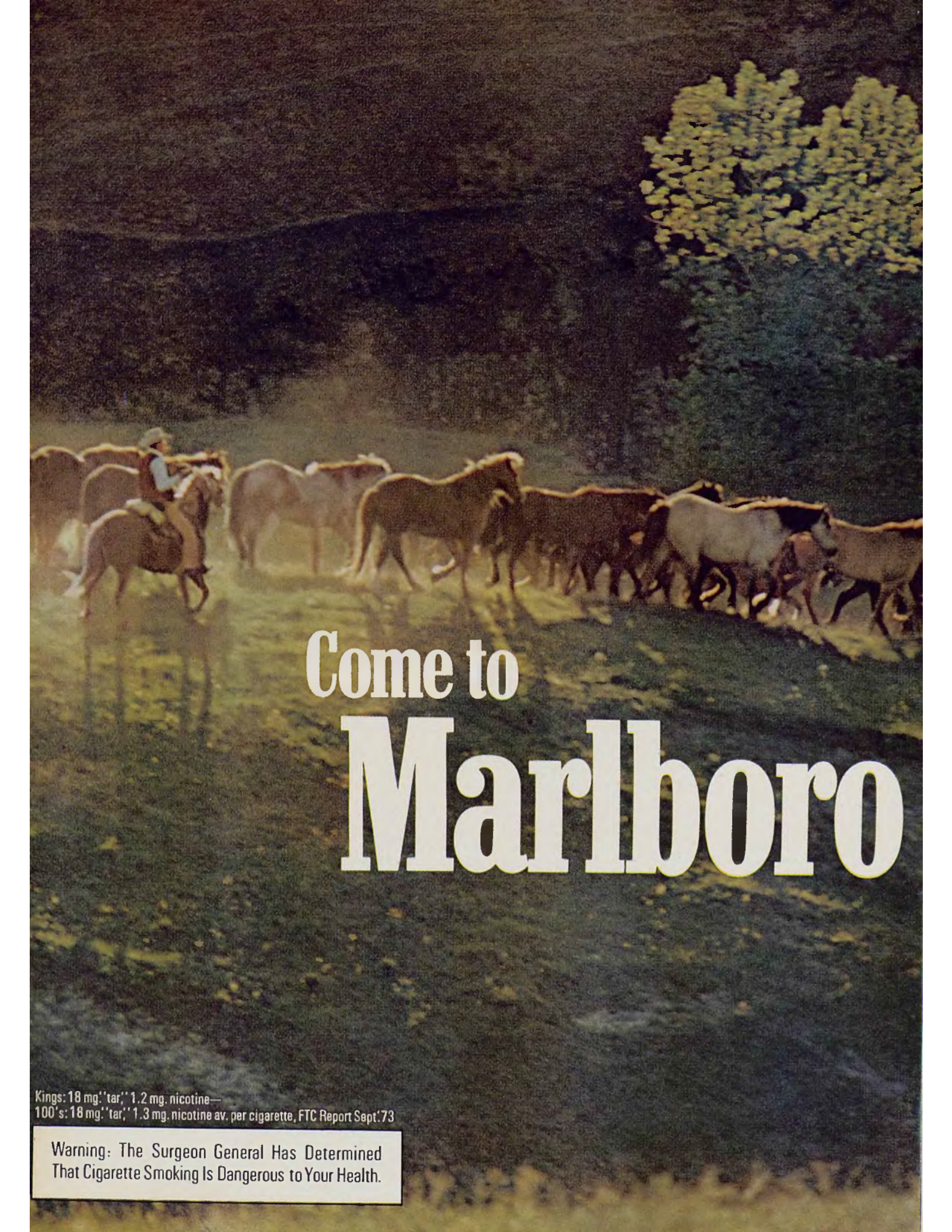
AARON: No, I don't. In fact, when I was much younger, I would prefer playin' night games. It didn't bother me at all. Now that I'm older—and don't ask me the reason for this—I would much rather play day games. It just seems like every time I gotta play a night game, I'm tired—maybe from just lyin' around the hotel. But I've talked to most of the younger players on our club right now, and for some reason, they would much rather play night games.

PLAYBOY: If night baseball isn't the



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problem, why are batting averages generally lower than they used to be?

AARON: Well, the owners and the management don't concentrate on battin' as much as they do on pitchin'. They're worried about gettin' five, six or seven innin's out of the pitcher, then bringin' in a fresh one. They're not as concerned with the hitter as they used to be.

PLAYBOY: Is the disappearance of the minor leagues part of the difficulty in developing fresh baseball talent?

AARON: Well, it's true that a lot of minor-league cities have been stripped of their teams. Ball clubs used to carry as many as three or four triple-A farm clubs. Major-league players used to go play in the California league after they could no longer play in the big leagues—but now they have to go to Japan. The economic structure of baseball has changed in such a way that the owners can't afford to have triple-A teams. I think the kids comin' up today have had somethin' to do with it. They're smarter, they're better athletes and they demand more money. When I first came to the big leagues, the minimum was \$5000—and I don't care if you're talkin' 'bout how a dollar is worth a dollar or 90 cents or ten cents; \$5000 is still just \$5000. So I think that in this way, the game has changed along with society and everything else—and it's changed for the good.

A few years ago, they were spreadin' a lot of big bonuses around, and we had four or five big-bonus players on our club. All these kids got about a hundred or so thousand dollars to sign a contract. It took me about 14 years to start makin' that kind of money. People said, "Don't you resent them?" No, they were just a lot smarter, and they had agents to negotiate their contracts for them. Which I didn't; the only somebody I had negotiatin' my contract was Syd Pollack, the owner of the old Indianapolis Clowns. When he sold one of his black players, he would just give you so much money and keep the rest. It was that simple. White ballplayers were comin' out of college, or the Babe Ruth League, and they were givin' 'em big bonuses—but they weren't givin' any to black players.

PLAYBOY: When you went to the National League in 1954, did you get hassled for being black, as Jackie Robinson did?

AARON: I went through the thing of segregated housin' in spring trainin'. But when I got to cities like Philadelphia, Chicago and New York, they were integrated, and I never heard any name-callin' there. Jackie went through things every place he went; North and South, he was reminded that they didn't want him to play major-league baseball. Only a handful of us could have taken even a little dab of what he took. But when I came up to the Braves, I was under pressure to excel; I knew I wasn't gonna keep a job just because I had a great year in

the Sally League. I had to show the Man that I could play major-league ball. So I got off to a good start in spring trainin', and when Bobby Thomson broke his ankle, I was the best ballplayer they had down there to replace him. So I got my chance. And fortunately, I played under a manager—Charlie Grimm—who let me make mistakes and profit by 'em.

PLAYBOY: Was he your best manager?

AARON: No. Ben Geraghty had to be the greatest manager I ever had. I played for Ben in the Sally League, and it was the first year they ever had blacks in the league. There were three of us on the team. I'm also sure it was the first time Ben Geraghty had ever managed blacks—and he was just super. Ben used to sit down and talk and have a bottle of beer with us. And he knew an awful lot about baseball, more than just hittin' the ball—how to play the game itself, how to approach it. But the league was highly segregated, and Jacksonville wasn't one of your liberal cities; the fans didn't want us playing there.

PLAYBOY: How do you account for your ability to perform under the kind of pressure you faced in Jacksonville—or that you faced last season?

AARON: Just by bein' black. I think every black person is prepared to deal with pressure because they're *born* under adversity, and they live under pressure every day of their lives. They know damn well that they've gotta go out there and do better than the average person in order to keep their job.

PLAYBOY: When did you first become aware that to be black meant getting second-class treatment?

AARON: I suppose when I was about ten, not because of anything that happened to me, but just realizin' that we were livin' on the wrong side of the tracks and that my father was barely makin' ends meet. But Mobile has always been a little bit more open than the average Southern city. Spring Hill College, for example, has been integrated for as long as I can remember; there's always been blacks and whites goin' to school there.

PLAYBOY: What kind of future did you look forward to as a kid in Mobile?

AARON: I never thought about anything but playin' baseball. My mother and father wanted me to go on to college after I got out of high school, but I wanted to play major-league ball—and after Jackie broke in, I thought blacks had as good a chance as anybody if they could show they had major-league skills. My mother was a little disappointed that I didn't go on to school, and I would be very disappointed if one of my kids didn't go on to college, regardless of what kind of ability they might have in sports.

PLAYBOY: After you'd played with the Braves in Milwaukee for 11 years, the franchise moved to Atlanta. Were you uptight about returning to the South at that point in your career?

AARON: Well, I didn't want to be labeled a wooden god when I got here in Atlanta—and then have them discover that I can strike out with the bases loaded, too. I just wanted to be a baseball player. As it turned out, movin' here was one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to me in an economic sense, because it's a growin' city, and I got here just in time to be in on that. On the other hand, Milwaukee was a great city to me, to my family. I was born in the South, my ex-wife was born in the South, and we were accustomed to the habits and the happenin's of the South. But the kids were content in Milwaukee, they were happy with their friends, and they had no real contact with segregation.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there segregation in Milwaukee?

AARON: Of course, segregation is everywhere—but they didn't come in contact with it up there, because they were so small. Anyway, I had no animosity about movin' here, but some little things I said were blown out of proportion. People said, "Well, he said he didn't want to move here because he didn't want the Ku Klux Klan knockin' on his door." But I never made those statements. I feel quite comfortable stayin' here.

PLAYBOY: The city looks fairly well integrated. Is that an illusion?

AARON: Well, Atlanta is a metropolitan city and it has its problems, but they're no bigger or more outstandin' than other cities' problems. You're gonna run into people anywhere that don't want their kids to go to school with black kids, don't want to sit next to you at the lunch counter or—out of meanness—just don't want to give you respect as a human bein'. You know? And rather than bein' judged by your character, you're judged by your color. You're gonna find this everywhere. In fact, I have never lived a day in my life that in some way—some small way, somewhere—someone didn't remind me that I'm black.

PLAYBOY: For example?

AARON: For an example, last night. I go to a basketball game where my kid is playin'. And I'm lookin' at the referee *deliberately* callin' fouls on him just because he's the only black kid out there. I'm not askin' 'em to *give* him anything, but it just tears me apart inside. I can take it, you know, but I say: How in the hell can a man stand out there, a grown man, and be so hateful and resentful toward a *kid*? But they are; they stand out there callin' these fouls, and the kid can't do *nothin'*. I had to go out and talk to him. But what can you do? What the hell can you do? I get angry; I get so angry I feel like goin' out there and punchin' somebody in the mouth. If it was myself, it would never bother me, because, as a grown person, I would know how to get back at 'em. But he's a kid, and all he's doin' out there is playin' the same type of game that the other

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nine white boys are playin'. But if he gets any kind of aggressive out there—like they are—they're gonna call fouls on him. It's a shame, but that's just the way it is.

PLAYBOY: Do black and white ballplayers socialize together?

AARON: They socialize more now than they used to. Some of the young players, the younger kids that aren't married, they—what you call it?—they date. I've seen white players with black girls and black players with white girls. But when I first came up, you never saw that.

PLAYBOY: In recent years, you've been very outspoken about racial inequities in baseball, but at one time you had a reputation for being quiet. What happened to turn you around?

AARON: I've always spoken out. But before, when I said somethin', nobody listened. It's just like a high school student versus a guy with a master's degree. I've got my master's degree now, in baseball, and I paid my dues—and now that I'm closin' in on one of the most prodigious records in the world, every time I say somethin', it's in print. And that's the difference. I've said the same thing over and over again—that I think there's injustice in baseball. As far as my personal wealth is concerned, I owe everything to baseball. But I still say that I've given baseball more than it's given me. And I think the average black player can say the same thing.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't the major leagues ever had a black manager?

AARON: I don't know what the answer is. I don't know what they could be afraid of. My brother Tommie's managin' in Savannah; he took over for Clint Courtney last year and did a good job. But as for a black gettin' a chance to manage a major-league club, I don't know. It's been decades since Jackie Robinson broke into baseball, since the black player proved he's super on the field. Now it's time for the owners to give him a job that's equal to his character. And baseball, as much good as it's done for a lot of people, has dragged its foot on this situation much too long, much longer than any other sport.

I've heard some talk that if baseball ever fires a black manager, then how's the black community gonna feel? Hell, black players are fired every day from jobs; how do they feel about them losin' those jobs? I realize that if I was the manager of a ball club, that if I wasn't doin' the job, pretty soon somebody would come along and take my job away from me; and they *should*. It's the easiest thing in the world to replace a manager, but it's harder'n hell for you to replace 40 ballplayers. I realize this, you know—I'm not that dumb. So I think that's a stupid thing for them to say.

PLAYBOY: Will this be your last season?

AARON: I hope so. I'm lookin' forward to it bein' my last season.

PLAYBOY: If the National League should

go for the designated-hitter rule, would you consider prolonging your career in that capacity?

AARON: Well, they don't have it now, and if they don't have it by the time I retire, I'm not gonna worry about it. I don't think, in any case, that I would consider it until after I break the record, because there's been enough asterisks behind that thing already—you know, people talkin' about how I been to bat so many times more than Babe Ruth, etc.

PLAYBOY: What do you say to people when they bring that up?

AARON: I don't say anything to them, because you can argue with a person the rest of your life about baseball, about what Ruth would have done today compared with what he did 40 years ago. I just walk away, so as not to give 'em the satisfaction of me holdin' a conversation. You know? But I'll give you my thinkin' on that: I'm not out tryin' to destroy Babe Ruth's record. Personally, I don't think any black man *can* destroy a white man's record, because it just ain't gonna happen in this time. The press ain't gonna let it happen: white people in general ain't gonna let it happen, and it just ain't gonna happen.

But I still say that regardless of how you look at it, whether you say Ruth would have hit so many more home runs if he hadn't been a pitcher, I wasn't *responsible* for him bein' a pitcher. You know? If he felt like he wanted to be a pitcher for five years, that was his business. They say, "Well, he didn't go to bat but so many times, so you can't legally say you hit more home runs." Well, you know, I got 3500 or 3600 hits, too, and I can argue the point that maybe Ruth hit all these home runs and had this fantastic battin' average—but he never did get 3000 base hits. You can argue till you're blue in the face about records and how a person would do, so I just don't say anything. I just keep doin' the best I can.

PLAYBOY: Looking back over your 700-plus homers, are there any that you feel were especially important?

AARON: Several. One is the home run I hit off Billy Muffett in '57 that clinched the pennant for the Milwaukee Braves. That's probably the most outstandin' one, simply because it put us in the world series against the Yankees. My 700th home run was also one of the most excitin'—and historical—moments of my career. And then there's the first home run I hit in an All-Star game, which came rather late—in '71. I thought I was never gonna do it.

PLAYBOY: Since you've been within striking distance of the home-run record, have you ever doubted that you were going to make it?

AARON: Yes. Two years ago, during the baseball strike, I felt I had to take advantage of every opportunity, every chance—and I knew I wasn't the youngest player

in the league. So if I took off for 11 days like that, I was gonna have to work that much harder to get myself in shape. I thought, that year, if I could have ended up hittin' 40 home runs, then it probably would have been a waltz for me last year. But I didn't hit that many home runs, and that put a lot of pressure on me for the '73 season. I knew that if I had any chance of doin' it, I had to have a great season last year—I mean, a *great* season, I'm not talkin' about one where I hit 25 or 30 home runs, you know. I wanted to go into this season with less than five home runs to go, because it's gonna be awful tough for me to get 20 or 25 more. And I still feel that way. A ballplayer's likely to have a bad season any year, and at my age I have to take that into consideration.

PLAYBOY: After 20 years in the big leagues, do you feel as though you've outlived your time?

AARON: Not really. Stan Musial played till he was about 43 or 44, I guess. Ted Williams played until he was 41 or 42. Willie Mays just retired; and Eddie just retired about five years ago. So if I can finish another year, I feel like I'm still ahead of the game.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to manage after you hang up your spikes?

AARON: No, I wouldn't want to manage—I'm sure of that.

PLAYBOY: What do you want to do?

AARON: Well, I'd like to remain in baseball in some capacity. There haven't been too many real opportunities for blacks after they stop playin', other than coachin' first base. I don't want to be a first-base coach; I think that would be somewhat of a demotion rather than a promotion. I wouldn't like to be a "superscout" either. I would like to work in the front office in some way. Like I say, black players haven't put a dent in the front office yet, so it's time to look in that direction—and I think that with the knowledge I've picked up over the years, I would certainly be an asset to some organization. If not—well, I've been fortunate enough to invest in a few deals that have paid off, and if I had to quit the game today or tomorrow, I could go on livin'. I don't think I'd have to go out and beg pennies.

PLAYBOY: Are you sorry that your playing career is nearing the end?

AARON: Well, I always knew the day was gonna come; nobody goes on forever. And I've had a great career. I don't have anything to be ashamed of. I worked hard for what I've achieved, and I appreciate everything anybody has ever done for me. But it's not like a doctor's career nor a lawyer's career. They can go on practicin' forever. In sports, there just comes a day when you have to quit; it was a blessin' of the Lord that I was able to play so long.





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article By CARL BERNSTEIN and BOB WOODWARD

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

JUNE 17, 1972. Nine o'clock Saturday morning. Early for the telephone. Bob Woodward fumbled for the receiver and snapped awake. The city editor of *The Washington Post* was on the line. Five men had been arrested earlier that morning in a burglary at Democratic headquarters, carrying photographic equipment and electronic gear. Could he come in?

Woodward, who had worked for the *Post* for only nine months, was always looking for a good Saturday assignment, but this didn't sound like one. A burglary at the local Democratic headquarters was too much like most of what he had been doing—investigative pieces on unsanitary restaurants and smalltime police corruption. Woodward had hoped he had broken out of that; he had just finished a series of stories on the attempted assassination of Alabama governor George Wallace. Now, it seemed, he was back in the same old slot.

Woodward left his apartment in downtown Washington and walked the six blocks to the *Post*. The newspaper's mammoth newsroom—over 150 feet square with rows of brightly colored desks set on a half acre of sound-absorbing carpet—is usually quiet on Saturday morning. It is a day for long lunches, catching up on work, reading the Sunday supplements. Woodward checked in with the city editor and learned with surprise that the burglars had not broken into the small local Democratic Party office but the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee in the Watergate office-apartment-hotel complex.

It was an odd place to find the Democrats. The opulent Watergate, on the banks of the Potomac in downtown Washington, was as Republican as the Union League Club.

Two years earlier, it had been the target of 1000 anti-Nixon demonstrators who had shouted "Pigs," "Fascists" and "Sieg Heil" as they tried to storm the citadel of Republican power—residence of John Mitchell, the law-and-order Attorney General of the

Nixon Administration. They had run into a solid wall of riot-equipped Washington policemen who had pushed them back onto the campus of George Washington University with tear gas and billy clubs. From

their balconies, anxious tenants of the Watergate had watched the confrontation and some had cheered and toasted when the protesters were driven back and the northwest winds off the Potomac chased the tear gas away from the fortress. Among those who had been knocked to the ground was *Washington Post* reporter Carl Bernstein. The policeman who sent him sprawling had probably not seen the press cards hanging from his neck, and perhaps paid more attention to his longish hair.

As Woodward began making phone calls, he noticed that Bernstein, one of the paper's two Virginia political reporters, was working on the burglary story, too.

Oh, God, not Bernstein, Woodward thought, recalling several office rumors about Bernstein's ability to push his way—and his by-line—onto a good story.

Bernstein was a college dropout. He had started as a copyboy at the *Washington Evening Star* when he was 16, became a full-time reporter at 19 and had worked at the *Post* since 1966. He occasionally did an investigative series and had covered both the courts and city hall. But he preferred doing long discursive articles about the capital's people and neighborhoods.

Woodward knew that Bernstein sometimes wrote about rock music for the *Post*, but when he learned that

Bernstein also wrote occasional reviews of classical music, he choked that down with some difficulty. Bernstein looked, to Woodward, like one of those counterculture journalists he despised.

That morning, Bernstein had Xeroxed copies of notes from reporters at the scene, then told the city editor that he would do some more checking around. The city editor shrugged acceptance and Bernstein began calling everybody he could reach at

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all-powerful...*



the Watergate—desk clerks, bellmen, maids, waiters in the restaurant.

Between calls, Bernstein looked across the newsroom to Woodward's desk about 20 feet away. He could see that Woodward was also working on the story.

That figured, Bernstein thought. Woodward was a prima donna who played heavily at office politics. Bernstein thought his rapid rise at the *Post* had had less to do with ability than with his establishment credentials: Yale, Navy Officers Corps, lawns, staterooms and grass tennis courts. (He'd even been invited to Presidential aide John Ehrlichman's tennis party at Camp David but hadn't been able to attend.) But Bernstein guessed that Woodward probably didn't have the street savvy a good investigative reporter needed. And he knew that Woodward couldn't write very well. One office joke had it that English was not Woodward's native language.

They had never worked on a story together. Woodward was 29, Bernstein 28.

. . .

The *Post*'s first Watergate story described an elaborate attempt by five burglars to bug the Democratic headquarters. The next day, June 18, the reporters wrote that one of the five burglars was James McCord, security coordinator for the Committee for the Re-election of the President. John Mitchell issued a statement denying that McCord was acting under instructions from him or from any other senior official at CRP.

After midnight, Woodward received a call at home from Eugene Bachinski, the *Post*'s regular night police reporter.

Bachinski had something from one of his police sources. Two address books, belonging to two of five men arrested inside the Watergate, contained the name and phone number of E. Howard Hunt, with the small notations "W. House" and "W. H."

Also listed in a confidential inventory of the suspects' belongings were "two pieces of yellow lined paper, one addressed to 'Dear Friend Mr. Howard,' the other to 'Dear Mr. H. H.,'" and an unmailed envelope containing Hunt's personal check for six dollars made out to Lakewood Country Club in Rockville, along with a bill for the same amount.

Woodward sat down in a hard chair by his phone and checked the telephone directory. He found a listing for E. Howard Hunt in Potomac, Maryland, the affluent horse-country suburb in Montgomery County. No answer.

At the office the next day, Woodward called an old friend and sometime source who worked for the Federal Government and did not like to be called at his office. The friend said hurriedly that the break-in case was going to "heat up," but he couldn't explain and hung up.

It was approaching three P.M., the hour

when the *Post*'s editors list in a "news budget" the stories they expect for the next day's paper.

Woodward, who had been assigned to write the next day's Watergate story, picked up the telephone and dialed 456-1414—the White House. He asked for Howard Hunt. The switchboard operator rang an extension. There was no answer. Woodward was about to hang up when the operator came back on the line. "There is one other place he might be," she said. "In Mr. Colson's office."

"Mr. Hunt is not here now," Colson's secretary told Woodward, and gave him the number of a Washington public-relations firm, Robert R. Mullen & Company, where she said Hunt worked as a writer.

Woodward walked across to the national desk at the east end of the newsroom and asked one of the assistant national editors, J. D. Alexander, who Colson was. Alexander laughed. Charles W. Colson, special counsel to the President of the United States, was the White House "hatchet man," he said.

Woodward called the White House back and asked a clerk in the personnel office if Howard Hunt was on the payroll. She said she would check the records. A few moments later, she told Woodward that Howard Hunt was a consultant working for Colson.

Woodward called the Mullen public-relations firm and asked for Howard Hunt.

"Howard Hunt here," the voice said.

Woodward identified himself.

"Yes? What is it?" Hunt sounded impatient.

Woodward asked Hunt why his name and phone number were in the address books of two of the men arrested at the Watergate.

"Good God!" Hunt said. Then he quickly added, "In view that the matter is under adjudication, I have no comment," and slammed down the phone.

Woodward thought he had a story.

A while later, Woodward phoned Robert F. Bennett, president of Mullen, and asked about Hunt. Bennett, the son of Republican Senator Wallace F. Bennett of Utah, said, "I guess it's no secret that Howard was with the CIA."

It had been a secret to Woodward. He called the CIA, where a spokesman said that Hunt had been with the agency from 1949 to 1970.

Woodward, puzzled, placed another call to his Government friend and asked for advice. His friend sounded nervous. On an off-the-record basis, he told Woodward that the FBI regarded Hunt as a prime suspect in the Watergate investigation for many reasons aside from the address-book entries and the unmailed check. Woodward was bound not to use the information in a story, because it was off the record. But his friend assured him that there would be nothing unfair about a story that reported the

*...until a couple of
young reporters
decided to investigate
what the white
house called "a
third-rate burglary"*

1

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address-book and country-club connections. That assurance could not be used in print, either, but it was the underpinning of the story Woodward was about to write.

Barry Sussman, the city editor, was intrigued. He dug into the *Post* library's clippings on Colson and found a February 1971 story in which an anonymous source described Colson as one of the "original back-room boys . . . the brokers, the guys who fix things when they break down and do the dirty work when it's necessary." Woodward's story about Hunt, which identified him as a consultant who worked in the White House for Colson, included the quotation and noted that it came from a profile written by "Ken W. Clawson," a current White House aide who until recently was a reporter.

The story, on June 20, was headlined, "WHITE HOUSE CONSULTANT TIED TO BUGGING FIGURE."

That morning at the Florida White House in Key Biscayne, Presidential press secretary Ronald L. Ziegler briefly answered a question about the break-in at the Watergate by observing: "Certain elements may try to stretch this beyond what it is." Ziegler described the incident as "a third-rate burglary attempt" not worthy of further White House comment.

Bernstein meanwhile set out to learn what he could about Colson. He called a former official of the Nixon Administration who he thought might be able to supply some helpful biographical data. Instead of biography, the man told Bernstein: "Whoever was responsible for the Watergate break-in would have to be somebody who doesn't know about politics but thought he did. I suppose that's why Colson's name comes up. . . . Anybody who knew anything wouldn't be looking over there for real political information. They'd be looking for something else . . . scandal, gossip."

The man knew the inner workings of the White House, of which Bernstein and Woodward were almost totally ignorant, and, better yet, he maintained extensive contacts with his former colleagues.

Bernstein asked if he thought there were any possibility that the President's campaign committee or—even less likely—the White House would sponsor such a stupid mission as the Watergate raid. Bernstein waited to be told no.

"I know the President well enough to know if he needed something like this done, it certainly wouldn't be a shoddy job," said the former official. But it was not inconceivable that the President would want his campaign aides to have every piece of political intelligence and gossip available. He recalled that one White House political consultant "was always talking about walkie-talkies. You would talk about politics and he would

talk about devices. There was always a great preoccupation at the White House with all this intelligence nonsense. Some of those people are dumb enough to think there would be something there."

This picture of the White House was in sharp contrast to the smooth, well-oiled machine Bernstein was accustomed to reading about in the newspapers: those careful, disciplined, look-alike guards to the palace who were invariably referred to as "the President's men."

• • •

Since June 17, the Committee for the Re-election of the President had seemed inviolate, as impenetrable as a super-secret national-security bureaucracy. Visitors were met at the door by a uniformed guard, cleared for access by press or security staffs, escorted to their appointments and led back out. The committee's telephone roster of campaign officials—a single sheet of paper listing more than 100 names—was considered a classified document. A *Washington Post* researcher who obtained a copy from a friend at the committee was told, "You realize I'll lose my job if they find out."

The managers of the committee's various divisions, the real campaign heavies generally known to the press and the public alike, were conspicuous on the roster because they had private secretaries listed below their names. Because the floor numbers were listed next to the names and phone extensions of committee personnel, it was possible to calculate roughly who worked in proximity to whom. And by transposing telephone extensions from the roster and listing them in sequence, it was even possible to determine who worked for whom.

For Bernstein and Woodward, studying the roster became a devotional exercise not unlike reading tea leaves. Divining names from the list, they had, by mid-August, begun visiting CRP people at their homes after the 7:45 p.m. first-edition deadline.

When Bernstein knocked on his first door, the occupant pleaded with him to leave "before they see you." The employee was literally trembling. "Please leave me alone. I know you're only trying to do your job, but you don't realize the pressure we're under." Bernstein tried to get a conversation started but was told, "I hope you understand I'm not being rude, please go," as the door closed.

Another said, "I want to help," and burst into tears, crying, "God, it's all so awful," as the reporter was shown to the door.

The nighttime visits were fishing expeditions. And the trick was just getting inside where the conversation could be pursued, consciences could be appealed to. The reporters always identified themselves immediately as reporters for *The Washington Post*, but the approach that seemed to work best was less than

straightforward: A friend at the committee told us that you were disturbed by some of the things you saw going on there, that you would be a good person to talk to . . . that you were absolutely straight and honest and didn't know quite what to do; we understand the problem—you believe in the President and don't want to do anything that would seem disloyal.

Woodward could say that he was a registered Republican; Bernstein could argue a genuine antipathy to the politics of both parties.

Sometimes it worked. People wanted to know who at the committee had given the reporters their names. That gave Woodward and Bernstein a chance to explain that they must protect confidential sources, assuring whomever they were talking to that he or she would be similarly shielded. Once inside, notebooks were never used.

Then, working around the edges, they began accumulating little pieces: Has the FBI talked with you? "I can't understand it; they never asked." . . . "The FBI wanted to know if I saw anybody using the shredder." . . . "I heard from somebody in Finance that if they ever got a look at the books, it would be all over, so they burned 'em." . . . "From what I hear, they were spying on everybody, following them around, the whole bit." . . . "Please don't ever call me on the telephone—God, especially not at work, but not here either. Nobody knows what they'll do. They are desperate."

In early September, the reporters picked up a copy of the committee's latest expenditure report, which listed the names of all salaried employees. Bernstein noticed the name of someone he had once met and called her for lunch. He suggested half-a-dozen places where they could meet and not be seen, but she insisted on a sandwich shop where dozens of Nixon campaign workers were eating. When they sat down, she explained why: "I'm being followed. It's open here and doesn't look like I'm hiding anything. People won't talk on the phones; it's terrible."

Bernstein asked her to calm down and said he thought she was overdramatizing. "I wish I were," she said. "They know everything at the committee. They know that the indictments will be down in a week and that there will only be seven. [Along with the original five burglars and Howard Hunt, G. Gordon Liddy, finance counsel to CRP, was now a suspect.] Once, another person went back to the D.A. because the FBI didn't ask her the right questions. That night her boss knew about it. I always had one institution I believed in—the FBI. No more."

"I've done my duty as a good citizen. I went back to the D.A., too. But I'm a fatalist now. It'll never come out, the whole truth. You'll never get the



"Admit it, Oedipus—wasn't that better than mother used to make?"

truth. You can't get it by reporters' talking to just the good people. They know you've been out talking to people at night. Somebody from the press office came up to our office today and said, 'I sure wish I knew who in this committee had a link to Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward.' The FBI never even asked me if I was at the committee over the weekend of the break-in. I was there almost the whole time."

She asked Bernstein to walk back to the office with her, to avoid any appearance of furtiveness. While they were waiting to cross the street at 17th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Maurice Stans, finance chairman for CRP, pulled up almost the avenue in his limousine.

"He was an honest man before all this started," she said. "Now he's lying, too."

Bernstein studied Stans from across the street as the former Secretary of Commerce entered the building.

About five o'clock, the woman telephoned Bernstein. She sounded almost hysterical. "I'm in a phone booth. When I got back from lunch, I got called into somebody's office and confronted with the fact that I had been seen talking to a *Post* reporter. They wanted to know everything. It was high up; that's all you have to know. I told you they were following me. Please don't call me again or come to see me."

Later that night, Bernstein went to her apartment and knocked on the door.

"Go away," she said, and Bernstein went off to bang on other doors.

. . .

On the evening of September 14, Bernstein knocked at the front door of a small tract house in a Washington suburb. The owner of this house was a woman who worked for Maurice Stans. "She knows a lot," he had been told.

A woman opened the door and let Bernstein in. "You don't want me, you want my sister," she said. Her sister came into the room. He had expected a typical bookkeeper, a woman in her 50s, probably gray; but she was much younger.

"Oh, my God," she said, "you're from *The Washington Post*. You'll have to go, I'm sorry."

Bernstein tried to hold his ground. The sister was smoking and he noticed a pack of cigarettes on the dinette table; he asked for one. "I'll get it," he said as the sister moved toward the table. "Don't bother." That got him ten feet into the house. He bluffed, telling the bookkeeper that he understood she was afraid; there were a lot of people like her at the committee who wanted to tell the truth, but some people didn't want to listen. He knew that certain people had gone back to the FBI and the prosecutors to give more information. . . . He hesitated.

"Where do you reporters get your information, anyhow?" she asked. "That's what nobody at the committee can figure out."

Bernstein asked if he could sit down and finish his cigarette.

"Yes, but then you'll have to go; I really have nothing to say." She was drinking coffee and her sister asked if Bernstein would like some. The bookkeeper winced, but it was too late; Bernstein started sipping, slowly.

He went into a monolog about all the fine people he and Woodward had met who wanted to help but didn't have hard information, only what they had picked up at third and fourth hand.

"You guys keep digging," she said. "You've really struck close to home."

How did she know?

"I ran the totals for the people. I have an adding machine and a deft hand." The way she said it was almost mocking, as if she knew she had been watching *Naked City* too much. She shook her head and laughed at herself. "Sometimes I don't know whether to laugh or cry. But in some way, something is rotten in Denmark and I'm part of it." She was glancing at his coffee cup. He tried to look relaxed and played with the dog. She seemed to want to talk about what she knew. But to *The Washington Post*? The enemy? Bernstein had the feeling he was either going out the door any minute or staying till she had told the whole story.

Her hands were shaking. She looked at her sister, who shrugged her shoulders noncommittally. Bernstein thought he had an ally there. The sister got up to get another cup of coffee. He took a gulp and handed his cup to her. She refilled it. Bernstein decided to take a chance. He took a notebook and pencil from his inner breast pocket. The bookkeeper stared at him. She was not going to say anything that they probably didn't know already, Bernstein told her, and absolutely nothing would go into the paper that couldn't be verified elsewhere.

"There are a lot of things that are wrong and a lot of things that are bad at the committee," the bookkeeper said. "I was called by the grand jury very early, but nobody knew what questions to ask. People had already lied to them." The bookkeeper had worked for Hugh Sloan, the treasurer for CRP. "Sloan is the sacrificial lamb. His wife was going to leave him if he didn't stand up and do what was right. He left CRP because he saw it and didn't want any part of it."

"I don't know anything about how the operational end of the espionage worked," she said. "I just know who got the money and who approved the allocations. And from what I can see, you've got all the names. Track a little upstairs and out of the finance committee," she advised. "It was the political people. . . . It won't make any difference. You've got to get the law on your side if anything is going to be done. The indictments are

going to get the seven and that's it. The power of the politicians is too strong."

"There was a special account before April seventh. Back then, they were just expenditures as far as I was concerned; I didn't have any idea then what it was all about. But after June 17, you didn't have to be any genius to figure it out. I'd seen the figures and I'd seen all the people. And there were no receipts."

How much money was paid out?

"A lot."

More than half a million?

"You've had it in print."

Finally it clicked. Sometimes he could be incredibly slow, Bernstein thought to himself. It was a slush fund of cash kept in Stans's safe.

(Six weeks earlier, the reporters had written that a \$25,000 Nixon campaign check had been deposited in the bank account of one of the Watergate burglars. This story triggered an audit of Nixon campaign finances by the General Accounting Office. On Saturday, August 26, four days after the President was renominated in Miami, Woodward received a Government Accounting Office report that listed 11 "apparent and possible violations" of the new campaign-contributions law and referred the matter to the Justice Department for possible prosecution. It also stated that Maurice Stans maintained a secret slush fund in his office totaling at least \$350,000.)

"I never knew it was a 'security fund,' or whatever they called it," she said, "until after June 17. I just thought it was an all-purpose political fund that you didn't talk about—like to take fat cats to dinner, but all strictly legal."

Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in dinners? How was it paid out?

"Not in one chunk. I know what happened to it, I added up the figures." There had been a single sheet of paper on which the account was kept; it had been destroyed, the only record. "It was a lined sheet with names on about half the sheet, about 15 names with the amount distributed to each person next to the name. . . . I saw it more than once. The amounts kept getting bigger." She had updated the list each time a disbursement was made. Sloan knew the whole story, too. He had handed out the money.

. . .

Hugh Sloan's daughter was born on September 25 at Washington's Georgetown University Hospital. Bernstein talked by phone with Sloan the next day. Bernstein had spent an evening talking to Sloan at his home in McLean, Virginia. Sloan had since been a source on stories about the secret fund and the destruction of records at CRP after the Watergate break-in.

(Sloan was never identified as a source in the *Post* stories; he had been guaranteed anonymity. He has now agreed to

(continued on page 100)

SHEER DELIGHTS

a lingering look at lingerie proves a little goes a long way

THE SOFT RUSTLE of a satin slip sliding down her body, the barely audible click in the dark that told you you'd unhooked her bra. It's hard to believe that such sounds and sights are almost nostalgic today. Nostalgic, hell, they're practically nonexistent. Not that we're knocking the no-bra look. Nor are we advocating anything like a return to modesty. But we've rediscovered an old truth: that leaving something to the imagination can be very sexy. (The mind's eye is a marvelous "organ" whose powers should never be underestimated.) So we decided to ask an assortment of attractive young ladies to put it on rather than take it off. They thought we were putting *them* on at first, but they finally got the idea. And we got a few of our own



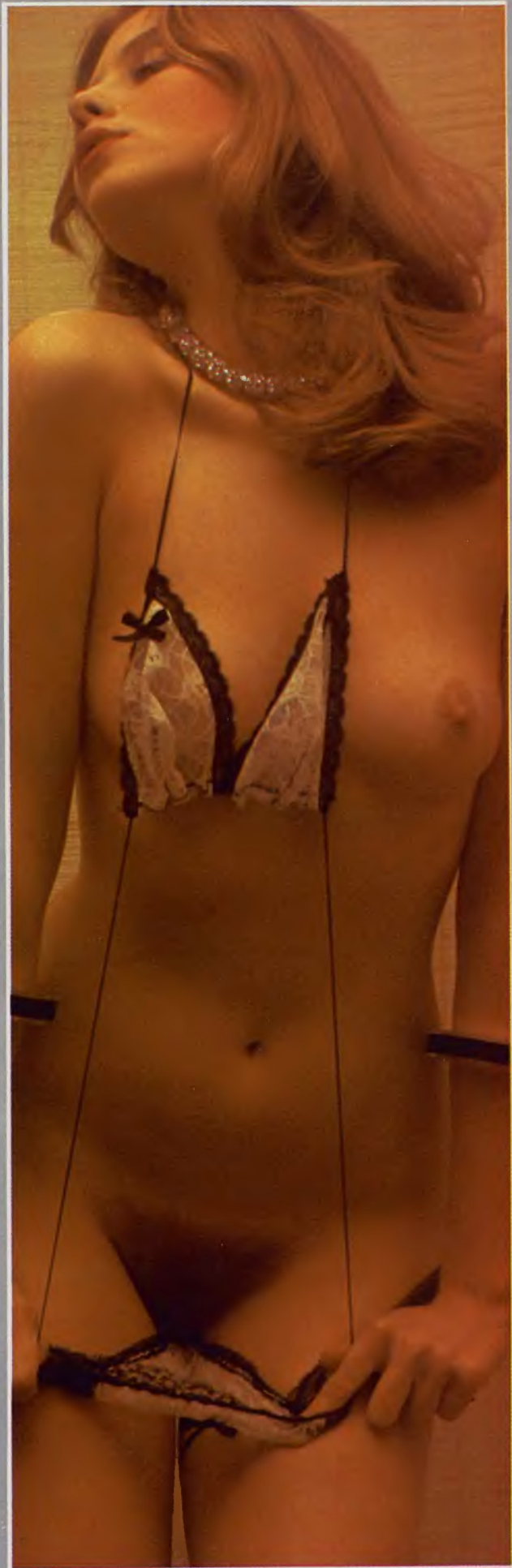
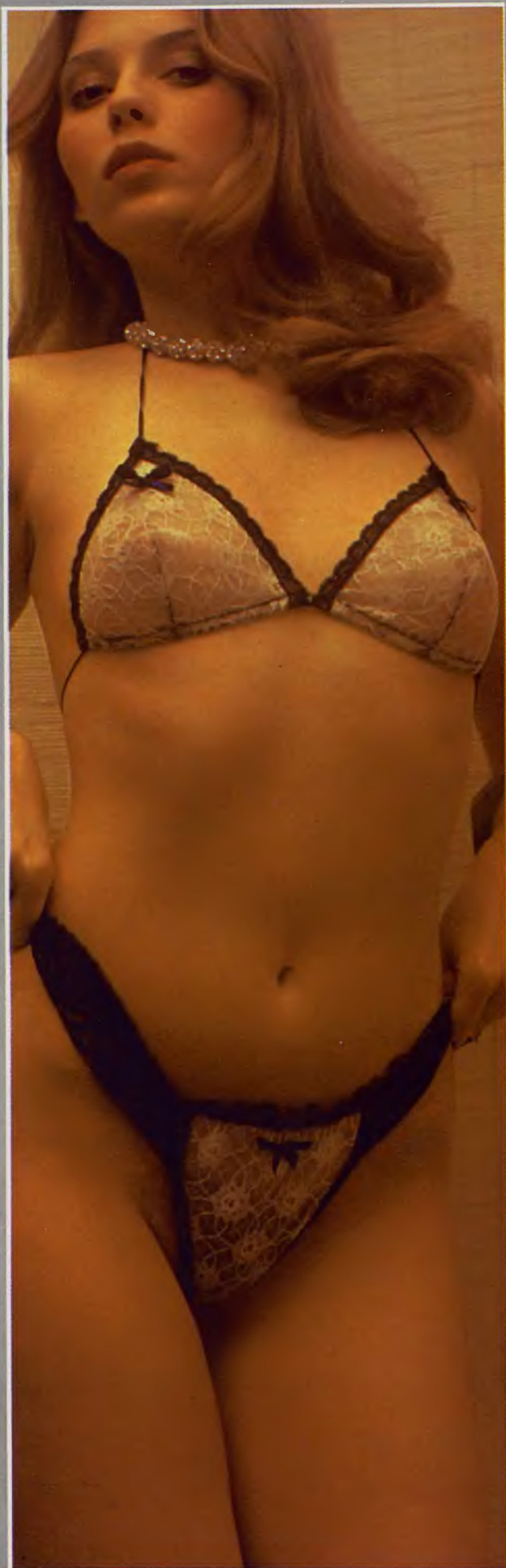


One can be languorous
lying around with nothing
on but the FM, but if a
lady really wants to feel
sensuous, she'll put on
something that *feels* good.

Satin, maybe, or lace,
or even one of those
wonder fabrics from the
folks who bring you better
things for better loving.



When the bikini first
surfaced on the Riviera,
self-appointed guardians
of the public morals
were scandalized. They
huffed that it was better
suited for wear in the
boudoir than on the
beach. But what's wrong
with having it both ways?
Absolutely nothing.





The garter belt, lovingly memorialized on these pages, was a low-slung affair designed to hold up milady's stockings, which used to come in pairs. This device represented a trend toward stylistic simplicity; before the turn of the century, both architects and lingerie designers were fad of embellishing the clean lines of nature. Buildings and women alike were burdened with buttresses and other gaudy ruffles and flourishes, ornamenting a steel (or whalebone) superstructure. There was, however, something to be said for the unique way lace and feathers and frills could enhance the female form, as evidenced by the lady at right. Sadly, the garter belt survives today principally in stag films (cf. Linda Lovelace making house calls in *Deep Throat*), maternity departments and the stock rooms of S/M suppliers. This subtle suggestion of a harness has been supplanted by panty hose, an invention that has taken the female nether regions by storm. The ladies say they're more comfortable, but they do present obstacles to amorous intentions.







The French have always had connections in the lingerie game; one might even say the Parisian *couturier* was the very foundation of the business. (One might, but probably one shouldn't.) In any event, the brassiere came to us from France; its name derives from the word *bros*, or arm, and in the Twenties the function of the bra was to flatten the breasts, as if an arm were pressed against them. As a stroll down any city street will reveal, that sort of confining garment has gone the way of its pain-in-the-ass cousin, the girdle. The bras that remain are often sweet nothings, like the beribboned lace-and-satin trifle with matching panties sported by the cheeky lass at right. Speaking of panties, as we seem to be doing, the style of underpinning at left has had its share of ins and outs, being alternately lauded as erotic and assailed as raunchy; but it's undeniably handy when the boss won't give a girl an extra hour for lunch. And then there's the seldom-seen article at far right: the shimmy, which derives from chemise, which hails from France, which is where we came in.



ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

allow the use of his name for the first time.)

But on the morning after the birth of his daughter, even mentioning Watergate seemed wrong. They chatted for a few minutes about the baby, her mother—she was understandably ecstatic, Sloan said—and the grandparents, who would be coming into town that week.

Perhaps sometime Sloan could find a few minutes to sit down with the reporters, Bernstein suggested. Sloan said he'd try and suggested that Bernstein call back in a couple of days.

Two days later, Bernstein called Sloan. He might have some time the next morning, but he didn't really see how he could be very helpful. . . . Well, if the reporters had some information that he could confirm or steer them away from, that would be all right. He wouldn't be violating any trust in doing that. Could they check with him early the next morning?

Bernstein called him before eight. Sloan said he had to clean up the house before his in-laws arrived, but if the reporters could get to McLean quickly, they could stop by for a few minutes.

Sloan was dressed in sports clothes and, except for the broom he was holding in his hand, he still looked like the Princeton undergraduate he once had been. He introduced himself to Woodward, who immediately volunteered to help clean up the house. Sloan declined the offer and served coffee.

They discussed Stans's office—who worked there, the lines of authority. Sloan was devoted to Stans. People who thought Stans would knowingly have anything to do with political espionage did not really know him, he said. Stans was in anguish. He had allowed himself to be maligned in the press to protect the political people. He had never known what the money was to be spent on.

Did that mean that Stans had known of the outlays beforehand?

Sloan hesitated. He was trying to plead Stans's case and instead was getting him in deeper.

The bookkeeper had refused to say whether or not Stans knew of the withdrawals when they took place. Bernstein tried playing devil's advocate, suggesting that Stans would have been derelict had he not asked to be kept informed of disbursements of money from his own safe. Sloan agreed. Then he said that Stans had authorized withdrawals from the fund but that he had not given his authorization until after he had received assurance from the political managers of the campaign that they wanted the money disbursed.

Who were these political managers?

Sloan was uncomfortable with the question and he said it was enough to know that Stans had not acted on his own.

Woodward jumped at the opening. In

(continued from page 92)

other words, a group of people in the political management of the campaign had authority to approve disbursements from the secret fund?

That was right, Sloan said, but he did not want to go into it further.

Get those names and it would all be over, Bernstein thought.

Bernstein reminded Sloan of an earlier remark that Mitchell almost certainly knew of the cash outlays from the secret fund. Was he one of those "authorized," as Sloan had said a few minutes earlier, to approve disbursements?

"Obviously," Sloan said. There were five people with authorizing authority over the fund, and Mitchell was one of them. Stans was another.

How had it worked? How had Mitchell exercised his authority over the fund? By voucher?

It was a routine procedure, Sloan said, and in the context of a campaign with a budget of over \$50,000,000, it had seemed insignificant at the time. When Sloan had first been approached for money, he had simply picked up the telephone and called Mitchell at the Justice Department. It took only a few seconds. Mitchell would tell him to give the money out. There had been a number of phone calls, beginning in 1971.

Bernstein and Woodward avoided looking at each other. While Attorney General of the United States, John Mitchell had authorized the expenditure of campaign funds for apparently illegal activities against the political opposition. They wanted to be sure they had heard Sloan correctly.

They had. Not only was Mitchell one of the five people with control over the fund but he had exercised it frequently. Indeed, initially he had been the sole person to authorize the expenditures. Later, the authority had been passed to others. Jeb Magruder, deputy campaign manager, was among them, said Sloan.

Mitchell, Stans and Magruder—that left two others who could authorize the payments, by Sloan's account. Were they also on the political side at CRP?

Neither worked for the re-election committee, Sloan said.

The two other persons authorized to approve payments from the fund, were they members of the White House staff?

Only one, said Sloan. The other was not an official in either the campaign or the Administration, not a Washingtonian.

The reporters suggested that only three persons at the White House seemed likely to have had control over the fund: H. R. Haldeman, Colson and Ehrlichman. Their money was on Colson.

Sloan shook his head. That wasn't the way Colson operated, he said. Chuck was too crafty, too careful to put himself in jeopardy that way. If it had been Colson, he would have done it through

someone else, and that hadn't happened.

The only reason the reporters had mentioned Ehrlichman was because of his high position at the White House. If Stans and Mitchell had had to be consulted before the money could be disbursed, someone of similar stature at the White House must have been involved. Ehrlichman had no major role in the campaign, as far as the reporters knew. Haldeman, because he was the overseer of CRP, and because of his reputation, seemed a more logical choice.

Haldeman, known to the reporters by little more than his reputation for running the White House staff, was the President's eyes and ears in the campaign, Sloan said. Through his political aide, Gordon Strachan, Haldeman was kept informed of every major decision made at CRP. Magruder was Haldeman's man at the committee, installed there to make sure that Mitchell did not run the committee without proper input from the White House.

Sloan would not give a yes-or-no answer. But he said nothing to steer the reporters away from Haldeman, as he had with Colson. They were almost convinced it was Haldeman.

That left one more person—someone who worked for neither the White House nor CRP.

Bernstein threw out a name Woodward had never heard before: Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's personal lawyer. It was a guess. Sloan looked surprised.

Bernstein had remembered reading a piece in *The New York Times* the previous February that referred to Kalmbach as "Nixon's personal attorney on the West Coast" and said that prospective clients who had business with the Government couldn't talk to him for less than \$10,000.

Sloan said he didn't want to get into a guessing game. The reporters could not tell whether this was because Kalmbach was a lucky guess or a ridiculous one. That could wait. Haldeman was the important name—if it was Haldeman.

If it was not Haldeman, then why not say so?

"I just don't want to get into it," said Sloan, doing nothing to shake the reporters' belief that they were on the right track.

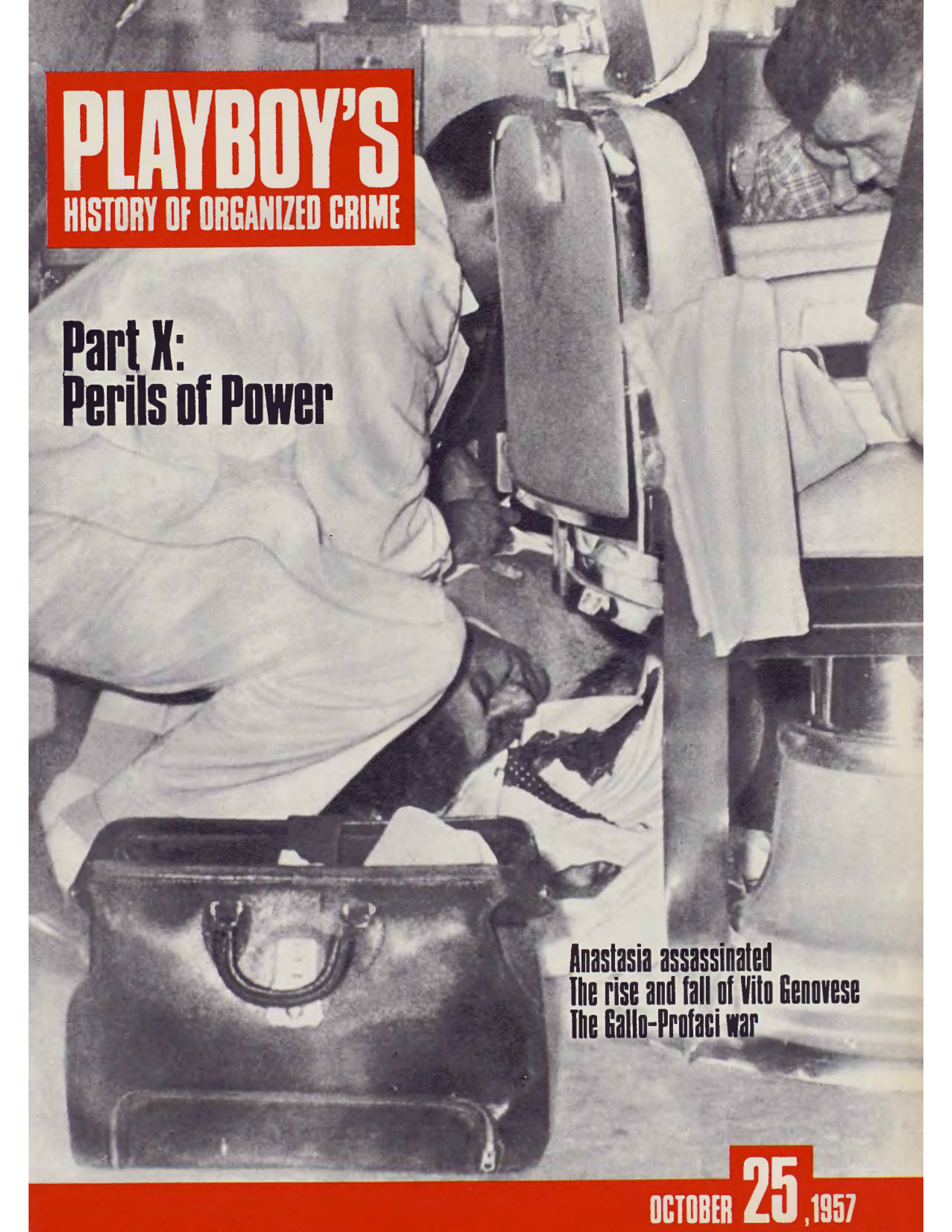
After a few more minutes of general talk about the campaign, the three of them walked to the door.

"Someday maybe you'll be President," Woodward told Sloan.

Bernstein was astonished at the remark, for it did not sound as if it had been made lightly. Woodward had meant it as a form of flattery, but there was an element of respect in it. And more—a hope that Sloan would survive the mess.

. . .

It was past noon when the reporters got to the office. Woodward placed a
(continued on page 214)



PLAYBOY'S

HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME

Part X: Perils of Power

**Anastasia assassinated
The rise and fall of Vito Genovese
The Gallo-Profaci war**

OCTOBER **25**, 1957



Frank Costello, winged by a gangland bullet, was finally brought down by the toxmen.



Top mobster Vito Genovese went from the big time to the big house on a 15-year narcotics rop.



Vincent "The Chin" Gigante blew his biggest job; he failed to kill Costello at close range.

article
By RICHARD HAMMER

THERE is an old truism that nobody retires from the councils of organized crime; the only way out is in a box. But Frank Costello, fretting away months in prison in 1956 and well aware that his legal battles were far from over, knew that such truisms are not necessarily truths. While old racketeers are usually no more willing to relinquish power and position than their counterparts in big business, there are some who have stepped down gracefully to spend their old age in wealthy retirement. In the years before his death of a heart attack in Brooklyn



"Crozy Joe" Gallo led his equally crazy brothers, Lorry and Albert, against Profaci—and lost.



Joe Profaci reigned over Brooklyn and prevailed over rivals until cancer ended his career.



Gollo mobster "Joe Jelly" Giolli went fishing; only his clothes returned, wrapped around a fish.



Profaci gangster John Scimone was luckier than most victims of the Gallo-Profaci war—he lived.



After collapsing at a deportation hearing, Corlo Gambino still had strength to lead the Mob.



"Joe Bononos" Bonanno found himself too unpopular to live in New York, moved to Tucson.



Joseph "The Fat Man" Mogliocco had the guile but not the guts for high-level gongland intrigue.

in 1957, nobody questioned Johnny Torrio's right to life as a rich pensioner, nor did anyone try to put a bullet in Al Capone's head when, sick and dying, he left Alcatraz and retired to his Palm Island estate in Florida. All along the Florida Gold Coast, in fact, old-time bootleggers and racketeers took their ease in the warm sun, far from the wars of their youth.

So it was that Costello, the publicly proclaimed prime minister of the underworld, decided that he, too, would

Preceding page: Albert Anastasia, called the lord high executioner of Murder, Inc., got a haircut and five bullets in a New York barbershop. Right: Abner Zwillman, aka "Longy" or "Longie," was found hanging with his hands bound and, amazingly, was ruled a suicide.

BRUISE

MOUTH

ROPE

WIRE

USA

LONGIE



retire and settle down to a life of well-earned ease as an elder statesman. When he walked out of prison in March 1957, he announced his decision to his intimates, certain it would meet with their approval. After all, he was 64, a millionaire several times over, with few worlds to conquer. He was also mentally and physically exhausted from the decades of struggle and he knew that ahead lay still more struggle, particularly with the taxmen and with the Immigration and Naturalization Service (which claimed he had lied about his criminal record when naturalized in 1925 and was trying to deport him to Italy). Costello wanted only a little peace and leisure time to enjoy his rewards, one of which was just about to begin paying off—the Tropicana hotel and casino in Las Vegas, in which he and his old partner, Phil Kastel, had a major stake.

If the decision initially surprised some of Costello's old friends, they soon came to understand it. At a specially called meeting in November 1956, the leaders of the Syndicate—Meyer Lansky, Longy Zwillman, Tommy Lucchese, Albert Anastasia and others—were in agreement: Costello was a founding member, had long guided the Organization in the paths toward riches and respectability, had helped change the image of the racketeer from cheap thug to semirespectable businessman. Even in retirement, his counsel might still be needed. Thus, his request ought to be respected.

There were, of course, more selfish reasons. The continuing publicity that centered on Costello after the Kefauver hearings had made him a liability, bringing light and heat down on his associates. Further, Costello's empire was vast and lucrative. Much of it would go to old partners such as Lansky and Kastel, and some would go to Vito Genovese, who now would rule unchallenged as head of the old Luciano family; but there would be plenty left for others.

But there were objections. Genovese, for one, insisted that Costello would be too dangerous, even in retirement; but he was voted down, and when affirmative votes had been received from Joe Adonis and Lucky Luciano in their Italian exiles, the decision was binding: Costello could settle on his estate in Sands Point, Long Island, and concern himself mainly with clipping coupons and fighting the Government.

Despite that decision, Genovese had other ideas and other reasons for wanting Costello out of the way. By 1957, his ambition to become the new Salvatore Maranzano, the new boss of all bosses—*capo di tutti capi*—and not merely of the Italian underworld but of the entire criminal Syndicate, had become almost a mania. As long as Costello lived, he posed a threat to such plans: He had once been Genovese's superior in the Luciano

family; after the war, they had been co-equal regents when Luciano went into exile. But their ideas and methods were in sharp conflict. Costello's emphasis was on gambling of all sorts, on the infiltration of legitimate businesses, on making as few waves as possible, on cooperating with everyone, on benevolent rule. And he deeply abhorred narcotics, incessantly preaching and warning against involvement. By contrast, Genovese was abrasive, his rule dictatorial, and narcotics had long been one of his passions. He recognized the profit potential, scorned the risks and, under his guidance, the Luciano family became deeply enmeshed in dope traffic. So Costello's opposition to narcotics and his differing policies made him, even in retirement, the natural rallying point for those who objected to Genovese's ironfisted rule and his heavy emphasis on drugs. And Genovese, despite the Syndicate decision, was determined to eliminate that source of opposition.

On the evening of May 2, 1957, Costello had drinks with a couple of friends—gambler Frank Erickson and fellow racketeer Anthony "Little Augie Pisano" Carfano—at the Waldorf's Peacock Alley. Then he joined some friends for dinner at L'Aiglon, a fashionable East Side restaurant. About 11 in the evening, Costello left, explaining that he was expecting an important telephone call from his Washington lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams.

As Costello's cab stopped before the Majestic Apartments at 115 Central Park West, a long black Cadillac pulled up behind it. While Costello was paying the driver, a gargantuan man in a dark suit, his gray hat low on his forehead, got out of the Cadillac and hurried into the Majestic. Apparently, Costello did not even notice him. A few seconds later, Costello walked through the door, held open by the doorman, into the foyer and headed for the elevators. He had nearly reached them when the fat man stepped out behind him from the shelter of a pillar, pulled out a pistol and aimed. Perhaps giving a last-minute heed to the old rule that a leader deserves to get it from the front, he yelled, "This is for you, Frank." Then he snapped off a shot at Costello's head, fled to the waiting Cadillac and sped off into the night, probably believing that Costello was dead.

But the gunman's last-minute shout had saved Costello's life. At the sound of the voice, he had turned instinctively and the bullet only grazed him, ripping a gash along the right side of his head just behind his ear. Dazed and bleeding, Costello was rushed to nearby Roosevelt Hospital. While the doctors patched his head, Manhattan detectives went through his coat pockets, and what they discovered only spelled more trouble. There was \$800 in cash and a slip of

paper with some writing on it: "Gross casino win—\$651,284. Casino win less markers—\$434,695. Slot wins—\$62,844. Markers—\$153,745."

Though Costello professed ignorance of the paper with the numbers, said he didn't even know how it had gotten into his pocket, the Nevada Gaming Control Board heard about it and did a little investigating. It discovered that the figures matched the gambling revenues for a 24-day period at the newly opened Tropicana. Costello turned sullen and, when summoned before a grand jury to explain, refused to talk. The result: another jail term for contempt of court and then another indictment for income-tax evasion.

Just who had shot Costello was no secret to either the underworld or the police. The gunman was a onetime prize fighter and Genovese thug named Vincent "The Chin" Gigante, a hulking man gone to more than 300 pounds of blubber. Though Costello refused to give police any information about his assailant, claiming he had never seen him and so could not possibly identify him, the Majestic's doorman had gotten a good look. On the basis of his description, police instituted a search for Gigante. But the gunman was nowhere to be found. According to Mafia informant Joe Valachi years later, "The Chin was just taken somewhere up in the country to lose some weight." When Gigante eventually walked into a Manhattan police station and ingenuously insisted he had just learned the cops were looking for him, he was back in fighting trim. It was a relatively slim and trim Gigante who went on trial for attempted murder. He was acquitted when Costello still refused to identify him and the doorman either couldn't or wouldn't.

The bungled assassination of Costello seemed certain to bring trouble to Genovese, for he had unilaterally disobeyed a council decision. A dead Costello could not have protested and, besides, the commission rarely intervened in internal family disputes. But a live Costello was a different matter. Not only was there now the possibility of a council action but Costello had plenty of friends who might, if he prodded them, decide to mete out fitting punishment on their own.

To counter this threat, Genovese desperately needed a strong show of support from his own lieutenants. He holed up in his mansion in Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, and summoned all the leaders to appear, to join with him in presenting a united front. Fearful, all but one, Augie Carfano, answered the call, and at this single defection Genovese was enraged. He ordered one of his aides, Anthony Strollo, better known as Tony Bender, to bring Carfano in, and told him that if he failed, he "would be wearing a black

(continued on page 108)



perfect timing

watch words to the wise

From left to right: Calendar watch of 18-kt. gold features a quartz movement that's guaranteed accurate to one minute a year, by Piaget, \$3720. Serge Marzan-designed solid-silver buckle watch with elephanthide strap, by Longines, \$395. Sun-powered watch with a 100-year calendar, by New Time, \$500. Square-faced 18-kt. gold traveler's watch with twin movements, by Bueche-Girard, \$800. Stainless-steel clip-on bracelet watch with quartz movement, by Calvin Klein, \$380.



THE VARGAS GIRL

"The amazing thing about it is that one size fits all."



Vargas

Perils of Power

(continued from page 104)

tie"—decked out for his own funeral. The reluctant Carfano finally arrived (his contrariness was repaid two years later, when he and his companion, former beauty queen Janice Drake, were shot to death in their car near New York's La Guardia Airport). To the full gathering of his lieutenants, Genovese stated flatly that he had ordered the shooting of Costello because Costello was plotting against him, that anyone seen even talking to Costello thereafter would be dealt with summarily, that the family now belonged to Genovese and nobody else, and that the new underboss would be Gerardo "Gerry" Catena. No one said nay.

Even with the solid backing of his own organization, Genovese realized that he still faced trouble if Costello decided to press the issue with the commission. But he did not, at least not formally. According to an underworld source, Genovese and Costello met secretly on neutral ground shortly after the shooting and reached an accord: Costello would not charge Genovese before the commission and would withdraw completely (as he had previously said he would do) from all family affairs; Genovese, in return, would stop shooting at Costello and would let him retire gracefully to enjoy the returns from his real-estate and gambling investments.

But the attack on Costello and the monomaniacal ambition of Genovese, now out in the open, signaled the end of the uncertain underworld peace that had existed for so many years, almost since the end of the Castellammarese war. The underworld was about to enter a decade and more of bloodletting that would equal or surpass the conflict of the Thirties.

Even the usually nonbelligerent Costello was caught up in the new era of violence. For, despite his surface timidity, he did not intend that the attack on him should go unavenged nor that Genovese should assume control unchallenged over the Combination he had labored to create. Costello, however, was wise enough to know that some of his old friends were no longer quite so reliable as they had once been. Lansky, for instance, obviously had personal ambitions and was standing aloof from the developing struggle within the Italian underworld, convinced that the battle would so decimate each side that he would emerge undisputed master of the Syndicate. Costello, then, could not depend upon Lansky unless Lansky saw some advantage in it for himself. Zwillman, too, might once have proved a valuable ally, but his fortunes had taken a decided downward turn since his appearance before the Kefauver committee—the taxmen were swarming around him and

so were other legal officials, and it was taking all his energy to fight them off.

But Costello did have two formidable allies who shared his contempt for Genovese. One was Luciano, who even in Italian exile had immense power and influence; the other was Anastasia, perhaps the most violent and feared leader in the underworld.

Genovese, of course, was not blind to these threats. He was not particularly worried about a Costello in semiretirement, detached from the day-to-day affairs of the underworld and preoccupied with fighting to stay out of prison and avoid deportation. But he was very worried about Costello's friends, particularly Anastasia. The onetime lord high executioner of Murder, Inc., was the key. Luciano might come to Costello's aid, true, but despite the steady parade of couriers taking money and messages to him in Italy and returning with orders and advice, Luciano was essentially boxed in. By himself, he could do little from 5000 miles away; he would have to give orders to somebody on the scene he could trust implicitly, and that someone would necessarily be Anastasia.

In the late spring of 1957, danger to Genovese began to appear imminent. Word reached him that Costello had surreptitiously sent messages, contents unknown, to Luciano, and that Costello and Anastasia had been meeting secretly. Lacking the forces to mount a frontal attack on Anastasia, he set out first to cripple him, to isolate him from his associates and allies.

One of the most loyal lieutenants in the Anastasia family, the underboss and heir apparent, was 63-year-old Frank "Don Cheech" Scalise; he had been in the Organization since Prohibition, was a close friend of Luciano's, whom he visited several times in Italy, and was a power in his own right as a result of his control over the construction racket in the Bronx. Any plot against Anastasia would have to include Scalise in order to forestall his assumption of power in the family. The rumor was quietly spread (and it was one that Valachi would hear from Genovese himself) that Scalise had started a racket to sell memberships in the American Mafia for prices up to \$50,000 to aspiring young thugs. This was something even Anastasia could not stomach and he reportedly flew into a violent rage when the rumor reached him. A second rumor quickly followed: that Scalise, long deeply involved in the narcotics traffic, had welched on his responsibility to reimburse some underworld partners when narcotics agents seized a shipment of heroin. Scalise was marked for death. On June 17, 1957, as he picked through some fruit at a favorite stand in the Bronx, two gunmen walked

up behind him and put four slugs into the back of his head and neck.

Anastasia said nothing, but Scalise's brother, Joe, vowed revenge. When Anastasia continued to maintain his silence, Joe realized that maybe he had been a little precipitous and went into hiding. Soon, though, word reached him that all was forgiven and by early September, Joe was back at his old haunts in New York. Then, on September seventh, he disappeared and was never seen again. According to Valachi, Scalise unwisely accepted an invitation to a party at the home of Jimmy "Jerome" Squillante, boss of the New York garbage-collection racket and a very good friend to Bender and to Genovese. Scalise was greeted by butcher knives and left as part of the garbage collection in one of Squillante's trash trucks. (Squillante himself did not remain on the scene long, either. In 1960, he was indicted on Long Island for extortion but disappeared before his case came to trial. According to underworld rumors, a bullet was put through his head, his body was loaded into the trunk of a car and the car put into a crusher that compacted it into a cube of scrap for melting down in a blast furnace.)

With the murder of the Scalise brothers, Carlo Gambino emerged as the number-two man in the Anastasia family. Genovese knew that Gambino had his eye on the Anastasia throne and was sure that anyone who helped him get there would earn his complete loyalty. An approach was made, and after several private meetings in late summer and early fall of 1957, Genovese and Gambino struck a bargain. Gambino would assist Genovese in the elimination of Anastasia and would make sure that nobody sought retribution. In return, Genovese would throw all his strength behind Gambino to ensure his easy assumption of rule in the Anastasia family and would even cut him in on some of the more profitable Genovese rackets.

Then, unexpectedly, the plot won a new ally—Lansky. Ordinarily, if Lansky had moved from his firm neutrality, it should have been against Genovese; from the earliest days, the two had barely tolerated each other, but Lansky detested Anastasia even more than he did Genovese. Almost from their first meeting, Lansky and Anastasia had despised each other, and not cordially. Lansky viewed Anastasia as an ignorant, impulsive, violence-prone thug who could never be civilized; Anastasia viewed Lansky as a moneygrubbing Jew, a condescending and devious intellectual always looking for the angles instead of direct action. It was, then, seemingly in Lansky's interest to let Genovese and Anastasia destroy each other.

But Anastasia had committed an unforgivable sin in Lansky's light. By 1957, Lansky was firmly entrenched in Cuba,

(continued on page 186)

*a poignant story, old sport,
about the difficulty of keeping
your nostalgias straight*

parody By PETER DE VRIES

THE MOON, which had hung like a bad orange over Kansas, sank at last from view.

"The poor son of a bitch," Bo Bender said.

He couldn't help thinking of it as an onlooker at a party unsuccessfully crashed, a yokel gaping wistfully in, as he stood on the rear observation platform of the private train he had especially bought to whisk a flock of hand-picked merry-makers from the West Coast to Long Island, where he and his guests were to fling themselves into an even gayer round of bashes celebrating the release of *The Great Gatsby*. A genius for the well-timed splurge had always marked Bo Bender's style, as well as furthered his upward climb. Now everything had fallen beautifully into place, the undiminishing reverberations of Watergate even contributing a counterpart to the Teapot Dome scandals that had checkered the Twenties they were all bent on recapturing. From time to time, as their string of blazing coaches writhed like a prehistoric reptile through the mid-American night, Bender would reach into his wallet and fling crisp 20s about, favors for his guests to scramble for in uproarious particular antics symbolic of the great Lark itself. Perhaps the most finely (continued on page 184)

THE GOOD BUT NOT GREAT GATSBY





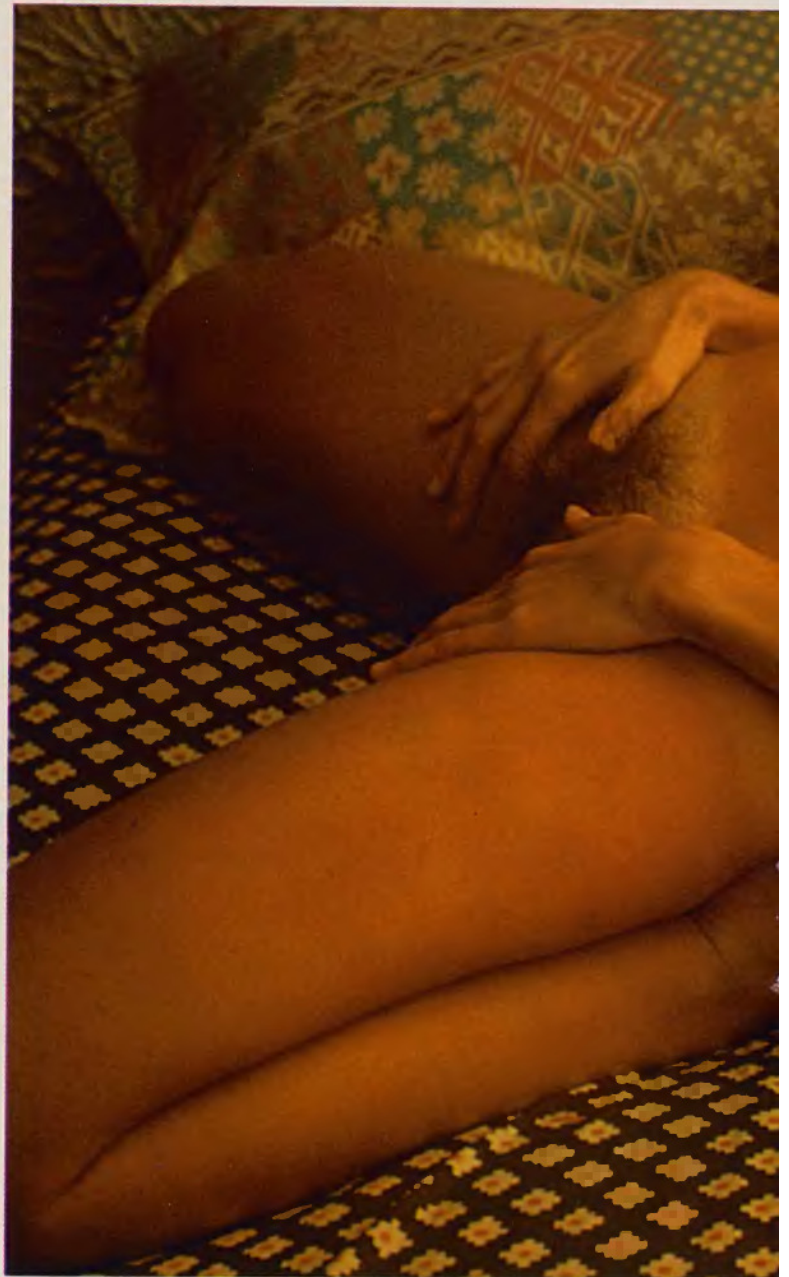
LET'S HEAR IT FOR TODAY!

*may playmate marilyn lange
lives for now—and so far,
now couldn't be better*



△ COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, Marilyn Lange (it rhymes with tang) was back in her native New Jersey and going to secretarial school. Pretty blah. Then, on a whim, she went to Hawaii—via a tour—and stopped at Waikiki, where she met a young man who caught her fancy. She's been in Hawaii ever since, not because she's so crazy about the islands ("It's hard to get motivated here") but because Marilyn—no women's libber—frankly admits that her man's a very important part of her life: "I love being in love, and I'm willing to be a little slavish in order to make my guy feel good." She and Kip, her boyfriend, share an apartment in Honolulu—"We split the rent, because it's dumb for the man to have to pay for

"I don't do anything special," Marilyn says, "just day-to-day, personal things."
Like flying to Hawaii, finding a guy on the beach and canceling her return trip.



everything"—and they also work together, on a big old Chinese barge that's been converted to a restaurant. Marilyn is a cocktail waitress; Kip works the piano bar, playing and singing. Marilyn makes fairly good money—40 bucks a night in tips, she says—and she enjoys the job because she's a people watcher: "After you do this for a while, you can tell by their accent what kind of tip people are going to leave. Like, Australians and Canadians don't tip the way Americans do; but then, people from New York don't tip the way L.A. people do, either." While Marilyn waits on tables, Kip plays Elton John tunes if there's a young crowd in the place; if it's an older group, he'll sing something like *The Impossible Dream*. Marilyn gets





a kick out of the customers' reactions to her man: "The ladies just melt in front of him. I don't mind if they're five years old, or seventy-three, but if they're in between and pretty, then I do get a little jealous." On nights when they don't work, she and Kip like to go down to Kalakaua Avenue, which runs through Waikiki, and watch the tourists and the beachcombers. When she's got some daylight hours to fill up, Marilyn's likely to be on her *lanai*—that's Hawaiian for balcony—talking to her tomatoes and spinach plants; she also likes to crochet and hook rugs. As for the folks back home, Marilyn reports that although her grandparents raised an eyebrow or two about her liberated lifestyle, her parents are too wrapped up in their own thing to worry about her much: "My mother calls periodically to say, 'How are you, my darling daughter? Are you sure you're OK?'—but now that all three of us kids have left, they've bought themselves a farm in





Even though Marilyn doesn't plan to spend the rest of her life in Hawoii, she says it's a lot of fun for now, whether the recreation is close to home, such as a softball game in back of her apartment building (above left), or in some exotic port such as Aina Haina, where she helps crew a catamaran (above).





MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Marilyn and her boyfriend, Kip, both work in a restaurant—she as a waitress, he as a pianist. So, of course, the two go to a restaurant on their night off.

Connecticut and they're having a second honeymoon." In case her grandparents are still concerned, Marilyn probably won't stay in Hawaii forever; after her relationship with Kip has run its course, she says she'll most likely head back to the mainland and check out some of her favorite places (Aspen, for one). Loyal as she is to the guy she's going with, she also knows something about the impermanence of relationships: She was married at 18 to a musician in a popular East Coast rock group ("It's really dumb, but I just keep getting involved with musicians"). It didn't last, and she has no plans to try matrimony again. In fact, Marilyn has no specific long-term goals. At presstime, she was about to go back to school and learn accounting; and she was thinking of investing her Playmate fee in some land. But she says—and it's like her to put herself down in a humorous way—"I have to grow up more before I decide what I'm going to do in the future." Well, she already looks pretty grown up to us.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A swinging young doctor woke up in the wee small hours with a painful erection, so he telephoned a girlfriend to ask if she could come right over.

"I'm sorry, Doc," said the girl, "but I never make house calls this late. I suggest a large dose of aspirin, and if the swelling hasn't gone down by morning, give me another call."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay masochist* as a sucker for punishment.



The old grad, back for a class reunion, knocked on a men's-dorm door. After some delay, it was opened. "Do you mind if I come in?" he asked cheerily. "You see, I lived here in Forty-seven and Forty-eight. Yessir—same old room, still some of the same old furniture, same old closet." He opened the closet door and there stood a terrified half-clothed girl.

"This—this is my sister," stammered the occupant.

"Yessir," said the grad, "same old story."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Vatican* as a house of pill refute.

We've been told about an establishment near Congress in our nation's capital that caters to kinky tastes. There's a House whip in attendance, of course.

"That was super, honey!" came the young man's still quivering voice from the parked car as he zipped up his pants. "You must have been keeping your hand in with a lot of guys."

"I haven't, though; tonight's the very first time," whispered his date demurely. "But don't you remember my telling you I won the Four-H taffy-pulling contest last month?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bust* as an unexpected narc at the door.

An overworked priest told a psychiatrist that he felt on the verge of a nervous breakdown. "What you need," said the doctor, "is to break completely with your everyday life. Put on a business suit and spend an evening in—well—in a topless night club."

With some misgivings, the priest followed this advice. Inside the club, he remained seated in the darkest corner of the bar until a passing waitress did a double take. "Why, hello, Father!" she said.

"How—how did you know I was a priest?" asked the clergyman.

"Don't you recognize me, Father?" smiled the girl. "I'm Sister Matilda. How's our shrink?"

An elderly man died and went to purgatory. There he ran into a friend his age, who was accompanied by a luscious young blonde. "I'm happy for you, Steve," said the new arrival. "At least you're getting a partial reward in this place while you expiate your sins."

"She isn't my reward," sighed Steve. "I'm her punishment."

Look," said the husband, "if you don't put some more action into it in the sack, I'm gonna go out and get me some strange stuff."

"Listen, Romeo," snapped the wife, "if you could somehow manage just a teensy inch more, you'd be into some strange stuff right here!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *child support* as paying off a gambling debt.

No, I will *not* go to the movies with you!" the girl began. "I know your kind! As soon as we're seated, you'll start fiddling with my blouse buttons with one hand and tugging at my skirt with the other, getting ready to take liberties!"

"But I wouldn't dare to!" protested the young man. "The people sitting behind us could see what I was up to."

"Yes, that's true," mused the girl, "so maybe we'd better get there early and find seats in the last row."



And you've heard, of course, about the jealous black activist who suspected that his wife was involved in some honkie-panky.

What's the trouble?" asked the man when he stopped in at a friend's office and found him staring despondently at some papers.

"I'm trying to fill out some insurance forms," he said, "and I'm having some difficulty explaining my loss."

"What did you lose?"

"One of my contact lenses, and it's insured—but just how do you go about saying that you couldn't find it in your secretary's pubic hair?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I can't get it down."





PAINTING BY GEORGE HIRSCH

I WAS JUST BACK from lunch, a long lunch lubricated by several strong drinks, and frankly, I did not feel like working. I sat down at my desk and watched a small globular spider spin her modest symmetrical web around an axis of anchor cables stretched between my fountain pen in its upright inkstand, my reading glasses in their leather case, my appointment calendar on its plastic swivel stand and my telephone receiver in its gray cradle. Any move to begin my own labors would disturb at least one of these mooring points. Fixing upon this fact as an excuse, I did nothing, merely sat for an hour in my chair and watched her drag an endless silk strand outward from the fuzzy center of her web in a widening left-handed spiral. From time to time, I let loose a large bubble of alcohol fumes sent up by my suffering stomach. Loud were these belches, thoroughly vile, probably flammable, possibly poisonous. Poisonous? I waited until one rose in my throat, then leaned forward and

WHORES

fiction

By ROBERT CHATAIN

*it seemed as if they'd
come out of the woodwork
to take over the company*

barked it directly upon my small industrious friend. She did not shrivel, but her pace did falter somewhat, and when she resumed her work, the web contained an irregular oval gap through which much prey might eventually escape.

I doodled in pencil upon blank letterhead; I drummed my fingers on my green-felt blotter pad; I whistled half-remembered tunes; I spun coins across the varnished black oak. I had almost decided to reach for my coat and beat a retreat back downstairs to the bar when welcome diversion arrived in the form of one of Joyce's squeals, door-piercing. Relieved, I rose to investigate.

"Joyce says she just saw a 123

whore," remarked Foss as I passed his desk heaped with bound mimeographed mailing lists.

"A whore?"

"A whore," he repeated.

"A whore, in this office?"

"That's what she says." Unconcerned, Foss went back to his lists. Nothing upset Foss. Fiery volcanic cones could erupt beneath him, lava could flood into the office bay and still Foss would remain at his desk, addressing envelopes. It was nice to know that life in midtown did hold certain constants.

Joyce was standing next to her chair, as if she were afraid to sit down again. "I saw one, yes I did," she blurted, "right over there against the wall by the coat-rack."

"A whore?" I asked.

"That's what I saw."

"But how do you know it was a whore?"

Joyce was insulted. "Don't I know a whore when I see one?"

"Where did she go?"

"Back behind the coats, I guess."

I walked across the room and drew the coats aside. "There's no whore here," I said.

"Well, I saw one," Joyce insisted. "She could have slipped around the corner into the hall."

"I think you must be mistaken, Joyce," I said.

Gloria spoke up. "No, she's not mistaken, I saw another whore yesterday down by the mail room. I wasn't going to say anything. I thought, you know, just one whore, what harm could there be?"

"Whores don't come one at a time," put in Doris, quite distraught.

"Let's not everyone get all excited by this," I said. "I'll call Chambers and have him do something."

I went back to my desk and picked up my telephone receiver, destroying the incomplete web effortlessly and without a second thought. The small fat spider scuttled for cover. The switchboard connected me with personnel and Chambers answered.

"Chambers, we've got whores in the office," I said, phrasing it as dramatically as possible.

"Whores?" Chambers sputtered. "Whores?"

"Yes, whores. Joyce and Gloria have both seen them. I wouldn't be surprised to find whores running all over the place in a couple of days. You'd better find out what's going on."

"I will, of course, to be sure—whores, did you say?"

"That's right, whores. You think Joyce and Gloria don't know whores when they see them?"

I put down the receiver and simultaneously heard more shouts from the office bay. "There she goes!" someone called.

I rushed to the door and caught a quick glimpse of a fluttering orange-silk scarf, the hem of a short skirt, a pale thigh, a bare ankle and one yellow-vinyl high-heeled shoe.

I returned to the phone and called Chambers again. "Chambers, they're all over the place; you'd better get to work on this!" Before he could say a word, I hung up, delighted. Chambers, I knew, would quickly accelerate to maximum feverish inefficiency; the girls in the bay would fan one another's nerves into flaming chaos; my secretary would bring in strong black coffee, as she automatically did whenever a crisis was at hand; all this lively activity promised to spare me an afternoon of relative boredom.

As for the whores—two, three, what harm could there be?

I swept aside the remains of the web and picked up my reading glasses, prepared to settle back in my chair and await further interesting developments.

. . .

Hands in his lap, knees at right angles, back stiff, eyes jumping from side to side, Chambers explained everything. Whores, it seemed, had been flushed from an unoccupied floor several stories below ours. Remnants of the colony had fled in all directions through the building. Many had been caught by various snares (a storeroom baited with cot, sheets, blankets, sandwiches and a portable TV had worked best, although plainclothesmen posing as drunken businessmen deceived their share), but the wilier of the whores escaped apprehension and spread out in an ever-thinning network increasingly difficult to detect. The whores in our office had been on the run for almost two weeks and by now were immune to all conventional efforts at capture; building officials had terminated methodical search operations and were awaiting reports such as ours. At word of our sightings, a team of specialists would move in quickly. We could expect to resume normal operations with minimum delay. All of this information was delivered by Chambers in one breathless sentence.

"A team of specialists?" I asked. "What do you mean, a team of specialists?"

"Don't worry," said Chambers, "we'll have all the help we need. Police, security guards, maintenance men, lawyers, social workers, a complete—"

I was shaking my head slowly from side to side. "Chambers," I said, "you'll have to call those building officials back and tell them to forget the whole thing. We'll take care of this matter ourselves."

"But—"

"I don't want my office turned upside down by any team of specialists. Whores I can cope with. Whore removers are another matter."

"But—"

"The longer you stall, the more

annoyed they'll be to have to call off the specialists."

Chambers threw up his hands and hurried out of my office. In his place, my secretary appeared.

"You were listening to all that?" I asked.

She nodded.

"Well," I began, "I see it like this. If those whores have been on the run for two weeks, the ones who are left must be very smart whores."

"Very smart," she agreed.

"Exceptional whores, in fact."

She agreed again.

"They've probably been in the office for some time, so one or two extra days won't make any difference."

She waited for me to come to the point.

"I, for one, have never met a whore."

She raised an eyebrow.

"Do you think it might be possible, let us say, to . . . flush one out? Bring her in here? Convince her I mean no harm? Might that be possible?"

"It might," she answered.

"What's on my calendar for this afternoon?"

"You have an appointment with those foundation people. They want to give you some kind of an award."

"Well, cancel it. I don't need an award. Tell them I'll send them another check if they keep their award." I pounded my fist upon my desk and broke into boisterous laughter. "Who cares about an award when we've got whores in the office?"

. . .

"How do you do?" I said to my first whore.

Entirely at ease, the whore had sprawled her bony body over the leather couch across the room from my desk. Her eyes were scanning the interior of my office deliberately, unhurriedly, as if from armored turrets. I had offered her a chair next to my desk, but she had dropped her body onto the couch, which lay closer to the door. As I examined her, I saw that her sprawl was not really so casual. Her weight was still centered above her feet. Her feet, in practical sandals, were flat upon the floor. Her narrow long-fingered hands were in continuous contact with the blue leather of the couch, where they could propel her instantly upright into a wary crouch. Tension ran the length of her lean arms and her wiry legs.

"I do all right, how about yourself?" said the whore, eyes raking over me like lighthouse beams.

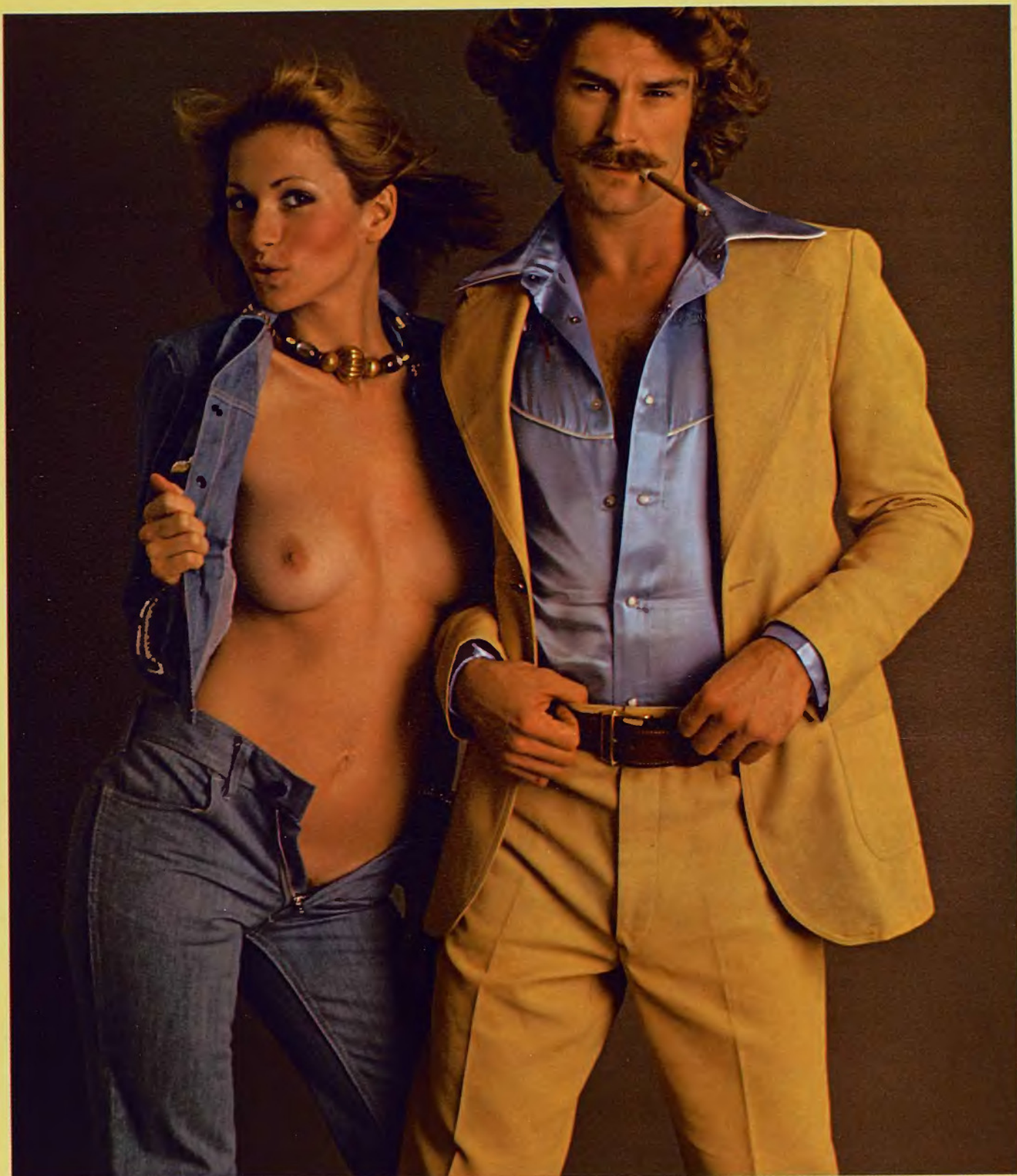
"Fine, thank you," I answered.

"Big place," commented the whore.

"You mean my office?" I said.

She blinked. Her black hair was pulled straight back along both sides of her face. Across her flat dark-skinned forehead ran an inch-wide band of colorful beadwork.

(continued on page 128)



*how to turn up with
more flash (take
that, inflation) for
a lot less cash: the
unconstructed easy-
to-wear sport suit*

LOOSE THREADS

By ROBERT L. GREEN

There's little doubt that the lady, above, has developed a flash attachment for this well-constructed *hombre* and his yoke-backed, chamois-look unconstructed suit (that means no linings and stuff), by Fox Knopp, about \$75. Under it's a Western-style shirt of rayon satin with floral embroidery, by Mike Weber Designs, \$18.



Office it to soy, things aren't getting any worse for our friend. At left, he's getting some help from his unconstructed three-piece sport suit that includes a pullover vest, solid-color cotton slacks and a jacket that features notched lapels and a deep center vent, all by Clubman, \$110. Under the vest are a Dacron/cotton shirt, by Hampshire House/Van Heusen, \$11, and a paisley bow tie, by Chestknots, \$5.50. (No, the bow tie doesn't twirl.) At right, he's changed into an acrylic tweed unconstructed sport suit, by Windbreaker, \$54, and a rayon shirt with an art-deca print, by Landlubber, \$18. Fortunately, nothing else appears to have changed.



As you can see, she's definitely up to good after digging his cotton tweed unconstructed number that features notched lapels, raglan sleeves, patch pockets and a deep center vent, by Hathaway Otherwear, about \$90, worn with a Nandel/Orlon acrylic knit shirt, also by Hathaway, \$20. So why isn't this man smiling?



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



WHORES

(continued from page 124)

"Been here long?" she asked.

"Yes, I guess I have," I said.

"How come you don't fix the place up a little?"

I looked at the white walls with the low line of modern filing cabinets, the single potted spiny tree with its inedible dwarf fruit. "I like it the way it is," I said. "My art department designed it for me."

"Yeah," said the whore. "Well, you ought to see my place. My place is fixed up."

"Where do you live?" I asked.

Completing one sweep of the office, her eyes passed over me again. "I move around," she said evasively.

"You live right here in the building, don't you?" I asked. "On this floor somewhere."

The whore yawned and stretched her body out like a cat's, languidly, even her fingers flaring and hooking inward like claws. Her denim skirt rode up on her thin legs, which were vaguely discolored in spots by old fading bruises. Her bare arms flexed in a sensuous, animal way; the fringe on her suede vest swung back and forth as she expelled her breath. Skinny, she was still not unattractive.

"What's on your mind, honey?" she asked me.

"Nothing in particular. I just wanted to meet you."

"Curious?"

"You might say that," I admitted. "I'll pay you for your time."

She sighed.

"I'll bet that doesn't happen to you very often," I said. "Getting paid just to talk to somebody, I mean."

Her laugh was scornful. "Another Earnest," she said aloud.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Listen, honey, you think nobody pays me to talk? I spend more time talking than I do humping. I get men who think I'm their momma. I get kids doing research papers. I get teachers doing research papers. I get folks doing government studies. I get reporters. You know I been on television twice? I talk sometimes into tape recorders, guys set them up and leave me alone with them and I talk away all by myself. And I get writers, too. They're the worst. They want you to make up all kinds of bull about your life. Earnests, we call you guys what just want to shoot the breeze. So many Earnests around these days, I've gone as much as a month between real Johns."

My expression must have shown her I was crestfallen.

"Never mind," she said. "You pay me, I tell you what you want to hear. 'It's so nice, a man care about me for myself.' 'Oh, you understand me, yes, you do.' 'I used to live in a big house, but the men came in the middle of the night and stole

me away.' 'Yes, my daddy beat me and then took me out back of the woodshed and had me on that old wet grass.'"

She laughed, and then so did I.

"What's your name?" I asked her.

"Jasmine," she answered. "That girl behind the furniture, she's Orchid."

I looked around quickly and saw another whore rise from in back of my row of filing cabinets. She was laughing, too, a deep throaty chuckle. She was fat, very fat. She wore a flimsy dress several sizes too small. She was chewing gum.

"How long have you been hiding there?" I demanded.

"Long enough," she answered, snapping her gum. "Since lunch."

"And," continued Jasmine, "the girl behind you is Lily."

I jumped as a hand touched my shoulder, turned in my chair and stared up at a tall, beautiful whore with fine bone structure, haunting, mocking blue eyes, long blonde hair on her head and traces of blonde hair on her arms and her upper lip, which stretched in a perfectly straight mirthless line across her face.

"Where did you come from?"

"Behind your drapes," she said, arranging a necklace of small shiny metal mirrors at her throat. "And I don't agree with Jasmine. Your office is very well done. You can be proud of it."

"But there's nothing going on in here, honey," said Jasmine. "He needs a little decor."

Orchid pulled the gum from her mouth and tossed it toward the wastebasket, missing. From a slit in her taut dress she pulled another stick of gum and began unwrapping it with blunt fingers. "Needs something," she stated. "Needs a bar. I thought all you big shots had bars in your offices."

I heard a knock on the door and my secretary entered, escorting a group of four more girls. "I think these are the last," she said and turned to go.

"Wait!" I called. "How did you know where to find them all?"

My secretary only smiled one of her secret smiles and slid out through the door without answering me. She got things done, my secretary did. I had to hand it to her.

The girls distributed themselves around my office, lounging in chairs, on the couch next to Jasmine, on the window ledge, on the wine-tinted carpet covering the floor. One by one, Jasmine introduced them.

I met Violet, pale and nervous and clutching a heavy purse with a canvas shoulder strap and a locked clasp, wearing ragged secondhand clothing and constantly patting a huge mound of elaborately styled silvery hair piled on top of her head perhaps months before.

I met Ivy, a short whore wearing a

low-cut dress shiny with grime and black flat-soled shoes ten years out of date, who had a pleasant face but nothing pleasant to say about any of the other whores and no teeth at all in her mouth, just a hollow cave ribboned with strands of saliva.

I met Rose, a striking whore dressed in what seemed to be an assortment of scarves and silk shawls in all colors of the rainbow held together with small steel clips, whose magnificent body moved constantly and provocatively beneath her loose assortment of cloth.

And I met Holly, a hostile whore in a flannel shirt and corduroy pants, whose metallic red hair was showing black at the roots, whose wrists and ankles tapered not at all from her forearms and calves and whose weak chin trembled as her narrow angry eyes flicked about the crowded room.

The assembled whores seemed to be waiting for me to speak. I hesitated. "Well," I said, "where do I begin?"

• • •

Word of the whores in my office spread quickly. I kept the door closed as long as I could, then reluctantly allowed visitors to enter. Chuck Oates and Jack Flamm and the rest of the sales force arrived, awkward, sophomoric, jostling one another and grinning and blushing. Ecks and Otto stopped by, both of them exaggerating their scientific detachment to the point of absurdity. Houseman appeared, openly skeptical but intensely inquisitive. Malik from the mail room came, his white teeth wicked. Angelo appeared to shake his head and put his disapproval on record. Henry appeared with a camera and took pictures of the whores. Walter Finder appeared pushing a three-wheeled cart loaded with cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, and suddenly we were having a party.

Of the girls in the office, only my secretary and Gloria cared to join us. Gloria plunged into animated conversation with Jasmine; my secretary singled out Rose for her attention. Houseman put his arm around Ivy, who was careful not to smile too broadly and not to open her mouth when she laughed. Holly made taunting remarks to Angelo and provoked an exchange of heated insults. Ecks read off written questions to Lily who spoke readily and at length of her past achievements, both positive and negative. In contrast, Violet's background remained among the contents of her locked purse; even kindly old Schwartz could get her to reveal nothing more than her name. Orchid just stood next to Walter Finder's cart, eating hors d'oeuvres with both hands while Walter passed out drinks.

The whores at first were nervous about Henry's camera, having been photographed before under less pleasant circumstances. "It's OK," Henry kept

(continued on page 229)

article By **RAYMOND L. DIRKS**
and **LEONARD GROSS**

*the root causes of
wall street's own watergate*

EQUITY Funding Corporation of America, a financial-services institution, began operations in 1960 with \$10,000. Its "product" was a new way to purchase life insurance. You bought shares in a mutual fund; you borrowed against that equity to pay your life-insurance premiums. In effect, you used your money twice—and if the stock market went up in the interval, you made money on the deal.

By 1973, Equity Funding listed assets of nearly \$750,000,000. It managed mutual funds and a savings and loan association worth another \$320,000,000. Its record of growth in the (continued on page 146)

**HOW THE NEW YORK
STOCK EXCHANGE, THE LIFE
INSURANCE INDUSTRY,
THE SEC AND A HOST OF
OTHER GUARDIANS OF
THE PUBLIC WEAL
ALLOWED THE AMERICAN
PUBLIC TO BE SWINDLED
OUT OF \$400,000,000**



THE ANTELOPE CAGE

meet harry towns—cocaine sniffer, sexual stunt man, child molester, all-round average guy

fiction **BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** THEY WEREN'T still married. They weren't officially separated. They weren't much of anything. The way it worked was that each Sunday, Harry Towns's son would be shipped into the city with a package of bills and Towns would take care of them; he saw it not so much in terms of paying them as in terms of whittling down the stacks as they arrived. At the time he had broken up with his wife, he had owned



a massive wardrobe, mostly because he rarely threw away clothing and still had sweat shirts that dated 20 years back, ones he had bought at college. He had left most of his clothing behind, although, admittedly, he had taken along his key outfits, four leather sports jackets and four pairs of his top slacks, in combinations that he could keep switching around so that he came across as being well dressed. A dapper newscaster who had never been seen twice in the same outfit stopped Harry Towns on several occasions and said, "Jesus, where do you get your stuff?"—a tribute to Towns's nimble footwork as a switcher of outfits. He had left behind his tax records, his Army uniform and a ton of his books, although in this last category, he had skimmed off the cream, 50 winners—books like *Henry Esmond* and *Middlemarch*, ones he had read but wanted to take a second and more mature shot at. He had left several suitcases with his wife, taking with him one that was expensive but professionally battered; it was that way when he bought it and might have belonged to an Italian film director,



ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

one whose career had been uneven.

He had left with what he saw as a lean and mean assortment of items and, as far as he knew, his wife had not thrown out the rest of his possessions. Now they met for dinner once in a while, and if she had unloaded his old sweat shirts, he felt he would have sensed it—although he never asked her. He had gone to see a divorce lawyer once and they wound up talking about Ethel Merman. And he had received a vague, exploratory call from a lawyer of hers. It stayed vague and finally petered out. None of this added up to much of an arrangement, except that built into it—and the reason they probably kept it going that way—was the unspoken notion that at one point or another they would give it another try. It was a possibility that kept floating around on the edge of his life.

Towns liked to think it was the morning he woke up and heard about the Tom Eagleton Vice-Presidential nomination that he had decided to make his move. To spell it out accurately, he did not wake up. It was ten in the morning and he hadn't been asleep. He heard about Eagleton at a time when he was not only wide but outrageously awake, staring at the ceiling and flailing out for sleep as though it were a fish he had a chance of holding if he could just grab it. Inside his chest, an involuntary muscle snapped away like a tiny whip. This took place a little too far over to the left to be a heart attack, so he decided for the moment to sweep that possibility under the rug, although there was no way to rule it out entirely. It might have been fascinating to lie there and watch this snapping phenomenon take place in his own body, except that, at the moment, Harry Towns was in no mood to be fascinated. He had gotten himself into this by-now-familiar condition by violating a basic cocaine rule, which is that if you have any thought of falling asleep at night or accomplishing something when the sun comes up, you don't get under way by inhaling great vacuuming blasts of the drug at four in the morning. Which is what he had done. And in the past several months, he had piled up a dangerous number of violations. What happened is that for each transgression, in addition to the snapping, you lost an entire day. At minimum. This was fine if you were a failed romantic poet and were supposed to touch bottom a few times, knock off a couple of sonnets and check out at the age of 33. But Harry Towns was a screenwriter in his 40s, and each of those lost snapper days made it that much tougher to whittle down the pile of bills his son carried in on the train each Sunday. He knew that if he got up on one elbow, he could see a mound of them piled high on an end table. So he stayed as flat as he could.

The only reason he switched on the news was so that he could tell himself he hadn't wasted the whole day. It was a little like nourishment. He would take some news into his system. This would enrich him and make him a slightly better person.

The actual sound of the news was not very soothing to him. Music would have been better, even experimental rock sounds. Best of all would have been a tomblike silence. Instead, he had the crackle of the news and the traffic outside; even though he was 33 stories up, each car seemed to be headed into his mouth. It wasn't that difficult to see why Towns made the connection between himself and Eagleton. He and the Senator were the same age. And Eagleton came from a state in the Midwest right next to the one in which he had gone to college. Eagleton was a family man, just like Towns, except that Eagleton had kept his family together, while Towns had let his own fall to pieces. He had that great name: Eagleton. It sounded just like the country. If America hadn't been named America, it could have been called Eagleton and no one would have known the difference. Russia would never fool around with Eagleton, the number-one power. *If you don't like Eagleton, leave it!*

So Harry Towns identified with this terrific new fellow who turned up out of nowhere and was going to get a try at the Vice-Presidency. Towns loved people who came out of nowhere. In the one speech he had ever made, he told a group of high school students that America was good because it kept coming up with people like that. The country had an endless supply. They came galloping out of nowhere just when you needed them. This was probably true about Finland, too, but Harry Towns didn't say that in his speech. Usually, you found out these "new" people had spent years building up a foundation. A bit later, when Harry Towns got a look at the *New York Times* background profile, he found out that Eagleton was no exception.

He slipped out of the lobby of his apartment building to get the newspaper, looking around to make sure that a normal and pretty-looking girl who lived up the street in a brownstone wasn't out walking her dog. They had flirted around a bit and, in a display of the new female consciousness elevation, she had reached out and pinched his ass in broad daylight. A very pretty girl had done that to him. He did not see himself as having set the world on fire, but wouldn't it be something if it turned out that he had gotten as far as he had because he had a cute ass? And only now were women allowed to let him know about it? That would be some shocker. Harry Towns felt strongly that the fallout from the move that women had made was terrific. For everybody. Or at least it was going to

be. A statement he liked to throw out was: "I'm just sitting on the side lines, waiting for the dust to settle." In actuality, he wasn't sitting on the side lines. For example, he could now say to a woman, "Listen, I'm not an easy lay." The remark tended to back most of them off a bit, but some wound up enjoying it. This particular girl let him neck with her as long as they did it in the lobby of his building and she got to keep one hand on the mailbox and an eye on the street. As far as getting her up to his apartment, it was no dice. There was something charming about this arrangement, and Harry Towns meant to get around to her one day. This would be at some future point, after he had closed down his involvement with hookers and cocktail waitresses, freeing himself for everyday girls.

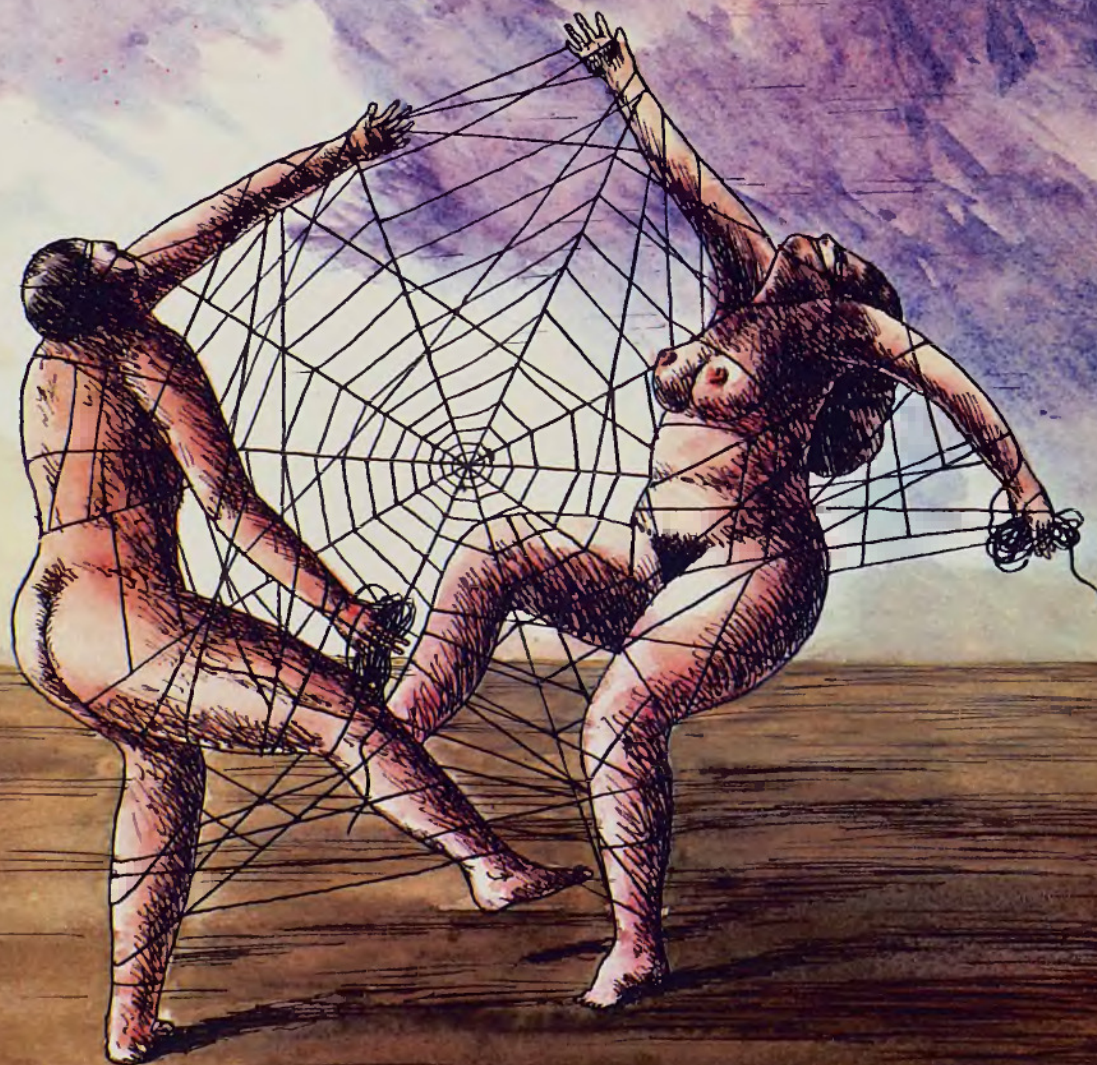
Meanwhile, he didn't want to blow it by letting her see him after a cocaine night, his eyes filmed over and tufts of what was left of his hair shooting out in different directions.

He slipped across the street and bought a quart of Light n' Lively milk and the *Times*, both of which he took back to what he still referred to, only sardonically now, as his tower of steel and glass, high above Manhattan. One plus item in the cocaine column—in fact, the only one he could think of at the moment—was that it deadened your appetite and kept you on the skinny side. That made it the world's most expensive diet. He could get the Light n' Lively milk down, but it would be midnight before he felt the first stirrings of appetite. He would probably want a couple of egg rolls then. Meanwhile, he took sips of the milk and read the *Times*, gliding right by the latest developments in SALT and zeroing in on the Eagleton background coverage. He just wasn't up to SALT breakthroughs at the moment. If he had been in love with Eagleton before, he was head over heels after he took a look at the fellow's picture. He looked exactly like his name. Towns loved his profile and he loved his hairline. He had every one of his hairs and each one was in place. Towns felt that Eagleton deserved that hairline, too, after the way he had worked his way up, doing various jobs in the county, any one they threw at him, always performing selflessly and not getting caught in municipal-bond scandals. Just as Towns suspected, he hadn't really come out of nowhere. They had a picture of his family in there, the one he had made sure to hold together, and they looked terrific, too. Towns had a famous racketeer friend who looked him in the eye one night and said he never trusted a man unless the fellow had "a tight family." He had his head blown off in a Queens restaurant, but Towns always remembered the remark and felt

(continued on page 170)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ADULTERY

not even a spider likes a tangled web



humor

By L. RUST HILLS

IN A CURIOUS LITTLE BOOK called *Good Behavior*, Harold Nicolson quotes Montaigne as saying, "I'd rather commit adultery than tell a lie." I've never been able to find this in the *Essays* myself, but I've always thought it was a really great line, a perfect example of the funny stuff you can get off when you have a principled morality. But what I've never been able to understand about it is how Montaigne could manage to commit adultery *without* telling a lie. Lying and adultery seem to me to go hand in hand; in fact, arm in arm. (continued on page 196)



THE DEVIL AND THE FLESH

*a pictorial excursion
into the occult—the dark,
sensuous underworld ruled by
lucifer and eros*

AMERICA has rediscovered the occult. As if possessed, we rummage through the shelves of our psychic lost-and-found department looking for parcels of wisdom that we mislaid a few centuries back. Bookstores that cater to the occult have sprung up on corners that were once the sole province of porn shops—and the juxtaposition is no coincidence. As the haunting images on these pages eloquently attest, the mystical and the sexual have been interwoven since time immemorial. They have also shared the allure of the outlawed—but never more fashionably than today. From *Rosemary's Baby* to *The Devil in Miss Jones*, scriptwriters have exploited the age-old alliance of the erotic and the occult. People are still lining up around the block to see *The Exorcist*.

Time magazine eventually realized what was going on and devoted a cover story to the return of Satan, claiming that the occult was a substitute religion for the masses. The article even tried to give *PLAYBOY* credit: It quotes Jesuit theologian John Navone as saying that the modern Devil is "more often a type of magician playmate, the product of a *PLAYBOY* culture rather than the malign personal being found in the Scripture. These cults tend to use the Devil for a type of arcane amusement."

The occult, of course, is far more than a source of arcane amusement—and has been so for a lot longer than *PLAYBOY*'s been around, or for that matter the Devil, who is a fairly recent



invention of the church. Most of what we label occult stems from early religions whose concerns were life and death, not good and evil; mortality was the issue, not morality. They taught that our bodies were temples in which we celebrated the creative forces of the universe. Sex became the language of the rituals used by the fertility and Earth Mother cults; the erotic was seen as a sacrament, a reaffirmation of man's animal nature.

During the Middle Ages, recoiling from this sort of Dionysian abandonment to the pleasures of the flesh, the priesthood of the Christian church took up arms against its atavistic rivals and proceeded to take the R out of celebrate. They evolved a spirituality based on denial, pain, guilt and suffering; the body and all its functions were considered impure; the concept of shame was invented and applied to that which had been held most sacred—the union of male and female. Satan was made the political fall guy; theologians defined, then decried his dark purposes and persecuted those who followed them—and some who didn't. When Christianity associated sex with sin and the sinister, a significant aspect of human experience was forced underground.

If an open-minded study of the occult can take us beyond the caricature of evil painted by the Devil's detractors—or his advocates—perhaps it can also help us bring our own sexuality out of the darkness and back into the light, where it all began.

According to primitive religions, there exists a mystical bond between the mind and the spirit world of animals, plants and inanimate objects. Magic explores and exploits this bond, harnessing the energy of "the other side" to alter the phenomena of this world. Possession by a totemic or sacred creature (left) is a sign of power and grace; the possessed individual absorbs the qualities of the inhabiting spirit, in this case wisdom (and, perhaps, night vision). Satan himself moves between the world of the animal and that of man; a longtime master of metamorphosis, the Devil frequently puts in an appearance on earth in the guise of a horned and bearded goat (top). Witches can also turn themselves into werewolves (above) or owls to avoid capture by mortals.





At the witches' Sabbath, which begins at midnight beneath a full moon, the coven arrives flying on sticks or carried by demons in the shape of goats (top, opposite). Clothing is discarded at the outset; nakedness is considered essential to the raising of the life forces that make magic work. The witches renew their vows of obedience by kissing the Devil's red ass and by confessing their mischievous deeds or lack of them. The psychodrama continues as *discothèque*: Glistening with oils and attended by their familiars—often in animal form—they dance within a circle of stones (below, opposite).



Sex is a vital aspect of the Sabbath; before dawn, the Devil will fornicate with each of the witches and the familiars will assume human form to mount their mistresses. The orgy that terminates the dance is a sacred ritual, an expression of the creative force venerated by the witchcraft cults. But after the wantonness comes the showdown: Witches who have violated their pact with the Devil find that there is no escape clause in the contract. Mind, body and soul, they are carried away (above) on a black horse in the morning hours—to eternal damnation.

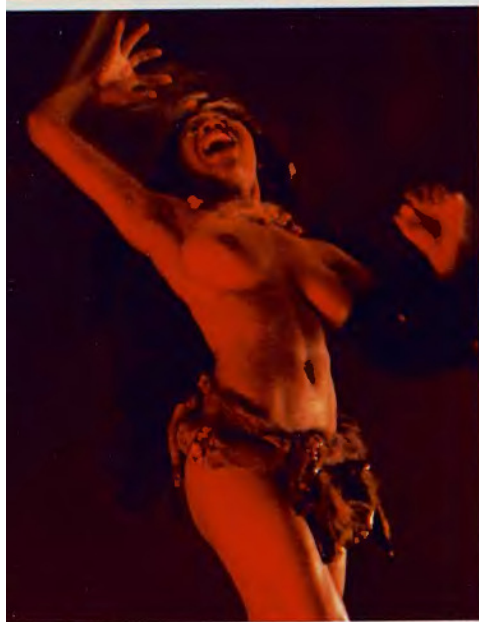
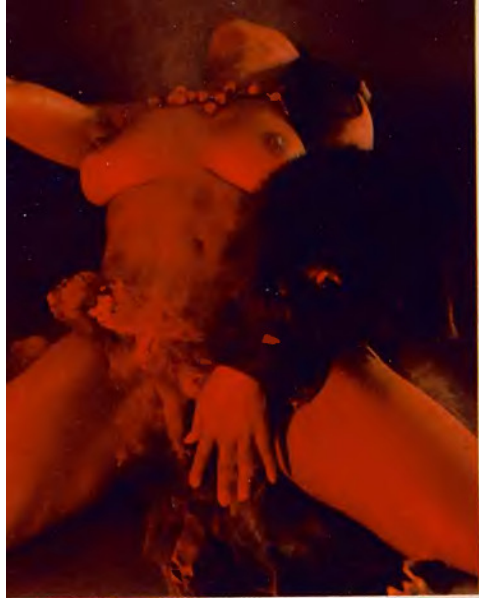


The Druids (left) were essentially a nature cult that worshiped a solar deity and the Earth Mother. It's thought that their ancestors used Stonehenge as a calendar to time their celebrations. But there was no room in the City of God for pagan rites, and the Catholic Church eventually outlawed the priestesses in England.

In South America, the occult still coexists with Christianity, but to the satisfaction of neither. Voodoo combines African tribal rituals with some of the ceremonies of the Catholic Mass. Natives have replaced the baptism of bells with a baptism of drums—and erotic dance rhythms. The female priest at right severs the head of a chicken and is transformed.

The gods of other cultures also travel the world in animal form. A young woman named Leda became the world's first witch when she succumbed to the advances of Zeus, who was disguised as a swan of dazzling brilliance. Reincarnations of Leda (below) continue the courtship between the worlds.







During the Middle Ages, it was believed that lustful spirits often assumed human form and enjoyed the pleasures of sex with mortals. An incubus tempted sleeping women with voluptuous dreams, then made its move. A succubus (left) provided the same service for men, and with better results; at least there were fewer complaints from male victims.

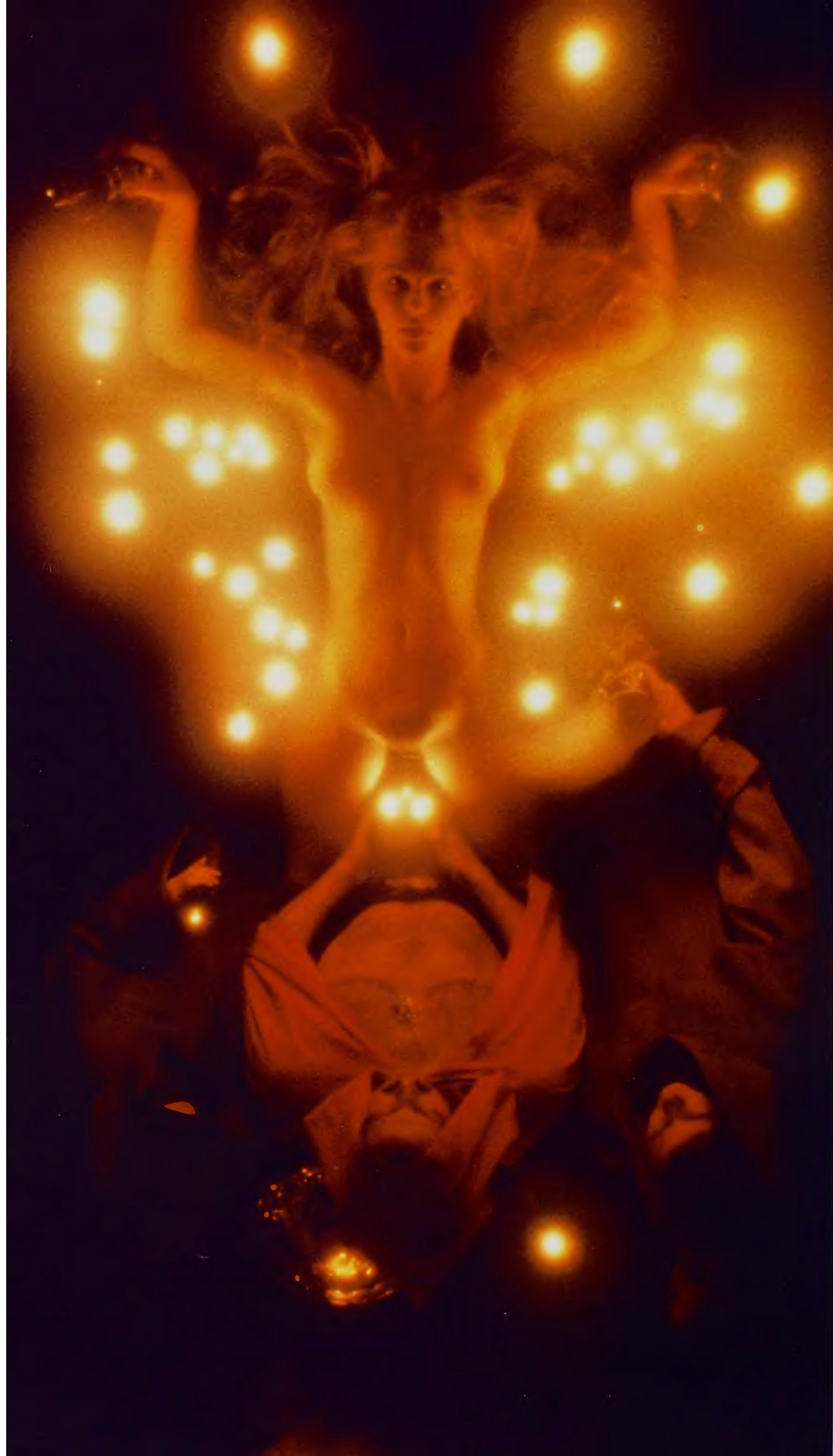


Clairvoyants and other psychics claim that our bodies are enveloped in mists of color pierced by rays of light that are visible to the trained eye. Feelings, desires and spiritual development affect the shade of each person's aura. The aura of the woman above indicates that her karma is good, her spirit strong—and her body naked.

The pharmacology of the occult has several cures for unrequited love, magical brews that can entice "the inward parts of a woman" or secure the devotion of a reluctant suitor. The fellow under the table just drank a mixture of blood, swallow's wamb, hare's kidney and dove's heart, which may explain why he's under the table.



Warlocks and witches value mandragoras (above) as a natural talisman. Small demons are thought to live in these plants, which—it is said—grow in the shape of humans, scream when uprooted, open locks, foretell the future and mass-produce gold. In a pinch, they can also be used as an aphrodisiac, an anesthetic, a fertility drug or salad greens.



Left: Satanists believe that if a traditional Mass serves the forces of good, a Black Mass, in which all the rites are inverted and defiled, can serve evil. The altar is draped in black cloth and illuminated by black tapers. A woman is spread-eagled across the altar, her hands clutching two candlesticks, and the Consecration is performed between her legs in a manner that most accounts refuse to describe. We know very little about medieval Black Masses; it's reported that sexual abuses and child sacrifices were frequent. If so, the sanitized modern versions of the Black Mass, as practiced by Anton La Vey and his cohorts, deserve the *Parents' Magazine* seal of approval.

Most of what we know about witches and demons comes from the confessions people have made to priests while being tortured. Sins of the flesh were absolved by fire; the offender was burned at the stake. But if the Church believed that the individual was or had been possessed against his or her will, it might attempt merely to exorcise the evil spirit. A holy man will chant incantations by candlelight, pray and lay hands on the bewitched. If he is successful, the Devil will depart, issuing a plume or a cold vapor through the nose or the mouth of his victim. With women like this one (right) to inhabit, we can't understand why Satan would ever fool around with 12-year-old girls.





John
Dempsie

"Sorry to bother you, but could you spare a groupie?"

to wrestle an angel from a Yiddish folk tale

Ribald Classic

SOMEBODY BROUGHT WORD to the rabbi that a Jewish prostitute, a *zono*, had come to town, had taken a room at the gentiles' inn and had begun to entertain certain town officials and army officers in a shocking way. A little later, the rabbi thought he detected some lascivious looks on the faces of his young Talmudic students, who seemed to be whispering in corners more than usual. What a *tsimmes*!

So the rabbi called for the wise men of the congregation to meet in his parlor: the president of the synagogue, the *shammes*, or sexton, and an elderly baker who was known for his sage remarks.

"Oy *gevalt* that such shame should fall on our people!" said the sexton.

"And that even the children should know of it!" said the president.

"And especially now that she's protected by the police and the Cossacks and can't be forced to leave town," said the baker.

They all looked to the rabbi for a solution. He was a scholar, but he was also strong as a bear—a broad-shouldered man in his 20s. The town anti-Semites thought twice, perhaps even three times, before throwing a rock at the window of a Jewish house.

"After *maarib* [evening service], I shall go to the inn and speak with this woman. I shall do my best to dissuade her from this shame and dishonor. The *shammes* will go with me to bear witness," the rabbi said. Looking at him, with all his force, his self-confidence, his dialectical skill and his muscular arms, no one doubted that the *zono* would see the logic of moving on.

But in the rabbi's mind, things were not quite so simple and he mused all afternoon about the matter. What, for instance, if this girl were an agent of the czar, cleverly planted in this town by the secret police? What, on the other hand, if she were here on some subversive business—sent by a socialist group in Riga? He must be very careful in his investigation and all he could do was to hope for a sign from heaven that would show him the correct tack.

As night fell, the rabbi and his sexton moved along the darkened streets toward the inn. Late passers-by scurried homeward and from the distance, where the Cossacks were quartered, came a sound of hoofbeats. The two men went to the back of the inn and waited in the shadows near the door. Soon, an officer of the Cossack regiment emerged, buttoning his tunic, mounted his horse and rode off.

"Her room must be just here," the rabbi whispered. "Hide yourself near the door and, if you see anyone coming, knock twice to signal me." Thereupon, he went into the hallway and entered the woman's room without knocking.

The rabbi was astonished. Instead of some vulgar little *tsatske*, he found a

handsome woman with shining black hair and the face of a seraph. "Do not be alarmed," he said. "I mean you no harm. I simply wish to speak with you for a minute. Our people are concerned about your presence in this town."

She started back in surprise, then recovered. "I bring no trouble to your people," she said in Russian.

"Our people," he answered in Yiddish. "We are disturbed over your welfare as well as our own."

"My welfare is my own matter," she replied, using Yiddish now. She took a bottle and poured two glasses of wine; the rabbi accepted one and seated himself.

"Why have you borne this reproach?" he asked in his most eloquent voice. "Can you not turn from your ways?"

"You paraphrase the Holy Tongue adeptly," she said, drawing her chair close to his. "I can see that you are clever as well as learned."

The rabbi was disconcerted—both at her knowledge and at her warm, sweet scent. "There shall be no whore of the daughters of Israel," he said as resolutely as he could.

"An high look and a proud heart and the plowing of the wicked is sin," she quoted.

The rabbi wondered how such a tuneful voice could belong to such a wanton person as he had imagined. He was beginning to lose his bearings. "A whore is a deep ditch," he muttered, half to himself.

"Stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant," she replied. "Does not the book say that as well?"

The rabbi's head was now dizzy—with the wine, with her closeness and her scent, with the quotations thrown back at him so expertly. He felt her hand on his thigh. He heard a voice—whose he did not know—saying softly, "'Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair. . . . The joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman. Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor: Thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins. Thy neck is as a tower of ivory; thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon. . . . How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!'"

He felt himself growing as tall as a cedar of Lebanon. In a cloud, he saw the face of an angel with shining hair. He felt himself drawn into the cloud.

Some little while later, the rabbi opened the door and, with a sniff of fresh air, recovered some of his senses. There was the sexton, half frozen, leaning against the wall of the corridor. "What took you so long?" the sexton asked. "My hands and feet are dropping off."

"Ah, my faithful *shammes*," the rabbi said in a distant voice, "I have had a vision. I have been transported to the land



of milk and honey. Like our ancestor Jacob, I have wrestled an angel."

"True, true, your Honor," said the sexton, "and for a while, I was worried about who would win—the view through this keyhole isn't the best in the world. But finally I saw that you were on top all the way. Like Jacob, you prevailed, you did."

—Retold by Michael Bar-David



HOW THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE...

(continued from page 129)

previous decade had exceeded that of all major diversified financial companies in the United States.

In the last days of January 1973, Stanley Goldblum, the corporation's chief executive officer and one of its founders, a multimillionaire with a colossal build gained first by slinging sides of beef as a butcher and later by weight lifting in his private \$100,000 gym, ordered a massive cut in the company's budget. In mid-February, Ronald Secrist, an obscure officer in one of Equity Funding's subsidiaries, paid a routine visit to the home office in Los Angeles, only to learn that he was fired. Early in March, Secrist made two phone calls that triggered the collapse of Equity Funding and exposed its record growth as a fiction. The assets were real enough, for the most part, but they had been obtained by fraudulent means.

One of Secrist's calls was to the New York State Insurance Department. The other was to Raymond L. Dirks, a financial-securities analyst specializing in insurance stocks. (This article is a collaboration—as is *The Great Wall Street Scandal*, the book from which it is adapted—but because Ray Dirks was a central participant in events leading to disclosure of the fraud, the portions involving him are told hereafter in the first person.) Secrist alleged that Equity Funding had created thousands of fictitious life-insurance policies, then sold these policies to other companies; that the company had made up fake death certificates; that it had created fake assets and counterfeit bonds; that the officers of the company not only were involved in the plot but were its architects; that middle management carried out the fraud knowingly; that a substantial number of people inside and outside the company knew about the fraud; and that the fraud had evolved because of a need to boost the price of Equity Funding stock so that the company could acquire other companies through a trade of shares. The acquisition of profitable companies could cover up the lack of profitability inherent in the Equity Funding operation.

His charges seemed incredible. His strategy—which he freely acknowledged—required that I investigate the charges and relay to my clients the information I uncovered.

My clients include some of America's largest financial institutions. Their sale of the stock, Secrist reasoned, would so decimate the price of Equity Funding's stock that investigators would be compelled to intervene before the company could cover up the fraud.

That, more or less, is what happened. Within three weeks, Equity Funding stood revealed as the perpetrator of what is possibly history's greatest hoax. The \$400,000,000 had been swindled by

inducing the American public to purchase securities based upon fake assets and phony insurance policies. Its stock, which had sold as high as \$80 a share, was suspended from trading on the New York Stock Exchange. The corporation filed for bankruptcy. The hoax came instantly to be known as "Wall Street's Watergate."

In November 1973, 22 men—20 of them former employees of Equity Funding, the two others accountants who audited the company's books—were indicted by a Federal grand jury in Los Angeles on 105 counts of fraud and conspiracy. A similar indictment was returned by a grand jury in Illinois, where Equity Funding's principal life-insurance subsidiary was chartered. Still more criminal indictments were being prepared by other grand juries in states where Equity Funding did business. Myriad civil actions by stockholders and creditors are likely to continue for years. So will ruminations and calls for reform of the public and private agencies that monitor America's business.

The Equity Funding scandal can be understood in its magnitude only when one analyzes the weakness of the investment system on which it thrived. Had even one of the system's components functioned with strength, the fraud could not have occurred.

• • •

In 1959, Equity Funding was little more than an idea. Eleven years later, it was one of the most actively traded issues on the New York Stock Exchange. Its rise to prominence in the world's most dominant and exclusive financial trading market epitomized the American dream.

Yet Equity Funding had no right to a listing on the N.Y.S.E. It was this very listing that gave the company the endorsement it needed to perpetuate its fraud. That Equity Funding managed to be listed is only one of the overdue indictments against the New York Stock Exchange. This venerated institution is not the guardian of the free-enterprise system it proclaims to be. It is an expensive and outmoded monopoly.

The thrust of the Stock Exchange's message is that its listed stocks are the nation's biggest and best companies. The ultimate objective of a go-go corporation like Equity Funding is to interest financial institutions in the purchase of its stock, so that the stock will sell at a high multiple of earnings. The objective focuses on a Stock Exchange listing. There, the presence of legitimate blue-chip stocks presumably rubs off on other listed securities.

Equity Funding began as a company whose shares were held by its founders. The first step for an ambitious corporation is to go public. By selling shares to the public, the corporation raises the

money with which to finance its operations and growth. True, the founders dilute their holdings, but the larger the enterprise, the larger the salaries and perquisites, and the greater the opportunities for expansion. Moreover, the founders' shares are immediately priced at market levels.

Equity Funding made its debut as a publicly held corporation in the over-the-counter market. Some of the nation's most reputable corporations are traded in this market, but essentially it remains a testing ground for smaller, newer companies in training for the big time.

The next step up for such corporations, frequently, is a listing on the American Stock Exchange. This exchange can be likened to the triple-A minor leagues in baseball—good sport but not the big time.

After a few years on the American Exchange, Equity Funding reached sufficient size to apply for a New York Stock Exchange listing.

The N.Y.S.E. has certain requirements for listing and maintains departments whose job is to enforce those requirements. The staffs of those departments looked over Equity Funding and found its application deficient. One objection was that its board of directors was not large enough and did not contain enough members from outside the corporation. A second, more significant objection was that the auditing firm employed by Equity Funding had neither sufficient size nor reputation.

These objections contained Equity Funding for some months. But eventually politics prevailed. The public interest that the exchange's regulations are meant to guard became secondary to the interests of certain N.Y.S.E. firms who found this new "concept" stock romantic and liked the way it "performed."

Equity Funding's listing was authorized in October 1970 on the condition that the company would expand its board of directors and secure the services of a national auditing firm. The company did expand its board, but its effort to comply with the auditing requirements was sheer comedy. Wolfson, Weiner, the small firm that had been used as auditors, simply used the Equity Funding account as the bait for a merger with a big accounting firm. Eventually, it sold out to Seidman & Seidman at a nice profit. More than a year after Equity Funding went on the big board, Seidman & Seidman took over the audit. What the New York Stock Exchange never realized was that the same individuals who had audited the Equity Funding books for Wolfson, Weiner were now auditing them for Seidman & Seidman.

Allowing Equity Funding to be listed goes to the heart of the question of the New York Stock Exchange's ability to

(continued on page 200)

CRISIS

the magazine of accelerating entropy



**TEN GOURMET
CRISIS RECIPES
THE WHOLE FAMILY
WILL REMEMBER!**

**HARNESSING THE ORGASM • A FUN-FILLED
TRAVEL GUIDE TO YOUR BACK YARD
CRYOGENICS AND THE POWER SHORTAGE—
WHY MOM TURNED TO MUSH • PETS' CORNER:
TEACHING YOUR MAGGOT TO WHISTLE**

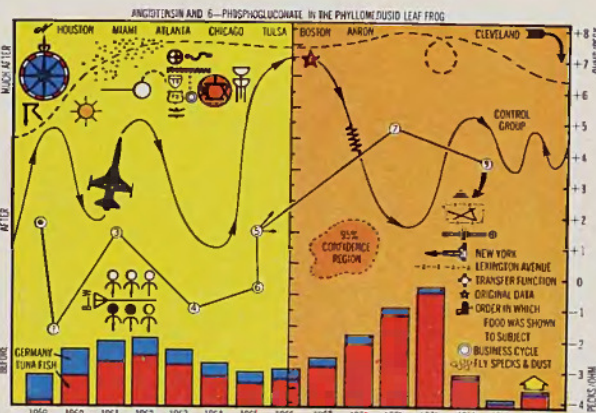
**Crisis may be traded for: 2 dozen apples, 2 lbs. of steel, a six-pack of beer, 2 ozs. of gasoline, a tuna sandwich, peace of mind.*

Welcome to *Crisis*. You might, if that mugger weren't gaining on you, pause to ask why—why *Crisis*? Take a good look at the graph below. It shows why with a stark clarity that words could never convey. These are exciting times, when every day some vital part of our society ceases to function, disappears or declares war. And we believe that reporting these heady events—and perhaps even helping them along—is a serious, profitable responsibility. From the biggest, most popular shortages to the smallest paranoid delusions, we will be the definitive voice.

Etacoin Fortran,

Editor-Publisher, Art Director, Photographer,
Managing Proofreader, Senior Typist,
Executive Messenger, Volley Ball II.

Graph at right
was produced on
a time-sharing
abacus at the
Chicken of
the Sea Think
Tank at Guthery,
New Jersey.

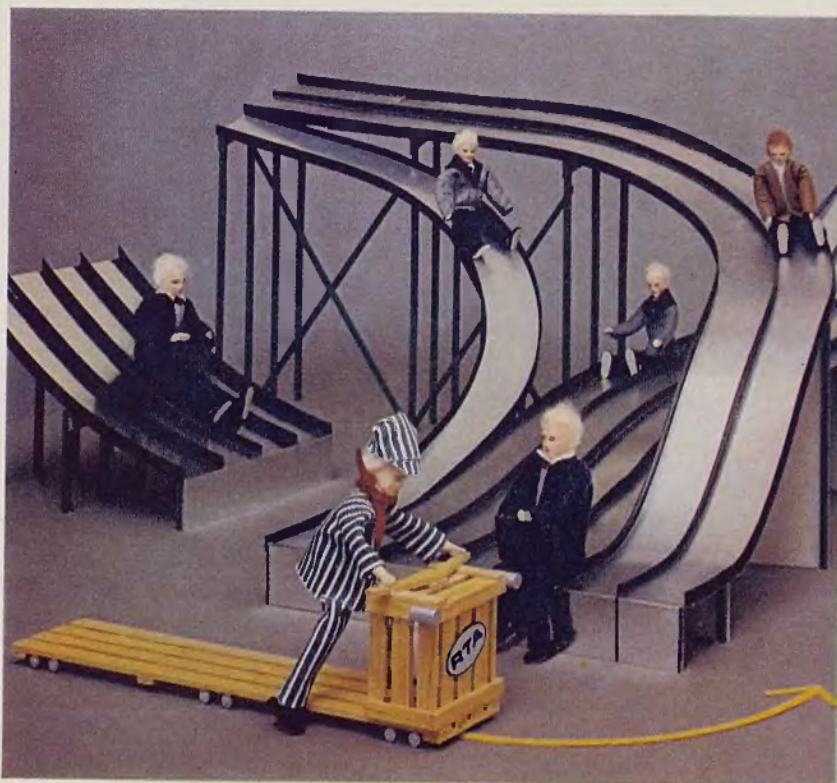


*Wasteland
Hotline*



apocalyptic chitchat by David Eisenhower

Ari and Jackie have had to deep-six their yearly cruise of the Greek islands, as the **Mediterranean** burns on into the third week. . . . Poor Jackie. . . . Famed environmentalist **Johnny Cash** was seen living it up with **Margaret Mead** the other night at Wanda's Chili Parlor in Nashville. The reason? Johnny's just signed to do some TV commercials for the National Rifle Association, on how it's helping us cope with lots of shortages. . . . And it looks like **Hank Aaron** won't beat the Babe **this** year; because of heavy rains, the regular two-game **baseball season** was canceled. . . . Everybody complains about the Wit Crunch, which has been toughest in New York, but **Truman Capote's** doing something about it; a few nights ago at Elaine's, he absolutely dazzled **Norman Mailer**, **Tom Wolfe** and **Shelley Winters** by riposting: "I bet Henry Kissinger gets more ass than a toilet seat!" . . . Other Washington sights: **Bob Hope** over at Arlington National Cemetery, where he's playing for the third straight month; and sneaking into the White House late at night, advisor **Marlin Perkins**, rumored to be discussing a bold new energy-saving policy: hibernation. . . . Not-So-Cheap-Thrills out in Berkeley, where the latest fad is to get **high** by shooting up dangerous diseases; the street price of lethal **anthrax toxin B** has soared to \$30 a hit, supposedly because of the rush. . . . Look for **Strom Thurmond** letting it all hang out as **Cosmo's** June centerfold—hyped his forthcoming book, **Sex and the Senile Man**, rumored to include chapters on "What to Do on the First Date," "When to Go Steady," "Overcoming Arthritis During Foreplay," "How Far to Go Without Oxygen Handy" and "What to Tell Your Parents." . . . Though they were one of the fun couples, it's all over now—we hear that it's splitsville between **I.T.T.** and **Chile**—we'll all miss those parties.



Artist's model for Paola Soleri's proposed rapid-transit system for New York City. The 92-trillion-dollar project could be ready in early 1999. Commuter Scooters, already in use, will shuttle passengers from the suburbs to the slide terminals and back. The ride is expected to take from 45 to 90 minutes after the two-day climb up the ladders.



Keeping it up isn't the problem at L.A.'s X-rated studios. The alarmingly frequent float-outs are eating up the tiny budgets for these films. Above, at Slither Productions, a take for *The Devil in Pat Nixon* is blown as leading male lifts off.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD STATE DOWN: THE DISASTROUS CALIFORNIA GRAVITY SHORTAGE

GRAVITY SHORTAGE TERMS

FLOAT-OUT: The situation resulting from an acute shortage of gravity in which everything leaves the ground and flies away. **CONELRAD:** Acronym for a giant bunker somewhere under Kentucky in which are housed 752,350 tiny horseshoe magnets that can be activated during a float-out. **GAMMA RAYS:** Similar to manta rays, these deep-sea creatures lie on the bottom of the ocean, partially covered by sand, and wait to be stepped on. They then move to another spot and wait some more. **GROUND ZERO:** A meat dish named after famed actor Zero Mostel. It is so heavy that eating it helps keep you on the ground. **T.N.T.:** A branch of I.T.T. now doing research in gravity-producing procedures such as small land wars in South America and assassination of political figures.

One of the first things you notice when approaching L.A. is the abundance of people floating over the city. Many are tethered, some wear weight belts, but others appear to be drifting off into space—all due to the gravity shortage that has hit the Southern California area.

The shortage was first observed several months ago, when Esalen Institute floated 200 feet up and drifted toward Hawaii. No one seemed alarmed, however, until the President ordered gravity rationing after San Clemente slowly lifted off a few weeks later and began making its great-circle route to Death Valley.

Though any gravity shortage can cause inconvenience, California's is quite severe. Gravity czar B. Bob Ford, however, has assured the Retirement State that "the crisis will be made inoperative in the near future."

Gravity is the force that holds things (continued on page 842)

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DANISH
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★★DIGNOVAN CONCERT.....200' \$25 ☐
★★STRIP MINE.....200' \$15 ☐
★★SUBURBS OF CLEVELAND....200' \$15 ☐

Send cash, check or 14-year-old to:

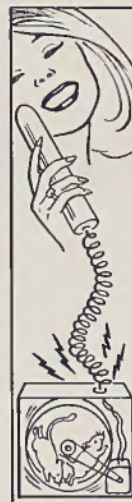
Four Horsemen Films,
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Onan, Indiana 46503



April Weaselton discovers the first California oil spill, May 17, 1964.

BORROWED TIME-THE CRISIS CALENDAR FOR MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1 May Day	2 Caryl Chessman gassed 1960	3 Niccolo Machiavelli born 1469	4 Kent State murders 1970
5	6 Mark Spitz married Susan Weiner 1973	7 Lusitania torpedoed 1915	8	9	10 Great Plague hit London 1665	11
12 Mother's Day: Ron Ziegler born 1939	13	14	15 Richard J. Daley born 1902	16	17 April Weaselton Day	18
19 "Heartbreak Hotel" in 5th week as top hit in U. S. 1956	20	21	22 Law and Order Day: Great Train Robbery 1868	23 Heinrich Himmler committed suicide 1945	24 Bobby Zimmerman born 1941	25
26	27 Golden Gate Bridge opened 1937	28	29	30 Joan of Arc burned at the stake 1431	31 Chicken Little Day: Peru earth- quake 1970	

CRISIS RECIPES OF THE MONTH

PILLOWS RELLENOS (STUFFED CLOTH) (Intimate serving for two)

- 1 pillowcase
- 6 lbs. feathers

Wash and braise each feather, taking care not to break the delicate shaft. Launder and starch pillowcase. Place feathers in pillowcase and staple closed. Bake in 350° oven for 2½ hours. Place on large tray with new stones and old leaves for coloring.

ROAST CRACKLING WATER (Serves six to ten)

- 1 10-lb. shank-cut water
- 1 outdoor-type spit assembly

Marinate your water overnight. Wrap tightly in aluminum foil to seal in precious juices. Skewer on spit, place about three feet above fire and insert rectal meat thermometer in top part of water. Cook until center is tender and juicy. (A thickening base of Sakrete may be used if necessary.)

BUTTERFLY HORS D'OEUVRES (Serves 32)

- 120 live monarch butterflies

- 120 miniature saddlebags
- 60 mushroom caps
- 1 jar mustard

Carefully strap saddlebags onto butterflies, making sure not to injure wings. Place half of mushroom cap in each saddlebag compartment. Dab back of butterfly with mustard and set in cool place until ready to serve; then release in general area of

party. Guests may catch butterflies directly out of air as they move about the room. (Note: Problems may arise when serving in rooms with paisley curtains.)

LAMB OF GOD

(Serves cast of thousands)

- 1 boy, aged 33
- 2 large planks of wood
- 5 ten penny nails

Using two nails, fasten pieces of wood at right angles to each other. Beat boy until purple. Place spread-eagled on cross and attach with remaining nails. Place upright in hot sun until earth opens up and voices from sky dictate next 2000 years. Eat your heart out.

WALDORF HYSTERIA

(So called because it can make everyone at the Waldorf hysterical)

- 1 lb. pharmaceutical cocaine
- 1 gross tiny spoons

Snort until ripped. (Note: While totally without nutritional value, this old favorite is guaranteed by the Peruvian Silver Mine Workers Association to kill those hunger pangs—fast.)

DEAD?

Millions of Americans share this nagging problem, but many, wrongly, are too embarrassed and humiliated to admit it. We can't cure death yet, but we can make it something other than a dirty word by talking openly about it and not being afraid to look for its symptoms. Be honest: Do any of these Seven Warning Signals of Death apply to you?

- (1) You are cold.
- (2) You are wearing your best dark suit and have nowhere to go.
- (3) Your loved ones are fighting over your belongings.
- (4) You don't hate Nixon anymore.
- (5) You haven't gone to the bathroom in six weeks.

CONSUMER CORNER

WOOD-BURNING TV: When was the last time you sat down to an evening of Johnny Carson? Only the very rich can afford to power that 82-inch tube you bought back in '72. But now the wood-burning television is here at last.

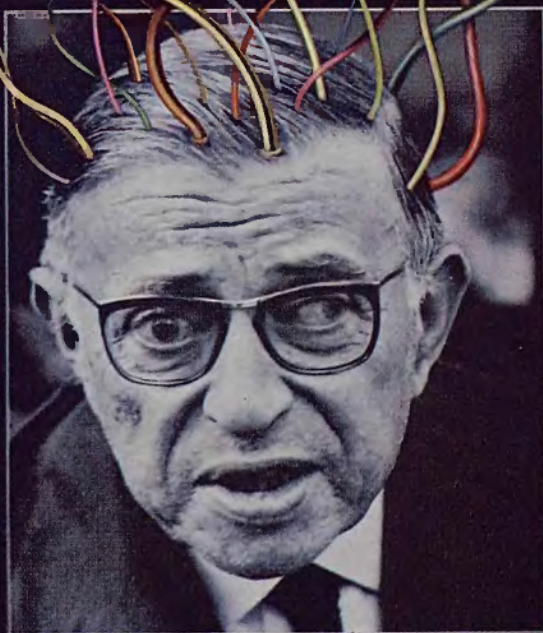
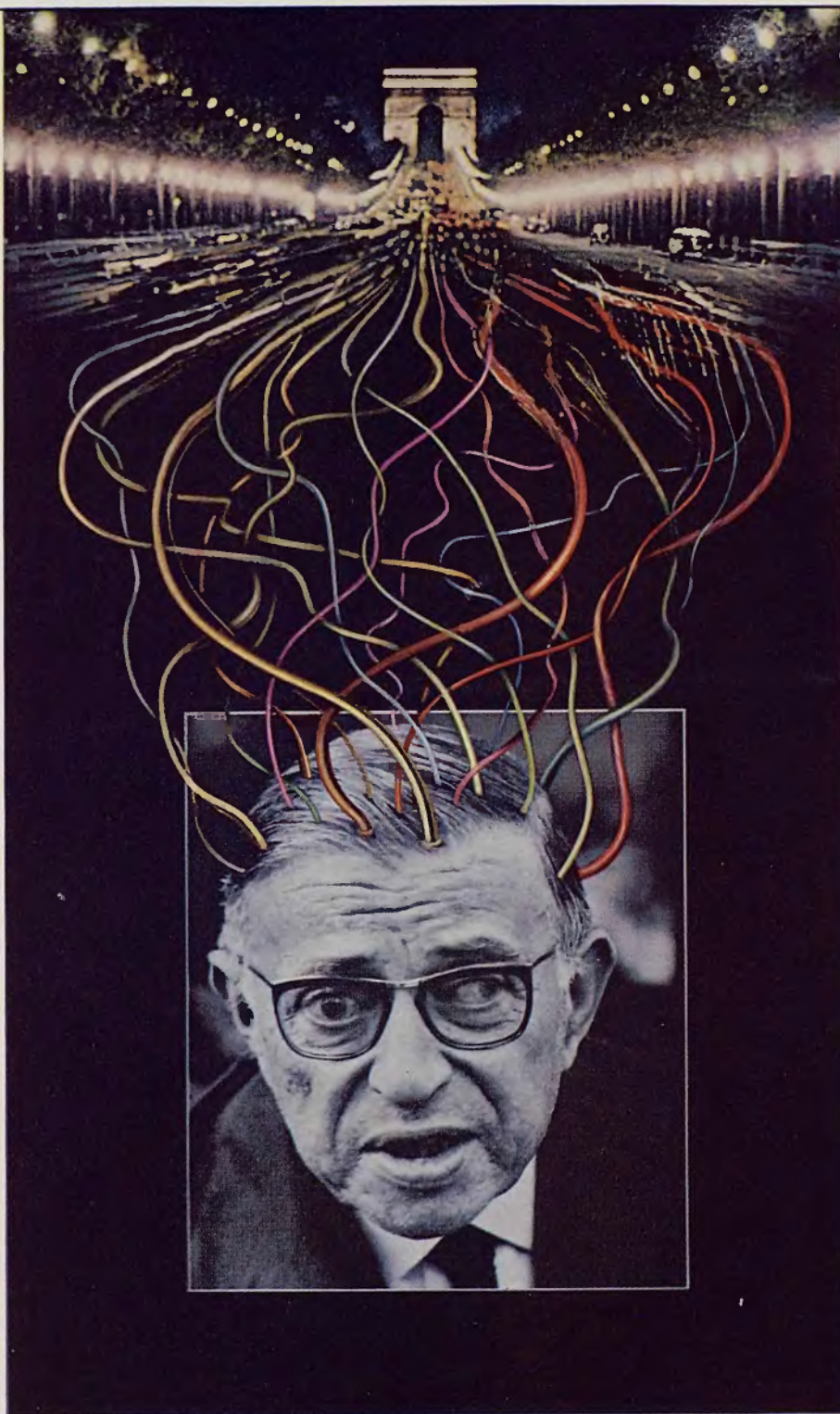
Just light up and relax with full-channel catatonic color. Sleek steam-turbine engine allows reception up to 20 feet and designer cast-iron cabinet with Sanskrit scrollwork adds a touch of class to any living room. \$395 from your dealer.

NEW HOPE FOR POLLUTED RIVERS: Standard Oil has a process that may extract water from our nation's rivers. For years, the vast resources of water hidden inside our rivers went to waste. Now, Standard's method may allow cheap, fast water—up to a gallon for every ton of river used. And Standard says by-products of the process can be used as jet fuel.

CARPETSHOE: Since the disappearance of sheep, buying fine carpeting has become impossible; even imitation imitation mouse fur is \$400 a square yard. But thanks to the shoe division of I.T.T., almost anyone can have world-to-world carpeting wherever he goes. Simply slip into the CarpetShoe and your home, office, bicycle or front lawn is instantly carpeted. Available for \$7.77 from Thom McBigelow outlets.



AIR SUBSTITUTE PATENTED: Abbott Laboratories has patented a process for making air from soybean meal. In tests with animals, they kept mice alive on the surrogate air for more than 30 seconds. Though they aren't sure it will work on humans, they expect to get approval from the FDA within a few weeks to begin marketing the product in the U.S.



ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE

It was a cold, dark winter, but thanks to what the inventor calls Leroy's Existential Wonder Dynamo, the lights and space heaters are going on again all over Paris. The device was developed by an American expatriate from Doom, Mississippi; the LEWD, as it's called, works by converting anguish, angst, Weltschmerz, despair, ennui and guilt into electricity. Since late March, Jean-Paul Sartre alone has been lighting all of Montparnasse. The inventor, Leroy Sump, told us why he constructed the device: "I was fed up to here sittin' around feelin' bad in the dark. Couldn't even read my comic books."

fiction By JERRY SOHL

*the official diagnosis was
catatonic schizophrenia,
but the truth was far
more simple and complex*

MR. MOYACHKI

↑ THEY WERE ASTONISHED when he was wheeled in, because they weren't prepared for the bright-blue eyes and the extreme whiteness of his skin. But most of all, they were surprised to find him so alive, so seemingly *aware*, for they had been told Mr. Moyachki lived in his own private world and never said anything to anyone anymore; yet there he was, number 28098, looking anything but inward, eyes darting about, blinking. And listening. Mr. Moyachki looked as if he would answer if any of them put a question to him, for new doctors were allowed to do that and in other years some had even tried to, but Mr. Moyachki never answered when they did. When they addressed him by name, all he did was sweat a little more. Sometimes he trembled. Or passed air. One year one of the new residents said he looked like a man waiting for the blindfold before his execution, and Dr. Humboldt wrote that in the record and even mentioned it as his own observation in ensuing presentations.

• • •

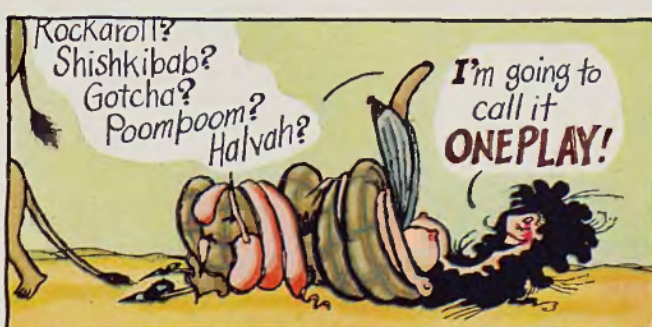
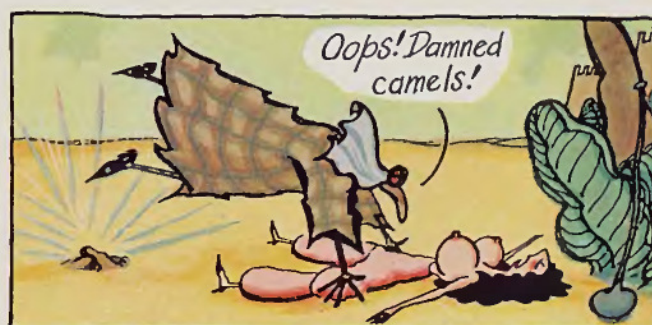
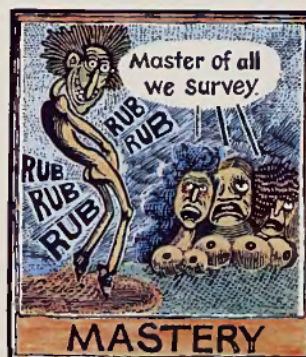
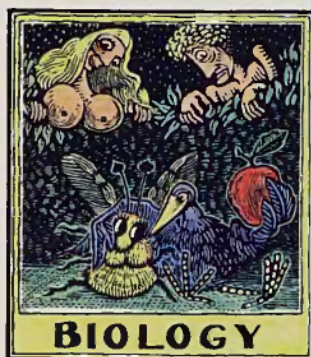
"What you're going to see," Dr. Humboldt had said, referring to a neatly typed case history in a folder, "is a man in his sixties, a man who was found wandering the streets in the Garment District after midnight about twenty years ago. He ran away when approached by police officers. He might not have been caught if he hadn't collided with a light standard as he was running around a corner." He paused.

"He was taken to Bellevue, where his condition was diagnosed as an acute and agitated anxiety state. A week later, he was transferred to Central Islip State Hospital on Long Island. Eighteen years ago, he was (continued on page 158)





THEORY



The popularity of ONEPLAY was immediate though hardly climactic.



Meanwhile, to certain poor shepherds in fields where they laid. . .



[illegible]

Let's put our lips together.

Why not?

Maybe I'd better go first!

Why not?

Gnmpht!

THREEPLAY



FOREPLAY



The rains came and an ark was loaded.



The waters receded, the ark dropped its load and the Grecian tide came in.



MR. MOYACHKI

(continued from page 152)

brought here. He's been in the Davidson Building, Ward D, ever since. For your information, that's a back ward. For therapy he sees a doctor now maybe once a year. His state is one of classic manic-depressive psychosis that seems to have begun as a manic episode, deteriorated to malignant depression, and then to depressive stupor, where it has been arrested." He leafed through pages, found the one he wanted. "The official diagnosis is catatonic schizophrenia."

The new residents stirred. Humboldt paused while a late arrival came in and said, "Excuse me, doctor." Humboldt eyed him coldly. Other doctors turned, not so much to see the new arrival as to ogle once again Coralee Swithers, a busty, blonde-haired resident appointee who defied tradition and wore a miniskirt. Coralee smiled appreciatively. Everybody settled down.

"Was he hurt when he hit the light pole?" a redheaded resident at the rear of the room asked.

"Nothing to indicate he was," Humboldt said tiredly, "except for a bump on the head."

"Organic brain syndrome," a thin young man in the front row ventured.

"It would be hard to say, since no one knew the patient's natural or usual behavior."

"Subdural hematoma?" Coralee volunteered brightly.

"No. You should know he started to run when he saw the police officers, and when he was caught he talked a blue streak."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing that made any sense. Someone on the service reported he thought he was speaking in tongues."

"Any identification?"

"None."

"General adaptation syndrome."

"Who said that?"

"I did," said one of the residents in the middle of the group. "He was in alarm reaction when he saw the police, the stage of resistance when they caught him, and he quickly progressed to a stage of exhaustion, where he's been ever since."

"What's your name?" Humboldt asked.

"Savery. Matthew Savery."

"Doctor, would you like to work with this man?"

"I don't know," Savery said. "I haven't even seen him yet."

"Is that a prerequisite?"

"Is it, doctor?"

There was a vacuum. In it some of the residents laughed a little self-consciously. Then Humboldt smiled and the tension evaporated.

• • •

The man they had taken to calling Mr. Moyachki was wheeled in, and Moyachki thought, Well, at least it's something

different, not the dreary ward but a brighter place and the usual number of blurred faces and the big man with the walrus mustache and the folder in his hand. They would look at him, the big doctor would gesture to him and they'd talk. He wished he understood what they were saying, but he'd been wishing that for years and it hadn't done any good.

Once, he had understood everybody, had understood everybody for years. Then one day he woke up and it was as if everybody were speaking a foreign language. Something had gone wrong in his brain, just like with all the people he saw around him. They had deliberately made him that way because of what he'd done with the sausages. He was crazy. He'd been crazy for . . . it bothered him that he did not know for how long he'd been crazy. He squirmed in the wheelchair. He hated the damn thing. Why did they insist he sit in it when he came into this lecture room? What good did it do them to look at him, poke him, prod him, talk to him, make fun of him? He was tired of it. But of course there was no way out.

Why had they taken his glasses so long ago? What was it they didn't want him to see? Why wouldn't they let him have them for even a little while? What did they really want of him?

If only I could see clearly, he thought. Then I could better bear up under all this, even though I am bearing up under it.

• • •

"Aphasia," one resident said.

"Agraphia," said another.

"Of course he can't talk," Humboldt said with a degree of disgust. "Or won't talk." He glared at the eager faces. "As for agraphia. . . ." He turned to Moyachki and smiled a bit ruefully. "Mr. Moyachki's an artist, aren't you, Mr. Moyachki?"

Moyachki blinked at the walrus mustache. He could barely make out the white teeth behind the patronizing smile.

"Why, sir?" a resident asked. "Why do you say that?"

"He finger-paints on walls in solitary with fecal matter," Dr. Humboldt said as if he were proud of it.

"What did he paint?" Coralee wanted to know.

"Shit," said the redheaded resident.

Everybody laughed, including Dr. Humboldt, who then fixed the young man with a stare. "Maybe you'd like to try your luck with this patient, doctor."

The resident said uncomfortably, "What can you do with a catatonic?"

"You can keep your mouth as shut as he keeps his," Humboldt said.

There was, of course, more laughter.

• • •

The man they called Moyachki closed his eyes and remembered, immersing himself in the quiet loveliness of the

river in the smoke-colored autumn. Did it still freeze over most of the winter? His mind drifted to the breathless beauty of ballet and Chopin crisp and clear, breath-holding, and everybody an aristocrat in the big concert hall. And then there were other days, holidays in the park, dust motes dancing in the afternoon sun, bearded old men playing chess, young lovers spellbound on the grass, old ladies in long coats feeding the pigeons with seeds they withdrew from brown paper bags and threw to the winds. There were the squat little fishing boats, the long barges, sea gulls soaring and dipping and forever hungry, dashing waves and rain and thick clouds. Yes, there was all of that, and it still lives, it must still be. Beyond these walls.

Then there was the prison. Warmth leached from Moyachki as the recollection of locker-white walls and lone light bulbs in ceilings crept along his veins like refrigerated embalming fluid and made him shiver. But at least those in the prison had understood him, and he had understood them. The guards, he could talk to them. The doctors, he could tell them how he felt; they always wanted to know how he felt. Now he knew why.

"How do you feel this morning?" they'd ask when they came to his room in the infirmary.

He'd been arrested because he'd been hungry, he'd had too much to drink and he thought no one would miss the sausages he stuffed into his overcoat pockets. He was only going to take them home to Irina; maybe they had some wine left and would celebrate because he was feeling so good, he couldn't remember.

But they had taken him away, the uniformed men had. The store manager had made him stay until the police came. They took him to that awful place, the prison with its 12-foot-thick walls, and they wouldn't let him get a word to Irina. When he asked why, they shrugged, said they were sorry, but somebody was going to have to serve as an example, there had been too many thefts from stores, mostly food, and this was setting a bad precedent, people would begin thinking they didn't have to work anymore, just go into stores and pick up what they needed without paying. It had to be stopped. Then they had taken his picture and put it in the paper. They showed it to him. He was a common criminal. No wonder his wife never came to see him!

Endless days, hours strung out in quiet agony until the real pain, the day he'd had his first headache. Then the days ran quickly together and the pain became worse. Excruciating. That is when he was taken to the infirmary: when he could no longer stand up but just lie on his bunk, rolling and moaning and not caring what they did with him because he was so sick and wanted to die.

The doctors seemed glad to see him.

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Don Madden



"If your letter doesn't stand for Fordham, football or fencing, what's it for?"

kept nodding their heads and rubbing their hands together.

"What's wrong with me?" he gasped.

A doctor, one young enough to be his son, said, "A neoplasm," but an older doctor said gently, "A tumor. A brain tumor."

And when he said, "Am I going to die?" the old doctor said, "We're going to try an experiment," and they injected him with something. Gradually, the pain went away.

It was then that he knew they were lying. No one recovers from a brain tumor. They were experimenting on him. First, something in his food, then the pain, then the injections. He'd heard such things happened in prisons.

He should have known. He began to feel good. Better than good. And everybody was so cheerful and happy and considerate. Was that because of what they were planning for him? Or was it because they were feeling sorry for him because he was going to have to go back to those narrow, dank halls, the dingy cells, the place of fetid smells, the place where the rats were? They were smiling and telling him what a lucky man he was, and they kept taking his blood pressure and samples of his urine and blood.

He could not stand to wait and see. He would escape, that is what he would do. He'd do it before he went back to the main prison, for there was no way out of there, but in the infirmary it was different: there were fewer guards and he had a lot of freedom. He could walk to the solarium, to the dayroom, stroll the bright, sunlit corridors and nod at people and stop to look out the windows at the beautiful city. It would be easy.

It was.

. . .

"He closes his eyes," red hair said. "Why does he do that?"

"Why don't you ask him?"

"Mr. Moyachki"—whereupon Moyachki opened his eyes—"why do you close your eyes?"

Savery said, "He closes his eyes because he can't stand the sight of you."

Dr. Humboldt broke into the laughter to say, "A primitive psychosomatic language. We all do it: Shutting out the world, it's called. You'll see a lot of that here."

"By the staff?" someone said, but nobody acknowledged it, though Humboldt ran his eyes over all the faces.

"Irrelevant language," Savery said, leaning forward and staring straight into Moyachki's eyes.

"Follow that," Humboldt said, interested.

Savery considered it. "You said he talked once, but the words, phrases and utterances had no meaning. Perhaps they had meaning to Mr. Moyachki. Has anyone thought of that?"

"How many schizophrenics have you listened to?" Humboldt asked.

"I've listened to a lot of autistic children and hebephrenic teenagers in a children's hospital."

"Then you know it's all their creation. They invent their world and they live in it, close you out. Each is safe in his own delusional system. Their talk, if any, is armor plate."

"More like a portcullis," Savery said.

"Exactly."

But Savery wasn't satisfied. "It puzzles me that Mr. Moyachki spoke once but doesn't speak anymore."

Coralee Swithers said, "Dr. Humboldt, you stated his first words were jerky, explosive and irregular. Couldn't that be asynergic or ataxic speech?"

"Of course," Dr. Humboldt said with a wry smile and a glance at her pretty legs. "You've been studying."

"I won't deny it."

"Well, we thought of a disease of the cerebellum, Dr. Swithers, yes, we did that. But it was negative."

Savery said, "How did he react to the examination?"

"He didn't like it."

"Would you say he overreacted?"

"Yes."

"Any idea why?"

"No. Do you have a guess?"

"No." Savery sank back, as baffled as the rest.

"For a moment," Dr. Humboldt said dryly, "I was expecting a miracle. Do any of you believe in miracles?"

. . .

Moyachki closed his eyes again and went back 20 years to the infirmary, to the solarium where, during one of his days, he unlocked a window. He was surprised to find it unlocked the next day. And the next.

Finally, he exited through it at night, dropping to the ground 20 feet below, being thankful he'd had sense enough to bend his knees. As it was, he hit his chin on his knees when he landed, nearly breaking his neck. He rolled, then lay silent for a long time, letting noises of the night come into him: the murmur of traffic, faraway voices, bells and insect sounds. He looked up at the stars, expected a head to come poking out of the window he'd just dropped from. At last he got up, was surprised to find that he could stand, walked through wet grass to the sidewalk. No trouble at all getting his bearings from the sky and the first bridge he came to. No question where the piers and the ships lay: on the island. And so he moved through mist, crossed the canal and moved along the river when he came to it and crossed to the island. There would be a ship there, a big one, a ship that would carry him from here to a place that would sparkle in the sun and be warm, where the maidens would be dusky, as he'd once read they were, and danced naked on the sand, and followed you to wherever you wanted to take them, their long, black hair shifting lazily

in the tropical breeze. The fall and the sudden freedom had made him giddy.

It was a midnight walk along the embankment, his breath visible, cold seeping into him. It was a walk such as lovers might take, and he took warmth in it. Wasn't he with a lover? The figment of his favorite dancing girl? Not the pristine prettiness of the ballerinas but the sultry wanting-to-please brown-eyed beauties who could not take their eyes off him, girls who waited for him at the end of the world.

He was so lost in thoughts of faraway places that he was on the island before he knew it, and there in her berth was the ship for him, a forbidding, dark shape as tall as a building.

He approached from the stern past the name JALOKIVI illuminated by a lone light high on a post near a dockside crane and not thinking about it, only about the fact that it was a ship, that it was there and he would be aboard her soon. Moving cautiously, he came amidships to the gangway steps. He stood for a moment to listen, heard nothing unusual, started up toward the light at the top. There would be someone there, of course.

His eyes came level with the deck. He could see two sailors standing nearby, talking in low tones. He stayed where he was until one yawned and the other slapped him jovially on the back and pushed him toward a companionway. The watch sailor darted a glance toward the gangway before quickly moving down the steps to follow the other sailor.

Moyachki waited a moment, then darted up to the deck, explored and found an open hatch. In less than a minute he had hidden himself among crates in the freight hold. After his racing heart slowed to normal, he fell asleep to dream about endless stretches of white sand, blue lagoons and grass huts wherein he dwelt and was visited whenever he wished by any number of soft, brown-skinned girls with flowers in their hair.

. . .

When the man who would later be called Moyachki came to his senses, he thought he was back in the infirmary and that they had done something terrible to him, because he couldn't see. Then he knew he was somewhere else, because the smells were different, the room was different, the doctors were different. When he had the strength, he put his hand up to his eyes. His glasses were gone.

"My glasses," he said with alarm. "I need my glasses."

Nils Ladoga, medical officer of the Jalokivi, a freighter of Finnish registry, heard him, came to look down at him. "So you can speak, can you? Well, save your strength. You are still pretty dehydrated." He took out the I.V.s that had been keeping Moyachki alive.

Moyachki had been frightened at the

hospital. Now, being somewhere else and seeing nothing but a series of depressing blurs and the vague face of Nils Ladoga saying something he did not understand, he became more frightened than ever. What had they done to his brain? Where was this? He squinted and tried to sit up in the sick bay.

"Easy, now," Ladoga said, pushing Moyachki down. "You rest."

Moyachki was nauseated and weak. This was worse than the prison infirmary. There he could at least see and there he could understand what was being said. What they had done to him was to take his glasses away and render his brain twisted and incapable of understanding words.

His heart commenced jackhammering and only with great effort of will was he able to force himself to relax. He was so successful he even closed his eyes and slept. When he opened them, he did so only to narrow slits. He saw nothing moving among the blurs. He blinked and sat up. Nothing. He swung his legs off the table. He was weak and felt near collapse, but he made himself sit up until he felt halfway normal, then he got off and stood, swaying, dizzy. He had to get out of there.

He moved slowly up the companionways until he reached the deck, found it was still night out and wondered how that could be; surely more hours had passed than that. He stopped, listened. Not a sound. The ship was not rocking or rolling, its engines were not running, so it had not yet moved out. He started across the deck to the bulwarks and, with his hand on the rail, stepped toward where he thought the gangway would be, stumbling sometimes, moving around equipment he saw only as blurred, dark hulks, always coming back to the railing, until he finally came to the break and the dockside steps.

"Hey—you!" The cry came from some distance away and he heard the sound of feet pounding on the deck. He did not understand the words, but there could be no doubt of what the words meant.

Moyachki started down the gangway as fast as his feet would go, and when he reached the solidity of the wood of the pier, he ran toward the lights.

Later, he wandered about streets looking for the canal. He was sure he would be able to find it even though he was without his glasses, but before he was able to, he ran into the police. There was no mistake about these men who suddenly loomed before him. They reeked of authority, of menace, of danger.

"What are you doing here?"

He did not like the sound of the voice, veered away from them. They reached for him. He began to run fast down the street, hearing their shouts, the soles of their shoes slapping the pavement. Moyachki did not see the light standard in time, because, as he rounded the

corner, he turned to look behind him and was pleased to see nothing, though he could still hear them coming. When he turned back, there was the pole and he collided with it. It sent daggers of light to piercing his brain, shattering into myriad fragments as he fell unconscious to the sidewalk.

• • •

Moyachki, after having been treated for the bump on his forehead, was taken to a small cubicle and left with a man in a white smock who sat at a table and motioned for him to sit down. Moyachki was better able to see the motion than he was the man's arm.

"Hello," the man said cheerfully.

Moyachki stared at him. This man spoke like the rest, he was probably a doctor and very learned, and Moyachki knew now with crushing despair that whatever words he would hear in the world, he would never understand them.

"What day is this?" the man said.

Moyachki shook his head. Maybe they would understand him if he spoke. "I want my eyeglasses, please."

"Do you know where you are?"

"Please, my eyeglasses. I can't do anything without my eyeglasses. I can only see that you are a face, nothing more. I will behave, if only you will return my eyeglasses. I'm sorry for all I've done and I'll obey all the rules. You see, something's happened to my brain, they've done something to it and I don't understand what people say anymore."

"Is it raining outside?" And when Moyachki started in again about how much he needed his eyeglasses, the doctor said, "Let me put it another way: Was it raining when you were brought in?"

"My eyeglasses, please. I beg you."

"What is your name?"

"My eyeglasses," Moyachki said without hope as the doctor began to write something down.

• • •

The first day he ran about, shouting. "My eyeglasses, I need my eyeglasses! Can't anybody understand? My eyeglasses, please, I beg you! My eyeglasses, please!" But he knew it was useless.

They put him in restraint and filled him with chlorpromazine and abruptly his eyeglasses weren't important anymore.

Because he could not see clocks, he had to rely on his inner time sense to tell him when to join lines of silent people who shuffled up to nursing carts to receive paper cups of liquid. He did not care anymore what it was. He drank the Thorazine.

He ambled about in loose-fitting garb, the blue pajama pants and top and white cloth slippers, all with BELLEVUE stenciled on them.

Then he was transferred to another place with a lot of other prisoners. And after an indeterminate period there—since he could not read calendars, he did not know how long it was—he was

transferred to still another place. This one.

It was here that he decided to end his miserable life.

The reason was, though he could not see anything in any detail, he did see attendants choke an old man who never stopped singing at the top of his voice. They choked him into silence and, finally, in their anger, into death.

Then there was the bald-headed man who kept standing up in bed, shouting, lecturing. He wouldn't stop even when Moyachki went up to him and said, "Stop it or they'll choke you if you don't, don't you realize that? They'll choke you to death."

The man paid him no attention. The attendants came in, tied the man down, and when the man gnawed through the ropes and stood up and started his harangue again, they put him in a strait jacket; he couldn't speak, because he kept spitting at the flies that kept gathering around his mouth.

They wanted to use Moyachki, so they sent him to the kitchen to work, but he kept bumping into things, knocking them over. "Listen, pinhead," the cook said, "you break one more thing, I'll see it's the hole for you."

When he inadvertently dumped over a whole tray of dishes after he stumbled into a cart, he was taken away, stripped of his clothes and put in a small, chilly solitary-isolation cell that contained only a ceiling bulb and a mattress on the floor. At first he ran around the mattress, shouting for his glasses. Then he thought how much like the man in the bed he was being, so he quieted and wrote on the wall in big letters instead.

Two weeks later he was taken out, put in a shower, given a new set of pajamas and slippers and taken before another man in a white smock, a man with a walrus mustache.

"I'm Dr. Humboldt."

"My eyeglasses. Please."

"Do you know where you are?"

"My eyeglasses!"

"Do you know what day it is? What year? Do you know who the President of the United States is?"

Moyachki cried inside. What was the use of living if he couldn't see anything? Even if they set him free, what good would it do to walk through sunny streets, through the park, and not see the people, the clouds, the trees, the lovers, the freshly mowed grass, the old ladies and men, and the flowers swaying in the breeze in their beds along the parkway?

He broke open a medicine cabinet at a nurse's station and was in the middle of gulping down all the medicine in the bottles when attendants rushed him and pulled him away, the nurses screaming in fright.

They pumped his stomach.

He did not ask for his glasses.

He was put in solitary for a month.

(continued on page 166)



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ON THE SCENE



CHARLES W. BUSH

STEVE MARTIN *off the wall*

"IN COLLEGE, I couldn't decide whether to be a philosophy professor or a comedian," says Steve Martin of his days at UCLA in the middle Sixties. He eventually decided to do his stand-ups in bars instead of classrooms and started playing small folk clubs in the L.A. area, building an act that included "everything I knew how to do. I threw in some magic, some banjo playing, some jokes, some knuckle cracking, until I got it up to 15 minutes. I've never really varied from that sure-fire formula." Martin typically ambles on stage, starts a monolog, then pauses to observe, "One thing I can't stand is a comedian who'll use any cheap gag to get a laugh." With that he bends over, picks up a dime-store arrow and adjusts it on his head. "This costs 35 cents." Martin, 28, was raised and schooled in, of all places, Orange County, California. "My parents are real Orange County conservatives. I remember when I was a kid, I looked at them and said, 'Oh, no!' But at least my great-grandfather died by getting stoned on something and lying down on a railroad track. That always pleased me." His big break came when Mason Williams, head writer for the Smothers Brothers television show, saw him performing. "He hired me and I started writing for the *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* and then they got kicked off the air." He also wrote for Sonny and Chér and others before deciding, last year, to try it on his own. It didn't take long before top clubs such as L.A.'s Troubadour were on the phone. Now he's finished an LP called *I've Done Terrible Things to My Dog with a Fork*, does the *Tonight Show* ("It's rumored that Carson moved to the West Coast to be closer to me") and, in a move of his own, left Los Angeles for the quiet of New Mexico. "I hated L.A. It took me 20 minutes to turn a corner." His career has already turned the corner, and Martin assesses his fast success philosophically: "The most important thing to remember about my comedy is that it's, ultimately, very serious. Or is it just unfunny?"

MARTIN MULL *around the bend*

"I JUST WANT to sit there being as mentally ill as I possibly can," says Martin Mull about his new act, which is catching on like—well—wild smoke across the nation. With a mixture of low camp and straight-faced put-on, seated in a vintage Salvation Army armchair and clad in a salmon-colored dinner jacket, Mull effectively deflates the pretensions of rock music and the Woodstock generation with such somber ballads as *Blacks and Blues* and *The Ego Boogie*. His motto: "If God had meant for us to play acoustically, He never would have given us amps." Whatever that means. Born—or found in an acorn—30 years ago in Chicago, Mull received a master's in fine arts at the Rhode Island School of Design. Finding the art world boring, he promptly set about to give it a little pizzazz and soon afterward became, he says, the first person to hold an exhibition in the men's room of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He also claims to be the first person to reproduce a Matisse reclining nude in hors d'oeuvres: five gherkins on a matzoh. "I've always been a show-off," he explains. After a few more such antics, Mull turned his protean talents to the rock-'n'-roll scene, which has yet to recover. He's recorded two albums for Capricorn, *Martin Mull* and *Martin Mull & His Fabulous Furniture in Your Living Room*, and has just finished a third—called *Normal* because "I've gotten into taking my temperature lately. I'm trying to develop hypochondria." In order to perform his smash-nonhit single *Dueling Tubas*, Mull taught himself to play the guitar and tuba simultaneously, another first. On a more serious note, he's composed scores for public broadcasting's *Great American Dream Machine* and *The 51st State*. Always blazing new trails, Mull is hitting the road this spring with *The Martin Mull Show*, using local talent in each city for a boffo opening act. What other artist offers such a chance to the baton twirlers, accordion players and operatic truck drivers of America? Says Mull: "Not only is it cheap but it's stupid."

FREDDIE PRINZE *out the window*

A 19-YEAR-OLD Hunga-Rican ballet dancer from Washington Heights? You gotta be kidding. Nope—Freddie Prinze came from the union of a Hungarian gypsy and a Puerto Rican girl and was raised in what he calls a "suburb of Harlem." He studied ballet and drama at the School of Performing Arts. But his real talent lay elsewhere: "I was best known for telling jokes in the bathroom at lunchtime." That was last June. Now his material's been called the funniest since Lenny Bruce. Watergate: "Nixon released the tapes because they promised to let him make an album." The ghetto: "We never believed in Santa Claus, because my father said, 'If anybody comes down the chimney, you blow his head off.'" Justice for minorities: "Hey, Pedro got four years for possession of money. They said it was conspiracy to buy stolen property." Drugs: "Bruce Lee died of an overdose of marijuana. He smoked a great joint, got really stoned and beat himself up." History: "Columbus was a pimp. Queen Isabella gives him all her money, three boats and he's wearing a red suit, a big hat and a feather. *That's a pimp.*" Bits like that (plus a lot of luck) have made Prinze's career read like a Forties movie script: Underprivileged boy with talent plays local club, star catches act, sics hot-shot manager onto kid; manager gets kid on Johnny Carson show—which is where it really began. "I smashed the place up," Prinze says. Sammy Davis Jr. was on the show that night and raved about Freddie so much that Carson asked him to sit down and talk—a rare occurrence in the show's history: Most comedians don't get to sit down until at least their third appearance. From there Prinze went on the club circuit and now he's signed for a television pilot called *Chico and the Man* ("like a Puerto Rican *Sanford and Son*"). Listening to Freddie talk about his rise from funny kid to TV star, you can tell his head is still spinning from the side. Think of it: Last spring he was wandering around the halls worrying about final exams.



CHUCK PULIN

FRED SEIDMAN



MR. MOYACHKI

(continued from page 162)

He did not ask for his glasses.

He went on a fast. He would fast until the end.

They came in, took him to another room, tied him down on a table, forced a tube into his stomach, put a funnel at the other end and let gruel flow down.

"You can't starve here, Mr. Moyachki," Humboldt said. "We won't let you. Every other day it will be food down the tube. The choice is yours." This doctor with the mustache came around to look down at him. "I imagine you don't care much for this, do you, Mr. Moyachki?"

He gave up the fast.

He also gave up talking. He would speak no more.

• • •

Humboldt told them, "Mr. Moyachki was not always as weak and submissive as you see him today. He just seemed to cave in one day. If you had him, Dr. Savery, what would you do with him?"

Savery, whose sun-tanned face was a study, said, "I don't know. It's a puzzle. There's something strange here." The other residents laughed and Coralee tittered. Some of the residents used the occasion to dart admiring glances to her. Savery went on, "He can't understand."

"Sensory aphasia," said a resident who wanted to make points. "Plus anarthria."

Savery, who had stood first in his class in medical school and had made waves as a medical intern, said with heavy sarcasm, "OK, let's drag it all out, all the jargon. Sure, he can't talk. But maybe he doesn't *want* to talk. He's given up. So let's be technical and call it *lalophobia* and say he's afraid of talking. Does that make everybody happy?"

"Dr. Savery," Humboldt said severely, "I must ask—"

"Is there any paralysis?" Savery interrupted.

"You mean of the speech muscles?"

Savery nodded wearily. "Yes, of the speech muscles. *Laloplegia*, if you want me to say it. I've studied, too, you know."

"What's your point, doctor?"

"I think it must be simpler than it appears, that's all."

"Is that a fact?" Humboldt said dryly.

"Then how would you explain eighteen years of his being a patient without any bright young doctor like you discovering this 'simplicity' you seem so sure about?"

"You say he doesn't communicate."

"You can see that for yourself."

"Yet you said he wrote on a wall."

"In broad, smelly strokes, if you want to be factual."

"What did he write on the wall?"

"Are you trying to make a fool out of me, doctor?"

"I'm asking you a serious question."

"The hospital should immortalize words written in excrement by a crazy man?" Humboldt fairly bristled. "Is that what you're implying?"

"It's a form of communication, doctor."

"The attendant who looked through the peephole and saw him doing this was rewarded with some of it in his eye."

"Mr. Moyachki did that?"

"He certainly did."

"Then you know what he thinks of the attendant and probably the hospital itself."

"Dr. Savery, why don't you give us the benefit of your infinite wisdom and tell us what you're driving at."

"I say this man is sane."

Humboldt looked at him for a long moment. "I would like you to prove that, doctor."

Savery said, "I can't. At least not right now."

"How long do you think it would take?"

"I don't know. I just have a feeling. Call it intuitive validity, if you want. There's just something about him, that's all."

Addressing the residents, Dr. Humboldt said, "The genius residing in Dr. Savery is going to unravel for us in the next few months—or will it be days, doctor?—what we have been trying to unravel for years."

At that moment there was a commotion at the door and Dr. Harold Lindgren, head of the service, who had opened the door without ceremony, ushered in three people. Humboldt, who would have been outraged had it not been Lindgren, was nonetheless put out at this disruption and seemed on the verge of saying so, having more than tenure, but Lindgren was acting strangely. He brought the three persons—a woman and two men, who were dressed rather severely—to the lectern and introduced them to Humboldt and the residents as if they were royalty:

"Dr. Maria Bassinov, a director of the Serbsky Institute for Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow; Dr. Nikolai Paskar, head of the special hospital at Chernyakhovsk; and Dr. Axel Chelny, chief of research at the Institute of Psychology of the Georgian Academy of Sciences."

Dr. Humboldt was impressed and shook their hands as Lindgren explained to the visitors his position in the hospital and, in answer to Humboldt's questioning gaze, explained in turn that the Russians were touring mental-health facilities in the United States as guests of the Government.

The residents sat in quiet expectation. Moyachki blinked his eyes and showed interest as the three Russians turned their attention to him.

Humboldt said, "We were in the middle of a case presentation here." He pointed to Moyachki. "Eighteen-year schizophrenic. Moyachki."

Maria laughed easily. "Your pronunciation, doctor. And you have them on. Have you been studying Russian long?"

"I beg your pardon?"

Dr. Paskar eyed her severely and said to her, "*Ne smeites' nad amerikantsami kotorie izuchaiut nash iazik.*" ("You should not make fun of Americans if they are trying to learn our language.")

Dr. Chelny, with a glance at Humboldt, said, "*Mne kazhetsia shto vy ego obideli.*" ("I think you hurt his feelings.")

Moyachki jumped from the wheelchair, faced them excitedly. "*Ia vas ponimaiu! Ia vas ponimaiu!*" ("I can understand you! I can understand you!")

Maria said, "*On govorit po russki!*" ("He speaks Russian!")

"*Konechno ia govoriu po russki. Ia russki. Ia rodilsia i vyros v Leningrade kogda on escho byl Petrograd.*" ("Of course I speak Russian. I am a Russian. I was born and raised in Leningrad when it was Petrograd.")

The residents stared as Moyachki began to sob his relief, taking in great gulps of air, putting his hands to his face. Humboldt and Lindgren didn't know what to do. The Russian visitors were visibly moved. Moyachki said, "I kept asking for my glasses. I kept saying '*Moi ochki*' over and over and that's why they call me *Moiochki*."

Dr. Chelny said crisply, "What is your name?"

"My name is Michael Pimen."

Maria said to Humboldt, "This man has been here eighteen years?"

Humboldt, numbed by the revelations, nodded dumbly.

"He must be released at once," Dr. Paskar said with some authority. "He is a Russian subject."

Maria said she wanted to know how Pimen came to be their charge and Humboldt haltingly explained it, trying to make everyone involved look good.

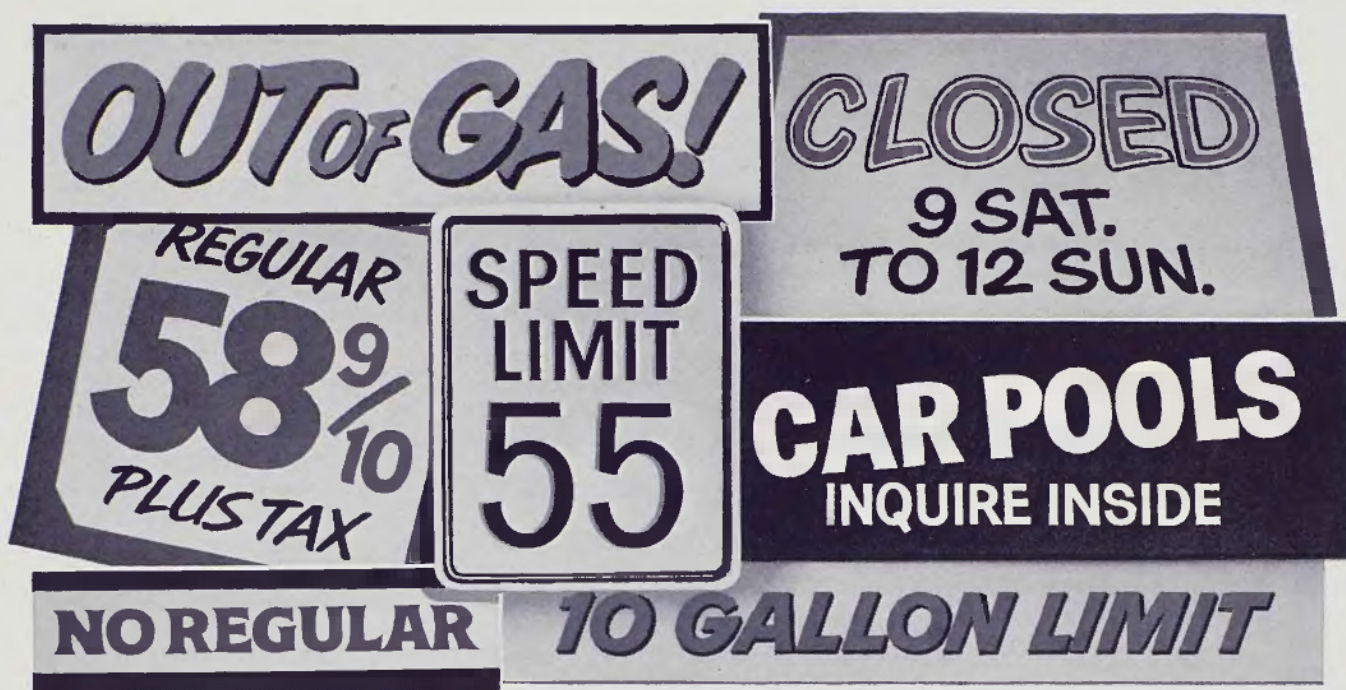
"Get me out of here," Pimen said. "And please, my eyeglasses!"

• • •

"But don't you see," Maria Bassinov said excitedly, waving the sheaf of papers in her hand, "you're an important man. You're important to *every* man wherever he lives—in Russia, the United States—it doesn't matter where."

Michael Pimen sat luxuriating in the softness of a lounging chair in the main room of the hotel suite, not excited at all. It was enough to be away from the hospital, to be away from the plastic cups that contained the liquid that dulled his mind, his senses. His brain, after years of numbing drugs, had come alive again. He was not the same man; those years were behind him. They said they were taking him back, and he was frankly worried about that, but for now, in the cool room with the whispering air conditioning. . . .

"Tell me about the *Krasnaia Strela*,"



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he said. "Is it still running?"

"Yes, yes," Maria said impatiently, "the Red Arrow still eases into the Moskovskii Voksal the way it always did. The train is as luxurious as ever. But—"

"Do they still play the hymn in the station?"

"Yes."

It was Glière's *Hymn to the City* and Michael loved it. When he heard it on the public-address system, he couldn't get it out of his head for days.

"They certainly play it loud enough," Maria said absently. Then she moved to him. "You had a brain tumor. Do you remember that?"

"I could not have had a brain tumor."

"But we checked and you did. You volunteered to be a guinea pig—you and twenty-seven others with cancers of one kind or another."

Michael wondered what she looked like, really. She had a very nice voice. Very soft, very warm. Unlike those at the hospital. Soon he would have his glasses. They had taken him to a New York optometrist who understood Russian. Yes, soon Nikolai and Axel would be back with his eyeglasses. "Moi ochki," he would say as he took them. He had to smile at the thought. After all these years. . . .

"And," Maria was saying, "you were

administered the Plasskov serum. That was Dr. Plasskov who was working on you when you decided to run off. Didn't you know that?"

"Serum?"

"For a horse, actually. It works on the reticulo-endothelial system. It annihilated your brain tumor, comrade. Yours and yours alone. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

Michael sighed. "When will they return with my eyeglasses?"

"Any minute now." Maria walked to the windows, put the papers on the table between them. "Why did you do what you did? Didn't you trust Dr. Plasskov?"

"I would have been sent back to prison when I was cured. What did it matter?"

"That is not true. You would have become a celebrity—what you are now in the eyes of the Central Committee. They have heard about you, you know." She came to him, put a hand on his shoulder. "What happened inside your body to kill the cancer is important to all of mankind. You will be given a medal."

"What happened to the others?"

"I don't understand."

"The other . . . twenty-seven."

"The other volunteers? It didn't work on them. They died. That's why what happened to you is—"

"So important. Yes, I know. That's

what you say." They had been feeding him well and he felt strong again. He was lucky. He had been lucky all along.

Maria fiddled with the papers on the table. "The report says you jumped out of the hospital window and fled into the night. They expected to find you dead when the others began to drop off, except that when the Jewel reached New York—"

"The Jewel?"

"The Finnish ship—the Jalokivi—the ship you were on. You were in the freight hold for nearly two weeks, unconscious, overcome by fumes from cargo chemicals. It's lucky that you didn't die."

Yes, he'd been lucky. And that is why he hadn't understood. . . .

"Then, when they fed you intravenously and you got your senses back, you ran out and off the boat and wandered about the city of New York."

Michael smiled wryly. "I thought this was Leningrad. I thought I'd been on the ship only that night. No wonder I wasn't able to find the Obvodny Canal."

"Or the Fontanka River."

"I survived."

"Yes, you did that. You have done that."

"I thought the police. . . ."

"That is understandable," Maria said quietly. Then, coldly, "What is not understandable, however, is the idiocy of the people here. Isn't there anyone here who understands Russian?"

"Oh, yes. There was a man—two men. One was a Muscovite and he sang songs at the top of his voice and—"

"Didn't you talk to him?"

"I tried to, but he wouldn't stop singing."

"What happened to him?"

"They choked him to death."

"And the other man?"

"He would stand up in his bed, lecturing. He was one of the volunteers for the Opolchenie—the People's Army who defended Leningrad—"

Maria said stiffly, "I am aware of the heroes of Leningrad, comrade. My uncle—but never mind. Couldn't you talk to him?"

"I tried to. I told him what they did to the other Russian, but he never stopped his shouting about how they all died before the westward advance toward Berlin, how horrible it was, the famine, how they all had allotted to them seven bullets a day."

"A rifleman, no doubt. What happened to him?"

"They tied him down, he bit through the ropes, they put him in restraints and he finally died."

Maria snorted. "Because they did not want him reciting the glories of the People's Army, no doubt."

There was a silence. Michael said,



"Mrs. Kern, words can't express my gratitude to you. I wouldn't be here now if it weren't for your donating your late husband's heart. I really couldn't accept his car and his three suits. . . ."

"Have you any word of my wife, Irina?"

"Dead."

"They questioned her, I suppose."

"Of course they questioned her. Would you not do the same?"

Irina was a shadowy figure now buried deep in the crevices of his brain. He could not even remember the color of her eyes. He wondered how she had died.

• • •

Nikolai Paskar and Axel Chelny came back to the hotel and entered the suite. Paskar carrying the new glasses in their case. They made Michael sit near the window while they put them on and adjusted them for him.

Instantly for Michael the air that had hung outside the windows like a mist became clear and he could see everything, including the building across the street, the dark smoked glass of the windows, very strange for windows.

They made him stand up and look down, and he beheld, far below, variously colored insects crawling in orderly rows down pathways, stopping at other intersecting pathways momentarily, then starting up again. He realized they were automobiles, and he was overcome by the sight, by the clarity with which he could see them, by the fact that man had created all this, that he was part of it, that he should be so high above them and still be safe and cool.

He sank back to his lounge chair, his chin quivering, his eyes wet. A tear rolled out and down his cheek and for a moment, before he blinked his eyes, he was seeing the world through a mist again.

Then there was Maria and she was standing before him. He was hypnotized by the young sweetness of her face, the blue black of her eyes, the pores he could now see, her full lips.

"What do you think?" Nikolai Paskar asked jovially. "What do you think, eh, Michael?"

When he looked at the men and saw how severely they were looking at him, he thought: NKVD. When they saw his face darken, Paskar asked, "What is it, Michael Pimen? What is wrong?"

"NKVD," Michael said miserably. "You're NKVD."

There was a hush. And then Maria moved even closer, turned his face to hers, smiled wanly. "There is no more NKVD, Michael."

"I don't believe you." He had to say it. "It's been changed to the MVD." Then she blinked at him, said sharply, "But it has nothing to do with you. We are *not* MVD. We are scientists. Doctors. We will take you back, yes, but not to prison. You will return a hero, as I've told you. You must believe, Michael."

"Michael Pimen," Axel Chelny said gently, moving to stand beside Maria Bassinov, "what has happened to you has



"Damn it, Mary . . . must your little lamb follow you everywhere you go?"

happened to no other man. We must find out why. We must find out how so we can make it happen to others. Do you understand?"

He didn't believe them or care much about what they were talking about. They didn't talk like NKVD. Maybe they were right. His eyes strayed to the window and he got up to look out. "I want to go down there," he said.

"No," Nikolai said. "We can't take a chance like that."

"You must stay here in this suite," Maria said. "We are all flying back in the morning."

So he *was* a prisoner.

Or maybe he wasn't. Maybe they were right, nothing would happen to him when they got back. But he had to get down there. He had to see this world before he left it, this world he had never seen. But he knew better than to ask permission. He'd wait. Maybe in the night, when they were asleep, he'd go out, see it all, if it was possible.

• • •

It was after midnight and it was cold and The Turtle was about ready to tell Honest John it was a waste of time, nobody would be dumb enough to enter Central Park at this hour, there were other places. He knew what Honest John would say. He would tell him there were a lot of dumb people in the world. And he'd be right. The Turtle rubbed his hands together, did a couple of deep knee bends before Honest John, who could hear what others could not, banged him on the shoulder and made him quit.

The Turtle stopped and looked to where Honest John was pointing. They saw an old man, a man in his 60s maybe,

coming up the path, looking around as if it were the first day of spring. What could he be thinking of? How dumb could you get?

They waited until he came up to where they were, then Honest John simply stepped out from the bushes to take his stand behind the man, putting the knife to his throat. "Not one word, baby," Honest John said. "Not one word."

The Turtle saw the man's eyes behind the glasses. They were wide and bulging with fear. His mouth kept opening and closing as he breathed hard. The Turtle made his search quick and neat but found absolutely nothing on the man, in his coat, in his pockets, no jewelry, not anything. He was surprised.

The man twisted away unexpectedly, something they never did. Honest John took a couple of steps and grabbed him again, pushing the blade hard against the throat. "That wasn't very nice, old man. Not nice at all." Honest John was mad.

"He's got nothing," The Turtle said. "Nothing at all. Nothing anywhere."

"Nothing? What do you mean, *nothing*?" Honest John was fit to be tied, The Turtle could see that.

The man started squirming. Honest John was so annoyed he batted the stranger on the head, sent him flying, glasses sailing into the grass. They watched the old man get to his hands and knees.

"*Moi ochki*," the man said, patting the area around him, searching, then looking toward them. Next, he screamed it: "*Moi ochki*!"

That was when Honest John had to finish him off.

THE ANTELOPE CAGE

(continued from page 132)

guilty about not having that kind of family himself.

The reason Harry Towns was so involved with the Vice-Presidential candidate was that, even though they were the same age, Eagleton's life, a slow, upward climb, was just coming into blossom, whereas Harry Towns saw himself as being on a downhill slide. Forget about his *seeing* himself on one. He really *was* on one. He could not even pass himself off as a fellow who had peaked. If he had, he wished someone had tapped him on the shoulder when he was way up on that peak, so he could have taken out a little time to enjoy it. Tom Eagleton wasn't into coke. He sure as hell wasn't shelling out \$300 a week for a quarter of an ounce and slowly easing his way into the half-an-ounce league—with money that should have been used to whittle down the huge stack of bills on the end table, money he could have turned over to his wife so she could buy a couch and some ottomans and have a complete living room like other people.

Was Eagleton seeing his kid once a week, taking him to a monster movie, a Mexican restaurant and then back to the train? Not on your life. Let's say that perfect family portrait in the *Times* was a little exaggerated for political purposes and that if you peeled off a layer or two, there were a couple of serious problems in the Eagleton family, the kind everybody had. A heart murmur, something like that. At least Eagleton had hung in there and stuck around, so that no matter how bad he felt, his children could see him before they went to bed at night. He wasn't stretched out in any king-sized bed watching a chest muscle snap. And finding traces of the hooker he had had up there with him the night before. (Harry Towns had been lucky with this particular hooker. She was a fresh young one, new on the street, and she didn't have a price list. She didn't say, "Turn over? Are you kidding? That's an extra ten." And when he unpeeled her, he had gotten a delightful surprise—long pretty legs, a perfect ass and the name TONY tattooed above one nipple. She apologized for the Tony inscription, saying, "It took six bikers to hold me down and do it." That's all Towns had to hear. He tore into her and the tattoo, and unless she was the world's greatest actress, he got to her. There was a line around the block of ones he hadn't gotten to, so he felt qualified to know when he had struck pay dirt.)

None of which altered the fact that Eagleton wasn't spending his time with tattooed hookers. He wasn't losing entire days sipping Light n' Lively milk, feeling shaky and looking up ahead to the high point of his day, a lonely midnight egg

roll. You didn't make that firm, steady climb to the nation's second biggest job with that type of behavior.

So then the shock-treatment story broke and under other circumstances, Harry Towns might have permitted himself an ironic chuckle. Except that he was in no condition to do any ironic chuckling. Besides, Towns looked at it this way: Even while Eagleton was soaking up shock treatments, the man wasn't busy busting up any families. He probably had a lot of life insurance and wasn't forking over any \$300 a week to coke dealers. He did his work, electrodes or no electrodes. A few blasts and right back to the desk. With no time for tattooed hookers. Unless that were the next big story on the horizon. Even if it were, it had nothing to do with Harry Towns.

He had been carrying around that notion of another try long before he had heard of Tom Eagleton. Towns didn't like the quality of his life, and he saw his wife and his old family as a means of protecting him from it.

During this time, he occasionally went out with a woman who boasted some distinguished credentials. She was a lady poet who had once bummed around with Ernest Hemingway. Towns felt that this lady was his link to the literary greats of yesteryear. He gave himself high marks for taking her to Chinese restaurants, despite her advanced age. It was a sign of his maturity that he allowed himself to be seen around with a woman who was not exactly a cupcake. But she was hard on him and made him feel that his behavior was not first-rate and true like that of the literary greats of yesteryear she had once bummed around with. For example, when she ordered fried carp with noodles, her voice was firm, her gaze at the waiter steady, and there was a sense of her having come up with a dish that was first-rate and full of integrity. Whereas, if Harry Towns went for the sea bass with black-bean-and-garlic sauce, she gave him a look of cold steel that said he had done something second-rate and not really true. As he spoke to the waiter, she would crane her neck around as if searching the restaurant for some small trace of the honesty and lack of pretense she had experienced in Paris during the Twenties. Hemingway or Faulkner would have picked Towns as a phony the second he placed such an order, he knew, and she was more or less acting on their behalf. So he didn't see her too often. If he was a little short in the integrity department, he didn't want it rubbed in. Still, he sensed that his notion of moving away from waitresses and hookers in the direction of mature women was a sound one, even though he hadn't had much luck as yet.

He sometimes thought of his wife—if he went back to her—as someone who could help him keep the cocaine out of his nose. She could block off the hookers and the other bad characters who had come into his life. And, while she was holding them off, he could get back to being a serious man.

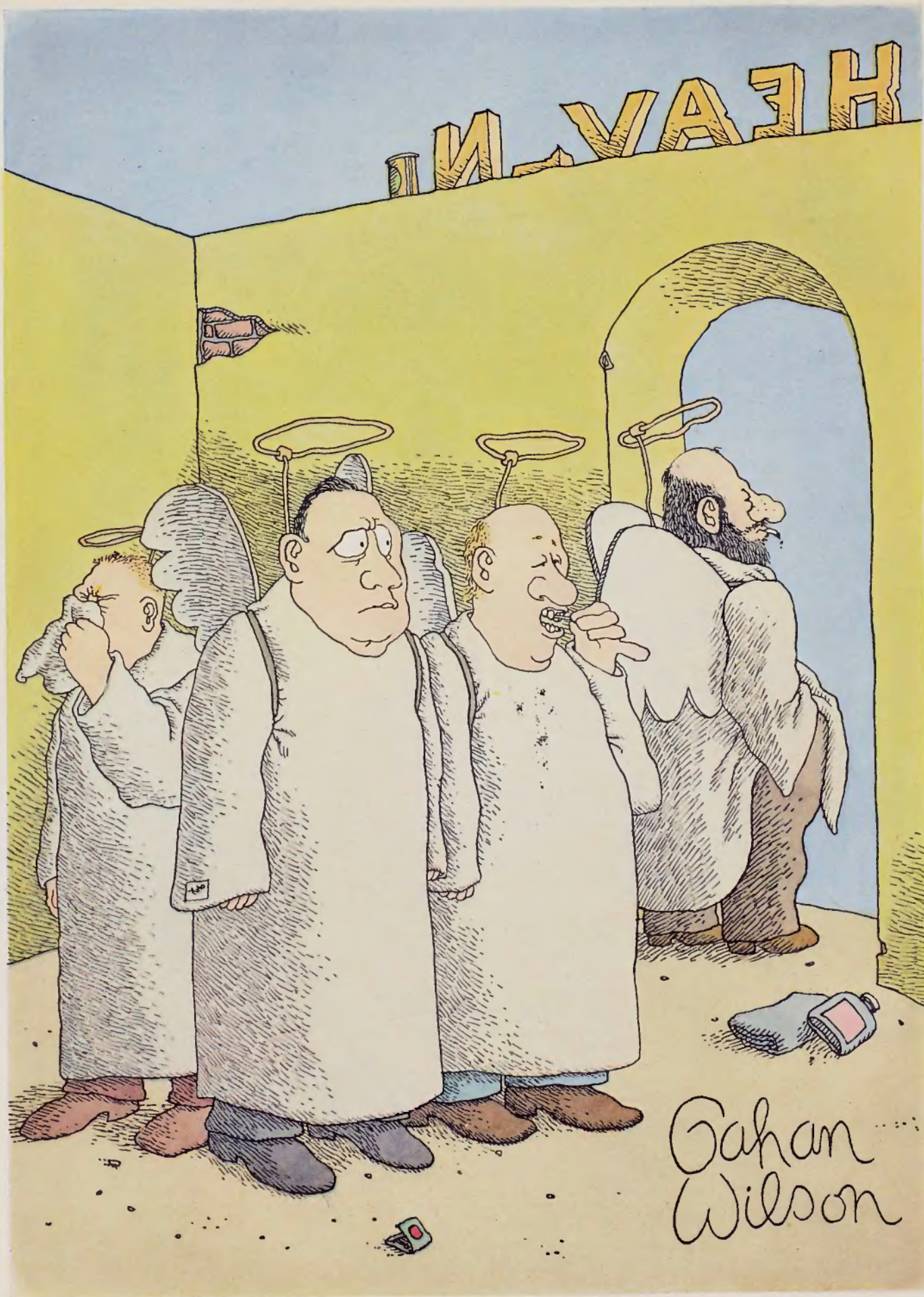
This included getting involved in television, which he kept describing as a medium ready to "step on the gas." He had once said this to the lady poet who used to bum around with Hemingway and she'd taken it as a confirmation of what she had always felt about him, that despite his lip service to Camus and Dr. Johnson, he was really second-rate. Ninth-rate, if you wanted to press her on it. Imagine Hem taking the tube seriously.

His wife had always said that when and if she ever wanted him back, she would tell him, straight out. So there was a certain amount of risk involved in letting her know he was ready to make the move. She could slap him right down. They had an arrangement in which they still went to a few family functions together, her family's and what was left of his. In particular, they went to one wedding. It brought out a certain amount of bitterness in her. During the ceremony, she said, "Big deal. In a couple of years, they'll be fucking other people." Towns couldn't get over the look on her face when she came out with that one. On the other hand, when they danced, after the ceremony, she held him in such a way that he could feel a little thrill to her flesh. He had never felt that when they were together. He took that tremulous little shiver to be her way of saying she wanted him back.

So, on this occasion, having tested the water, so to speak, he plunged in and said, "Listen. . . ."

And she said, "I know . . . and I want you to."

In what one of his friends had described as "a lightning move with her bishop," she had sold their old house in the country and taken what he saw as a kind of sliced-off apartment in an economical and thickly ethnic quarter of the city. It was a slice of an apartment to him in the sense that half of it was outdoors and terraced and the other half was indoors, long and skinny. He imagined himself having to stand sideways all the time to fit into it. But he had visited it, and it had terrific cooking smells in it and a sense of order. Heavy nourishing stews were always bubbling away on the stove; and there were bulletin-board markings, telling when floor shellackers were due. He looked forward to getting involved in those stews. And it would be nice to have some of those bulletin-board notations relate to him. Maybe he could even ink in a few himself. That would mean farewell to coke and egg rolls,



"Somehow I thought the whole thing would be a lot classier!"

except maybe once in a while on the latter.

He sublet his own apartment and made the decision to store his steel-and-leather furniture rather than sell it. It may have been that he was hedging his bets a little on that one. On the other hand, he loved his furniture and wondered if you were allowed to visit it in storage. He imagined a warehouse fellow taking him in to see it and leaving him alone with it for a while, then coming back to say, "Your time's up, sir." Moving some of it to the sliced-off apartment was out of the question. It would be like bringing a few hookers into his wife's apartment, and he didn't want to do that to her.

. . .

The first major event that happened once he had moved in was that his son swiped a giant pencil sharpener from one of the ethnic stores and got traced back to the apartment by a team of detectives. Harry Towns had been out buying some cigars. When he walked in, he saw his teenage son sitting on a kitchen stepladder in handcuffs. Actually, all he saw were the handcuffs. He didn't wait for the story from his wife or the detectives. All he knew was that the handcuffs had to come off. That was worth his life, then and there. Without raising his voice, he communicated this fact to the detectives. There was a good detective and a bad detective, and the good one unlocked them. The bad one, a dead ringer for a French mime, was breathing heavily from the exertion of getting the cuffs on. Harry Towns had not done any sober reasoning. He could not get his eyes off the handcuffs and he could not think past them. They had nothing to do with him or anyone that came from him. They were for other people. His family, his son, his father, his uncles were not handcuff people. So how could his son be? Once the handcuffs were off, Harry Towns calmed down a little.

His son didn't say a word but simply looked at the detectives with what appeared to be gratitude for confirming feelings he always had about police. Later, Harry Towns would say something to the effect that they were doing their job, but the boy would not forgive them for putting cuffs on him over a sharpener, one he had taken because he had three years of bum knees and occasionally did things that were a little out of sync. And he had no dad around to keep an eye on him. He would not forgive them, but he also loved them for letting him hate them.

Meanwhile, Harry Towns swung into action. This took the form of getting a distinguished attorney with frail kidneys down to the apartment in 45 minutes. On a weekend. There was talk about booking Towns's son, but there was also a quiet hint from the attorney that there had been an illegal entry; it got settled

by everyone's agreeing to sit by silently while the bad detective delivered an uninterrupted lecture to the boy about how he shouldn't grab sharpeners that weren't his, since it led to major crimes. It was difficult for Towns to sit by during the lecture, but he held himself in check. After the talk, the two detectives shook hands all around and went home. The attorney stayed for a brandy, Harry Towns wondering all the while if his kidneys hadn't been further imperiled by the excitement. How could they not have been? He came to the conclusion that this attorney should restrict himself to a calmer form of law.

Harry Towns thought it was certainly lucky he was around for this episode. Otherwise, the boy would have had to remain in the cuffs for a long time. Maybe overnight. He had moved back to his family in the nick of time.

At the wedding, Towns's wife had said it would be terrific for them to get back into one bed again. He was not licking his lips over the prospect, but he was more than willing to go with it. The first time he walked into the bedroom, he saw that she had bought two identically sized beds and thrown a quilt over them to make them look like one. So, technically speaking, it wasn't one bed. And it was more than technical. It meant that someone had to go over to someone else's side. And there was a crevice in the middle. Sometimes he thought of it as a deep one that you could go plunging into, like a skier missing a jump. Later, they would find you at the bottom, crumpled up.

She made love to him in a dutiful way, which he supposed was an advance over their old days together, when, for the most part, it was no dice. In a court of law, he would have to say she made herself "available" to him. She was "responsible" in bed, he had to give her that. Just as she was responsible in making neat floor-shellacker notations on the kitchen bulletin board. But he couldn't stir up the shiver and thrill he had felt in her flesh during the wedding dances before they got back together. There were a thousand early reasons for this—and sometimes they talked about them until they were blue in the face—but he had his own theory, and it was one he found difficult to discuss. It had to do with the instant they had met.

Long ago, when he had seen her for the first time, he hadn't been able to speak. She was so beautiful then that nothing in his mouth had worked. On the other hand, when she had gotten a load of him, her smile, which struck him as being on the perfect side, had dropped a little to the right, although she'd tried bravely to keep it even. The girlfriend who had fixed them up had led her to believe that he had another kind of face. Once again, bravely, she'd tried to go with what she saw as his "truck-driver" features, but she had clearly been hoping

for someone finer looking. Like the cabaret piano player who had been her previous lover. Or would have been, if girls had had lovers in those days. That's where it began, he believed, and that's where it would end. Exhibit A: Her face stopped his heart. Exhibit B: He didn't look like a cabaret piano player. He didn't care if a massive land army of psychoanalytical giants converged on him with evidence to the contrary, he was sticking to that. It was ironic, too. She was in her 40s now, with a new set to her jaw, and if there was anything that stopped his heart, it was her courage in turning herself inside out. Coming out from behind layers of make-up and forgetting about her ankles, which she had always felt were too wide.

He did a *Cosmopolitan* magazine thing one night, staying out late with her and checking into a hotel with no luggage. He fed her cocaine (his idea, not *Cosmopolitan's*) and predictably, asking no questions, she lunged out for it and swore she was reborn. She tore at him, her body pleading, but she could go only so far with it and, at one point, she drew back, holding his cock, as though in mortgage, and asked him to say he would never use it on anyone else. As her part of the bargain, she would take care of it. He asked her if she would please give his cock back, because he didn't feel like making that kind of promise to anyone. He didn't see any need to. It was all very desperate. He wanted to be with someone he didn't have to make that kind of promise to. If and when he found that kind of person, there wouldn't be any need for promises. And it followed that he wouldn't go passing it around, either. And what if he did once in a while? How would it affect Western civilization?

From then on, he stayed on his side of the twin beds that were disguised to look like a double and never again risked breaking his bones by leaping over the crevice. What he did was switch over to running for a while. There was a track nearby, and after a few months of getting nowhere, being a tired fellow with frail arches, he got good at it. She eagerly pitched in and helped him along. A new bulletin-board notation said: "Wash Harry's sweat suit." She would do anything for him. The only thing she couldn't do was make believe he had the delicate features of a cabaret piano player.

He would waltz out of the sliced-off apartment in his sweat suit, wearing three heavy rings on his fingers that might just as well have been brass knuckles. This was in case anyone in the highly ethnic neighborhood fucked around with him. The biggest challenge was in letting young Catholic high school runners breeze past him while he kept his pace. There was another type of fellow, who would high-kick by in a snotty way, but he knew this style of runner

**Good
sunglasses
actually
help your game.
Any game.**

Your ever-working eyes consume an amazingly big share of your total body energy. If you abuse them, they'll use up more than their share. So you'll tire faster—at work or whatever game you play. One more reason for wearing *good* sunglasses. Ray-Ban SunGlasses were developed for our army pilots at the request of our government. They are designed to provide the best possible protection from visible glare, ultraviolet and infrared rays. Ray-Ban lenses are distortion free and allow good color perception. All this saves your eyes from overwork and strain. So spend your sunshine hours in Ray-Bans. Save your energy for the game. Choose from a great collection including newly added Photochromic lenses and luxurious Optyl frames. From \$10. Write for our free booklet "Sunglasses and Your Eyes", Bausch & Lomb, Dept. 666, Rochester, N.Y. 14609

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would drop out, just as soon as he was around a bend where Towns wasn't able to see him. You couldn't run for miles with those high kicks, and distance was what Harry Towns was after. You had to keep your feet low to the ground, almost shuffling. Once, in the early evening, when it was cool, he broke five miles and for a minute or two, he felt he could run forever. His chest didn't hurt anymore. Watching him from the terrace of the sliced-off apartment, his son said he seemed to be crawling. "I'm shooting for distance," said Harry Towns, "and I'll bet you there isn't one guy in fifty my age can go that far." His son agreed with him on that one, but you could tell he wished his dad would pick up the pace a bit. It was probably embarrassing to have a father crawling around the track with young Catholic guys zipping past him. Still, Harry Towns loved the running and burst out of the building each day as if he were gasping for oxygen. That was his life: running and stews. Maybe if he kept running, he could bounce right along to the end of the line. Running; hot stews; bulletin-board notations; some writing for television, a medium that was ready to step on the gas; and out. What was so bad about that? What was bad was

that he saw his life as having a giant lie buried in the middle of it, one that had to be plucked out.

One of the developments that had got him back to his family was the loss of his mother and father, back to back, his father in particular. When something like that happened, weren't you supposed to hold on to whatever you had—your son, your wife, stews? He had done that, but now another impulse took hold of him—to stop the shit. To pare himself all the way down to something clean. To get rid of everything and find out once and for all if there was anything clean to get down to. That meant saying goodbye to the doctor he wasn't comfortable with, and the insurance man he had inherited from his folks, and the ancient dentist who pinched his gums. And not writing for television, which, let's face it, was not ready to step on the gas. Most of all, it meant setting himself, almost like an Olympic athlete, a fellow from East Germany, so that he got all of his strength concentrated in his legs and his arms and could haul out the lie.

So he stopped running and told his wife to hold off on the stew one night because he wanted to talk to her in a restaurant, even though it was in the middle of

the week. They picked a restaurant that he didn't consider very romantic, though she did. It went exactly the way it had at the wedding. He said, "Listen . . ." and she covered his folded hands, kissed him, getting back that fragile gently tissue give to her flesh, and said, "I know." This was some girl. And boy, did he love her now. She had tiny experiential lines around her eyes; she no longer had a summer fragrance to her, and the face that had stopped his heart, but she stopped it another way. He generally switched off when someone said that mature women were like vintage wine, but he had to confess that the comparison applied here. Maybe that's why so many people used it. A favorite kind of film of theirs was one in which the perfect lovers would part at the end, sadly, but with no question that it had to be that way. One of them, usually the girl, would ask forlornly, "Why, Bill?" to which Bill would say, "Because we have to, darling." Then Bill would ship out on a freighter, leaving her standing on a dock in Hong Kong. But actually, nobody *knew* why. It was assumed that everyone knew, but nobody did, and that included the trio of screenwriters who had thrown together the script. Maybe the studio heads knew and were keeping it to themselves. From time to time, Harry Towns and his wife would laugh about that kind of picture, and now they were following the same story line. He couldn't put his finger precisely on the reason he was leaving, either. He was unhappy and that was enough for him.

This time, when he packed, he took all his slacks. He went through his bureaus and took along every trace of himself. For all her new perfection, she stood by and watched him pack, saying, more than once, "Are you sure you've got everything?"

Harry Towns was so anxious to get the slacks and old bandannas out of there, he almost forgot he had nowhere to take them. He quickly rented the first place an agent showed him, making sure only that it was a giant departure from the coldness and impersonality of his former steel-and-leather apartment, 33 floors above the city. He took one giant room, a kind of studio in a brownstone. It wasn't exactly a bare room, since it had two long smoked-glass mirrors to cover the charm department. It also had a loft that you climbed up to for sleeping. He was worried about crashing through to the sink below, but the landlord assured him it was built by a Greek, who guaranteed that a dozen people could do tempestuous, high-kicking dances up there and it would hold them.

Harry Towns didn't pay enough attention to the neighborhood he was in, and it turned out that there was no neighborhood. The apartment was ringed by elegant hotels with carpets out front.

(continued on page 178)



"If it's Tuesday, you must be Belgian."

The Great Escape



Comin' at you—the famous Jeep® CJ-5, the ultimate get-up-an'-go machine. Get a hold of one of these babies, like this sporty Jeep Renegade and you're in for the ride of your life.

She was born to run free far from the pavement. Built to take hard knocks in her stride, the Renegade boasts a brawny suspension, heavy

duty axles and a tight 32.9 ft. turning diameter. Roll bar, fender lip extensions and special aluminum wheels come with this spirited beauty. Plus 304 V-8 engine, improved brakes and a dazzling assortment of colors and options.

'74 Jeep Renegade for a really great escape.

Jeep  **CJ-5**

From A Subsidiary of
American Motors Corporation

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



HOT COUTURE

Nostalgianiks are grooving on everything from Fifties rock to pre-World War Two radio, so it isn't surprising that clothes fetishists are about to have their day: *Frederick's of Hollywood 1947-1973* ("26 years of mail-order seduction") has hit the stands (\$12.98 from Drake Publishers, 381 Park Avenue South, New York 10016). Filled with reprints of the old familiar ads for everything from tasseled pasties to "formal" gowns ("Worn by top Hollywood stars! . . . \$8.98"), this is the *definitive* Frederick's, *kitsch* as hell and very funny, with names like *Lace Scandal*, *Shock Sheath*, *The Living End* (a seatless girdle), *Two-Timer* (falsies for the hips) and hundreds of other puns. And, as Frederick himself says in his introduction, "Dumb fashion trends are not for us, or our customers." Right, Freddie, give us two Cupid's Darts to go, hold the crotches.

GOLDFISH A LA CARTE

With any hobby there's always the chance of getting religious about it. Stereo buffs in their terminal stages pay thousands for little gadgets for their amps. Pipe smokers lay out several hundred for a hand-carved meerschaum. And everyone knows what can happen when you get into cars. Well, here's the place for all you millions of goldfish freaks, wherever you are. Exotic Oriental Goldfish Company (1362 Phoenix Drive, Des Plaines, Illinois 60018) will get you the best in the known universe for only \$25 to \$4000 a pair (goldfish get lonely, too). Hand-selected in Japan and China, they're guaranteed to be the finest money can buy (we assume you'll be able to tell). Just remember: All that glitters is not goldfish.



WHO DO YOU TRUST-BUST?

If you're sick of getting steam-rolled by corporate juggernauts, you can take symbolic revenge by playing a new board game called *Anti-Monopoly*, available for \$8.75 from Anti-Monopoly Inc. (who else?), Box 2427, San Rafael, California 94902. It involves figuring out probabilities, but there's also a simpler method that leaves the outcome up to chance. Your move.



M*A*S*H IN MUFTI

Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland are together again, and just so you won't forget the boys' last big hit, 20th Century-Fox has named their forthcoming flick *S*P*Y*S*. As two Paris-based CIA agents targeted for elimination by their own side as well as by the enemy, our heroes are really out in the cold—despite the presence of the nubile French star Zouzou. With a name like that, you know she's too, too much.



INDIAN SIGN

So now that all your friends are into astrology and exotic travel, along comes a Manhattan travel agency, Orbitair International, at 20 East 46th Street, with the answer to a one-upman's prayers—a three-week, \$1598 astrology tour of India that takes a limited number of starry-eyed visitors to five major Indian metropolises (plus Katmandu in Nepal). There you'll be treated to some very heavy sessions with some of India's foremost astrologers, not to mention a palmist or two thrown in for good luck.



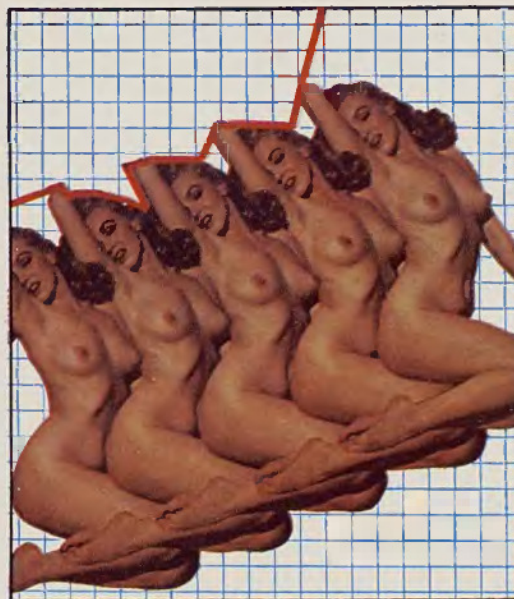
POWER TO THE PEOPLE

Environmental Energies, Inc., has windmills—or "aerogenerating systems"—on its mind. The idea is to whip up a bunch of electricity in your own home with units that range in size from 50 to 12,000 watts and cost \$600 to \$16,000. If the notion turns you around but you're not sure you can assemble one, send one dollar to 11350 Schaefer, Detroit, Michigan 48227 for a 32-page booklet that tells you how the wind blades connect to the alternator, the alternator connects to the battery, the battery, etc.



PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

So, you've been pedaling your ten-speed through the park for weeks, wearing your Abercrombie bike clip and your L. L. Bean riding socks, and still none of those voluptuous young things have raised a lid your way? Here's your answer—the High Wheeler, a replica of the 19th Century penny farthing. It's \$399.95 from the High Step Bicycle Co., P. O. Box 847, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Once aboard, you can be sure that no wise ass on his Bob Jackson is going to look down on you.



WE TAKE BLACK BEAUTY TONIGHT, MR. BLITT?

No, the car pictured here is not the offspring of a Ranchero that mated with a Thunderbird. It's a 1967 Cadillac coupe that Gordon Glover of 299-A Holly Neck Road, Baltimore, Maryland, customized into a luxurious one-of-a-kind six-wheel wondermobile and now is selling for a mere \$30,000. Those extra two wheels you're snickering about help support a 200-gallon gas tank. And since Glover's Black Beauty gets about six miles to a gallon, you can motor 1200 miles between fill-ups—provided you can find that much gas.



OLD PLAYBOYS NEVER DIE . . .

If all you folks who wisely bought PLAYBOY, volume one, number one, way back in December 1953, will sit down, we're going to tell you what a mint copy is worth. Three hundred and fifty big ones. That's what *The Collector's Guide and Price List of Playboy Back Issues* says, and if you'd like a copy to check on what your pristine editions may bring, send \$2.25 to Budget Enterprises, P. O. Box 592, Snowdon Station, Montreal, Quebec. Now, if you can only bear to part with them. . .

THE ANTELOPE CAGE

(continued from page 174)

Government officials in the Commerce Department stayed in these hotels, and also representatives of Southwest utility companies. If there was a place where you could get a grilled-cheese sandwich, Harry Towns couldn't find it. There were a lot of models out with their dogs, and an Italian hair-styling place that featured extreme and up-to-the-minute cuts, just in from Rome. He couldn't imagine establishing a meaningful relationship with a person who had one of those cuts. From Harry Towns's new window, he could see an art gallery and the embassy of a Persian Gulf country. The landlord said the street looked just like Paris, and he had a point there. The smoked-glass mirrors and the art gallery across the street added up to a certain degree of charm. Harry Towns had to admit that. Except that there was no place to get a B.L.T. down. Or a strainer. He got his cold leather-and-steel furniture out of storage and it just fit in with the smoked-glass mirrors by an eyelash. It looked a little as if he knew what he was doing.

The first morning in the new place, he got up early and did a little heartsick running in a park next to the hotels and wound up in a zoo. It occurred to him that he could have breakfast there, except that the cafeteria wasn't open yet. So he stood opposite the antelope cage while he waited for the breakfast place to start serving. In all his years of knocking around, he had never before taken a good hard look at an antelope, and now he did. What in the hell kind of animal was that? What did they need them for? And, on top of that, he started to feel a little like one. He and the antelopes were both waiting around, kind of directionless, their futures uncertain. He might as well have gotten right in the cage and stood around with them. He had a zoo breakfast, featuring zoo Rice Krispies, zoo milk and zoo orange juice.

The next day, he still felt so barred in, so antelopelike and functionless that he decided to do something fast. Trips always helped, and so he did some quick packing and headed west, to somewhere deep inside the country where he'd never been before.

He took a plane to St. Louis, rented a car there and headed for the unfamiliar Southwest, a place that seemed to have a lot of those adventure-filled names. He drove through Tucson and Yuma and El Centro, trying to soak up the local color. Finally, he came to rest—for a couple of hours, anyway—at a natural preserve called the Salton Sea, 30 miles long, very natural and empty. It didn't smell great, but he lay down on a large flat rock and tried to fill himself with a sense of vastness. It didn't work. After a few minutes, it stopped seeming very vast at all.

Then the idea came to him that he

might look up a Border Patrolman named Harmon who lived in a remote little town called Brawley. He'd known Harmon elsewhere a few years before, when he was doing some research on the Border Patrol for a script, and it occurred to him that he might say that he was down here doing some further work of the same kind.

Some years back, Harmon had made a name for himself as a famous highway patrolman. In pursuit of two young tire thieves, he'd gone sweeping off a bridge and had broken most of his bones. So they had shifted him over to the Border Patrol, where he was now famous for spotting Mexican illegals who had crossed the border and had made it as far north as Brawley. He was eagle-eyed at this, even though he was a little sleepy, and his bones were on the soft side. He could pick off Mexicans even when they wore sets of diversionary cow hooves, sold to them on the Mexican side. In two hours of bouncing around the outskirts of Brawley, with Harmon at the wheel of a jeep, Towns got to know all he wanted to about Border Patrol work. He liked the sniper scopes that had been developed in Vietnam and could pick off Mexicans in the dark, but that's all he liked about the work. Harmon tried to get him interested in the grid lines of defense the Border Patrol had set up to ensnarl the errant Mexicans, but it wasn't for Towns. When his new friend told him the patrol occasionally took in old guys, Towns let it go by. Harmon had a dutiful Mexican wife and Towns couldn't help wondering if, one moonlit night, he hadn't picked her off on a grid line wearing cow hooves and kept her for himself.

The Mexican wife served them dinner, and when she had dutifully gone off to grind something, Harmon took a few sleepy puffs on his pipe and told Towns about a girl he liked who was living in Brawley and wasn't like the other Brawley people. By the time he finished telling Towns about her, Towns knew that Harmon was in love with this girl but felt that because he was sleepy all the time and his bones were lopsided, there was no way for him to have a shot at her. He worshiped her from a distance and slipped her regular chunks of his Border Patrol salary, easily finessing these sums past his wife, thanks to the language barrier. "She doesn't have a wicked bone in her body," said Harmon, who, come to think of it, related an awful lot of his thinking to bones. There was an exchange of glances between the two men that said Towns was allowed to meet her and, if it went that way, to fuck her, but he wasn't to hurt her in any way. If he did, Harmon would come after him, in his sleepy, soft-boned style.

The girl came over to meet Towns in his Brawley hotel and he immediately

went into a nonstop recitation about the back-to-back loss of his folks, and how he had broken up his family and wasn't sure which way he was heading. He hadn't expected to tell her all that, but he got it in with one burst before she said a word. She wasn't so much listening as waiting for him to stop and, when he did, she went for him as though he were a lobster dinner and she hadn't eaten in a week. She seemed to have been waiting for someone to come into Brawley and say he had lost his folks, busted up his family and was rudderless. This was a fine stroke of luck for Harry Towns, but it was also puzzling, because, appearance-wise, she was the kind of girl he generally wrote off, right at the top, as being for other people. He tended to think that this kind of girl was out of his league. He kept saying he would get around to girls like this at some later point. After he had won some kind of outstanding-citizen's award.

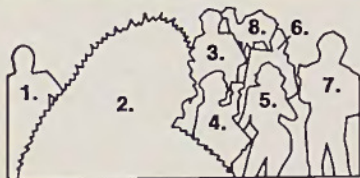
She was blonde and had a slender, long-legged, playful kind of New England body. He had seen this kind of girl with other men, fellows with massive rolling banks of attractively disordered hair and Juan-les-Pins suntans. He generally spotted them leaving restaurants. Sometimes he got a defective version of this type of girl, one who was old or had a speech impediment; but until he got to Brawley, he had never had the real McCoy. That was supposed to be coming up later, except that later seemed to be now. Right there in Brawley. What did she see in him? That Harmon must have given him some introduction. She couldn't have been more than 24; and she didn't have a limp or a skin condition that was immediately discernible to the eye. She was *it*, a flirtatious, prime, Government-inspected, New England-finishing-school, horse-jumping, delicious-smelling, blue-eyed, absolutely A-number-one specimen of bloneness who, to cap it all off, delivered the goods. Ten minutes after they met, she was sucking him off, using inventive little finishing-school tricks, as if she were terrified of missing the mark and being dismissed with a bored wave of Harry Towns's hand. Maybe Brawley had something to do with it. All they had there were Harmon and fellows who worked for feed companies. Not too many screenwriters passed through Brawley, even depressed rudderless ones.

He tried his best to settle in and enjoy her, but the missing pieces kept nagging him. He had told her straight out the way he was, not feeding her *pâté*, caviar, cold white wine and shoving cocaine in her nose, his usual style. Instead, he came right out and gave her rudderless. Maybe that's what it was. Maybe if he did that more often, he could be one of the fellows seen leaving restaurants with this type of girl. Her lovemaking had a stop-and-start style to it. Each time they finished one section, she would sit up with

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



© 1973 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



Even at the Zoo everybody has a gimmick...almost everybody. Find the one who doesn't. **1.** No. He's Miles Tugo, underwear salesman pretending he's a jogger. Gimmick: Cigarettes with filters so thick every time he inhales, his ears pop. **2.** Meet Livingston I. Presume, gorilla. A latent Homo Sapien, who throws tires at anybody who doesn't believe in Evolution. **3.** Nope. He's Jerry Bilt, zoo painter. Holds gimmick: A long pole to paint ape's cage (says he's allergic to fur and having his leg pulled off). His

Maxi-Long cigarettes easily break in half, too. **4 & 5.** No and no. They're Sam and Janet Evening, movie team making a low budget jungle picture: "King Kong Gives Detroit A Hickie." **6.** He's Skip Tickle. Was given this address to deliver 12 Chinese dinners. Gimmick: Smokes cigarettes with filters so hollow he talks with an echo. **7.** Right. He prefers wildlife to wild gimmicks. Wants no nonsense in his cigarette, either. Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco. **8.** No. It's either the symbol of a high-quality cigarette, or a high-rise sheep.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody
(but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. 73.

her back arched, put her fingers to her lips as if she were a secretary who had forgotten an important memo, then shrug it off and return for the next section. He liked those pert secretarial pauses, particularly after he mastered the rhythm of them. He could not imagine ever getting tired of them.

That first night, he walked her back from the hotel to her small ranch house, which was hair-raisingly neat, and found another missing piece, except that it was a terrific one. She had a little girl who was a direct replica of herself, with a soft and Continental overlay that gave the New England style some seasoning. "She's awful," said her mother, as she hopped right up on Harry Towns's lap. "She goes around all day with no pants." As if Harry Towns had to be told that. He knew that the second she hopped up there, even though he wasn't used to little girls. He did freight-train imitations and coin tricks, quickly exhausting his repertoire, but she stayed on his lap anyway. She would have stayed on there for a few weeks if her mother hadn't pried her off. The Continental leavening came from her father, a product of Rio nobility, who had sworn he was coming to get her, using bribes and guns, if necessary. For about a week, Harry Towns forgot all about his past and his roots and got right into the middle of this situation, seeing himself as a fellow whose obligation it was to stand between the two females and the south-of-the-border nobleman who had beaten them both up, causing them to flee Rio and hide in Brawley. That father was banned from the States for poor moral character; but if he ever bribed his way ashore and made his way inland, tracking his old family down, Harry Towns felt confident he would know how to deal with him. In the event that he brought along Rio guns, there was always Harmon to help out. He sympathized with the Latin for wanting to have his daughter back, but there was no excuse for his slamming the two of them around. Harry Towns gave his new friend \$700 as a step toward putting some legal distance between herself and the Rio man. She protested an awful lot about accepting the money, but he got her to take it anyway. He was never in any doubt that she would. And it was money he needed.

The yellow-haired New England girl was a bit like a high-keyed filly; each night he stroked her and made love to her, often just to calm her down. They made love on a rug in front of a fireplace, even though it was much too hot for that in Brawley. It was because she was romantically inclined that she felt she had to bring the fireplace into play. After one of her secretarial pauses, instead of plunging on to the next love-making sequence, she jumped up and decided they all ought to sweep off to Bali. Only she wasn't kidding. Before the

Rio nobleman had developed a poor moral character and started smacking her in the head, they used to do things like that—sweep off to Bali or Villefranche. The whole fun of it was to do it on impulse. Harry Towns was charmed by her jumping up and down naked, saying, "Let's do it, let's do it," but he wasn't one of those people. He was more deliberate.

She made the suggestion that they both refer to his cock as Pepe, and that's another move he didn't much care for. "It's just part of my body," he said. "There's no need to give it a name." He really disappointed her on that one; she made many efforts to get the name to stick, which he fended off. Greeting him at the door, she would ask, "How's Pepe today?" To which he would say, "Look, I'm willing to go with you on a lot of things, but I'm just not buying Pepe." He would have bet anything that the Rio man went in for that. That's probably where the idea originated. The Rio man probably wouldn't dream of going around the corner unless he had at least three names festooned on his dick.

After a few weeks in Brawley, he started to get a little lonely, even though he wasn't sure what he was lonely for. He missed his son, but he knew the boy was all right, so he didn't miss him that much. Did he miss his new apartment, the one that was in the middle of regally carpeted hotels? How could he miss his mother and father back East, when they were underground? Did he miss his father's pocket watch and the picture of both his folks? Maybe it was Brawley that was getting to him, a place that was built for driving through but definitely not for staying in.

Each little wave of loneliness got the girl more keyed up; she had terrifically keen antennae for loneliness. Whenever a wave of it broke against Harry Towns, she popped her fragrant little daughter onto his lap and the child clung to Harry Towns's neck. One night, when he was lying in the blonde girl's bed, she slipped her sleeping little daughter under the covers with him and said she was going out to get some fried chicken breasts. They were a favorite of his and they weren't bad in Brawley. While she was gone, Harry Towns hugged the little girl, who was sucking her thumb, and gave her quite a few licks between her legs. It was only later that he considered the possible consequences, that instantly upon hitting her teens, she would take on the entire male and female population of St. Tropez, including dogs and pet ocelots, in pursuit of those mysterious comatose primal licks. Still, at the moment, it would have taken a squadron of highly motivated commandos to hold him back. She pressed herself toward him and seemed to keep on sleeping. After he had done this, he knew he would have no need ever to do it again. He wasn't going to be one of those fellows who get rounded up

every time there is a local sex crime. The experience just wasn't apocalyptic. But he had to work it in once and get it out of the way.

When her mother came back with the fried chicken breasts, Harry Towns said, "All I did was hug her." The mother's smile had a mischievous wrinkle to it as she scooped up the little girl and slipped her back into her own bed.

"I'll just bet," she said. At the moment, he felt the Rio nobleman ought to be greeted at the docks with a brass band and Harry Towns shipped out of the country. But he also saw that he had been set up. It would have been different if he had tiptoed over to the girl's cot in the dead of night and leaned in for some furtive licks. But her own mother had slipped her in there with him. She could only have been giving Harry Towns a sneak preview of what it could be like if he stayed with the two of them. As the mother declined, which had to be quite a way off, her daughter would be ripening in the sun, blonde, fragrant, Continentally seasoned, ready to go on stage in her mother's place.

One night, a wave of sadness, bigger and more serious than the ones before, washed over Harry Towns. He tried to tell the woman about it, but all she could say was "Yes, you're depressed." Insightful therapy wasn't her long suit. So, to emphasize that things weren't proceeding very well, Towns suddenly drove his fist through the mantelpiece. It was made of thin plywood and the only damage was skinned knuckles, but the violence of the gesture itself brought on a genuine rage in him—a rage that didn't subside until his plane touched down at La Guardia.

• • •

In the following weeks, for lack of any better plan, he reverted to his old style, getting involved with a black, thickly gummed, new form of cocaine and a nest of girls who went in and out of drug rehabilitation centers. Each one was in her early 20s, going on 45, but temporarily pretty. He had to wait for them to sign out on passes in order to get at them. At least they weren't Pepe girls. He developed a small lesion on his penis, which he let slide; shortly thereafter, two of the girls phoned in and reported raging brush-fire infections in their bodily orifices. A friend of his, who ran into one, said, "What did you do to Holly? She looks as if she spent two years in the Mekong Delta." They had a chuckle about this, although when Harry Towns walked off, he thought to himself that he must be some son of a bitch for doing that to Holly.

Going back into cocaine, especially black-gummed coke, after a long time away, was like diving into a pool without checking the water level. Harry Towns cracked his head on the bottom. One

Rare Pleasure

We found a way to bottle it.



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night, in his loft with a freshly healed rehabilitation girl, he went into a deep coma, which was oddly pleasant until he realized he was not going to have an easy time climbing out of it. The drug-center girl brought him a great soup bowl of coffee, which helped Harry Towns get to his feet and over to the new doctor he had switched to. This man took care of people in the communications field and had once, reportedly, smacked a Secretary of State and gotten away with it. Towns liked knowing that about him. The new man said Towns had an illness of the blood that would keep him exhausted for months.

Once again, illness had come to his rescue. It always pinned him by the shoulders and forced him to give himself a once-over. The doctor told Harry Towns that this was the kind of illness it was best to ignore. Just hang in there, don't do anything preposterous and eventually it would peter out. It was a little hard to ignore. Following those instructions would be like living in a tiny apartment with an Irish wolfhound and pretending it wasn't there. But Harry Towns set out to ignore his illness as aggressively as possible.

At the same time, the illness was a wonderful protection against his old style and he worked it for all it was worth. The cocaine, for instance, fell into some sort of perspective for him. Though he wouldn't sign an affidavit on the point—the coke was a terribly alluring force still—he felt that he'd put the habit behind him. No doctor had so much as hinted at this, but somehow he connected it with his illness. If someone were to drop by with a fistful, Harry would be hard-pressed not to take a little taste. He had to admit that. But he would not be hunting it down any longer.

He fixed up his apartment. He did not stock it with priceless art treasures of the world, but he made sure that everything he picked out was something he liked. If he saw that a napkin holder was not going to give him any pleasure, he kept hunting for one that would. He threw out his smoked-glass mirrors. In some wild and circuitous turn of logic that had once made sense to him, he had felt they would be an aid in getting stewardesses to whip off their clothes. A friend had once described his old apartment as looking like an airport lounge. Maybe that was the connection. He bought some plants and took terrific care of them, pleased when they didn't die right off and loving it each time a new little shoot appeared. Once in a while, he would stand back and take a look at his apartment and wonder if it threw off the impression that an interesting fellow lived in it. He thought it probably did, but he couldn't tell for sure. He bought things like Swiss cheese and noodle soup and Crisco, and even weighed in one day with a head of lettuce. Each and every item

was nonseductive. And all this made him feel less rudderless.

Before he got too ambitious, he had to get his health back. He was not about to recommend it to friends, but he had come up with a remarkable illness and had to admire its ingenious turns. Between spells of weakness, he would suddenly be filled with great foaming cascades of energy, during which times he would construct myths, fables, encyclopedic films and novels—what seemed at the time to be ground-breaking theories of time and existence. He took a few notes and some held up. He took a glance at them when he got weak again. During the wild periods, it would frustrate him that there weren't typewriters that could keep pace with his output, that a hundred people weren't at his disposal to dispatch his work to the outside world, that he didn't have 20 lives in which to get all of it done. He was no judge, of course, but he didn't *feel* deranged. He just had all this energy and his mind kept swirling. These bursts took a physical turn, too. One day he snapped a handgrip together 175 times, besting his old record of 90. Once he ran seven non-stop miles, the full circumference of the nearby park.

And then he would get weak again, propping himself up on a pillowed couch, his arms hanging limp, fingers touching the carpeting. Normally, Harry Towns ignored his internal machinery and simply pushed on. Now he wondered for the first time in his life about the source of his strength, such as it was. Doctors had recently been quoted in the *Times* in a table that allotted points to a person for each of life's personal disasters. Loss of a spouse was worth 100, a physical illness 53, a job gone up in smoke 47. And so on. Adding up his own setbacks over the past year, Harry Towns—with dead folks, bones gone soft, a shattered family and massive financial setbacks—almost broke the bank at 299. According to the table, it was a safe prediction that he would currently be found strait-jacketed at Matteawan, staring blankly at the walls. Yet here he was, at one moment foaming with energy, at another surprised and a little impatient at being slightly depressed and a bit scattered. One night, a producer, renowned for forcing a long list of filmworkers into nervous collapses, got annoyed at Harry Towns and said he would see to it that he never worked again. Gripping a restaurant table with one hand and feeling the heat of his own eyes as they burned into the other man's, he said, "Don't threaten me." To Towns's surprise, the producer, toupee slipping over one ear, said, "All right, but when I say this next thing, please don't yell at me." Where did Harry Towns come up with this strength? Short years back, in the only job he had ever held, he had gone into paroxysms of fear whenever the boss's

secretary phoned and said, "Mr. Baldwin wants to see you."

How come he had suddenly come up with all this meat on his bones? Had he borrowed some of it from his dead parents' flesh? That was certainly an unattractive way to put it. But wasn't it possible he had now taken into himself some of his mother's brashness and ferocity, his father's ability in turmoil, to bend, like Japanese trees, and not crack in half? Until the hurricane died down. Some of Harry Towns's own material had been sprinkled in and, who knows—if each man was more than the product of what filtered through him in a lifetime, then perhaps ancient legend, myth and wisdom ran through his genes, too. If this were true, didn't his composition make Harry Towns a paste-up man, ready to fall apart if someone struck exactly the right chord, tapped him along one of his seams? He preferred to think of himself as some kind of strong, functioning mutation of a man. Could you get along if you were one of those? Have a few laughs? His guess was that you could.

The girl in Brawley had given him an animalskin bracelet and made him swear he would never take it off. He'd worn it dutifully after that and, in time, he'd forgotten it was there. Then one day, many months later, she suddenly telephoned to say that she was passing through town and to ask if she could drop by. Towns said yes, of course, and hung up.

Just at that moment, the leather parted and the bracelet fell from his wrist. The odds against it must have been about a billion to one—was it a sign? In days past, Harry Towns had always walked away from anybody who talked about signs or omens. Now he left the apartment and was careful to stay away for a full hour, until he could be sure that the girl had come, found no answer to her ring and departed.

For all his new fragments of insight, he still flailed around and sought ways in which he could be hurt. They were fewer than ever before and most of them were old and covered with scar tissue. There was his son, of course, and the second he thought of the boy, he knew they had him. One day, during one of the weak times, he suddenly started to cry about losing his boy. When Harry Towns was young, he remembered crying a lot, being ashamed of it and wondering if he were ever going to get past bursting into tears at the drop of a hat. He was positive he was an older crier than any boy on the East Coast. He remembered stopping just before he left for college—as he saw it, just in the nick of time. Now he was back at it again. In his 40s. Was he going to keep crying all the way through? Until they carted him off? It was a possibility.

At the moment, the tears related exclusively to his boy. If he could just see to it that nothing happened to him. On his



"Now, I ask you, your Honor, would anyone consider this a prurient film?"

own behalf, there wasn't much he could do about holding off major convulsions such as blindness and impotence. And of course, if he came up with cancer, his goose was cooked. But he made a promise to himself to work on a fall-back position, even if he wound up with one of those.

Both his mother and his father had died with enormous grace and lack of selfishness—never mind raging against the night—and don't think that didn't give Harry Towns an advantage. He would take that against any inheritance you could dream up. Which is not to say he had it made. That the world was going to be his oyster.

One night he bought a supermarket ready-roasted chicken and, in the course of eating it, plucked out the wishbone. It was the first time he had ever found himself holding both ends. This gave him a heady, uncertain feeling, but there was some pleasure to it and only the tiniest wisp of loneliness. It would be fun having someone on the other end—who could argue forcefully against that?—

but there were pluses in having both ends for himself. All bracelet coincidences to the contrary, Harry Towns remained a man who wouldn't touch a symbol with a ten-foot pole. But how was he going to let this one go by?

He had no idea how he was going to fare, although he was first on line in the curiosity department when it came to finding out. He sensed he ought to do the following things: go to Sofia, or places like it (with modest expectations); keep an eye out for a sweet and easygoing girl (what did he have to lose?); try like hell not to get hit with a brick. Treat each human being he came across with generosity—until such time as he found reason not to. That last one was vital to Harry Towns. And it didn't mean falling all over people, either.

He felt that if he made a strong effort to do each of these things, he had a chance of coming out all right. In Vegas terms, he was even tempted to give himself a slight edge.



GOOD GATSBY

(continued from page 109)

calibrated echo of all lay in the red-and-gold plush upholstery of the parlor car, which thus evoked the Roaring Twenties by conjuring rather the Naughty Nineties for which the Twenties had, in their turn, been nostalgic. It was a nicety not lost on the porter.

Bender's daughter, Penny, slid down off the piano he'd had brought aboard for her to sit on and came toward him across the parlor car, frowning worriedly. Pretty Penny they called her, that being what she cost him. Something his business manager, Poolwater, had said to her as he hammered out some vintage jazz at the keyboard had evidently disturbed her. Poolwater, in striped silk shirt sleeves with arm garters, grinned wickedly through the smoke.

"Daddy, he says we're bankrupt."

"Only morally," Bender reassured her with a pat on her alabaster hand. "Only morally, baby. He's just teasing you." She nodded and, comforted, went back to the piano, sticking her tongue out at Poolwater.

Bender watched her do the Charleston upside down on top of the piano as Poolwater thumped out the song itself. The party was on the boil. Oh, they would revive once yet the legendary Babylonian whirl to which so many so longingly looked back. The sense of speed, impalpable on a plane, could be exhilarating on a train. He fancied the glib scherzo of the wheels beneath them as rhythmically orchestrated with the collective beating of their hearts, wildly imagined to be pumping directly through their veins the '29 Latour they'd been drinking since afternoon of the day before, when, streaking through the desert, they'd had a lunch of Spartan simplicity—champagne and caviar.

Penny's inverted version of the flapper ended, applauded by several women now rather effigies of that incarnation of coquetry, some admitting to 50! "Believe me, if all those enduring young charms," Bender ruefully murmured to himself. Christ, was his wit as corroded as their beauty? Just then Vivian Surplus, her black eyes like two burrs caught accidentally on his own browsing gaze, drank to him only with these, being drunk enough to do so. "I guess you've still got it, old sport," he said with a wink at his phantom in the dark windowpane. "The old wastrel charm. But she's too old for granny dresses." Then he rose and slipped away to his bedroom.

Within the cool cocoon of sheets, he lay on one elbow and, through the window there, caught fleet, improbable glimpses of farmhouses and Godforsaken Baptist churches and small towns



"What's the matter? Don't you like screwing?"

Olympia Stein Offer



Olympia Brewing Company, Olympia, Washington *OLY*

These handsome hand-painted replicas of Bavarian steinware are made available to Playboy readers at a special one-time price.

And these impressive 21 oz. Olympia steins are delicately crafted in glazed ceramic with high-relief detail.

Please send check or money order to:

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Your Olympia Stein order will be sent postage paid to your address.
Please allow up to five weeks for delivery.

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Don't muddy up the googol.*

*Googol: The largest number of things that has a name. Webster defines as the number one followed by a hundred zeroes.

There are googols of little creatures squig-
gling and burrowing, flitting and squishing
under the mud, through the swamps and over
the sandy marshes. Sea squirts, copepods, lug-
worm larvae and the babies of little fish. Each
with a kind of a brain, each with the breath of
life. But their life is ebbing. And as they start to
go—you do, too.

You are standing on the threshold of time
in as sacred a place as any in the world. It's
where the life of the water and the life of the
land converge in biological blur. These are the
wetlands—the swamps and the mudflats that
sometimes smell like rotten eggs. These are the
marshes, clogged with weeds, swarming with
bugs, teeming with beautiful life. This is where
the moon moves the water in shallow ebbs and
floods; where the sun pierces down to the ooze
and the nutrients flow in a strange and mar-
velous way. Nowhere else except here in these
sopping grounds is there so much life in so
much concentration. But the life is dwindling.
And as these lands start to go—you do, too.

These squishy, mushy lands are where most
of our fish are born, the fish that feed the fish

that feed the fish that fill the sea. These narrow
strips of estuarine land are where the birds
come to rest and nest and feed; and they are tied
inexorably to the life support for the raccoons
and the bears and the deer a hundred miles
away. And to you.

In California, most of the wetlands are
already gone. In Florida, they're going fast. Once
there were 127 million acres of interior and
coastal wetlands. Now forty per cent are gone,
the precious specks of life in these treasured
lands exchanged for yacht clubs and marinas
and industrial growth. As we dredge the bays
and fill the marshes and cover the mud with
asphalt; as we spray our poisons and scatter
our waste and spew oil upon the waters—we
destroy forever the great forces of life that
began millennia ago.

But now we have gone too far. Because this
planet belongs not only to us but to them as
well. To the umpteen zillion other things that fly
in the sky and roam on the land and swim in the
sea and burrow beneath our feet.

Now, especially now, if we will only stop to
think—perhaps we will think to stop.

Sierra Club



Most of the people who come here were recommended by most of the people who come here.

You find an island kissed by the sun and you dedicate it to fulfilling every vacationer's dream. But do you succeed?

You create a life that's truly free. Where each day three glorious French meals are free. As is the wine that accompanies them. Where the tennis is free. And the water-skiing is free. Where the sailing, the scuba,

the snorkeling, the yoga are free. Where even the French lessons are free. And yet you wonder, have you succeeded.

You build a society on your island where money does not exist, except as beads around your neck that can buy a drink at the bar. Where the first name is the only name. And the dress is the bathing suit. Where the

help become friends and tipping is unheard of. And still you wonder. And then you find that every year most of the people who come to Club Méditerranée were recommended by those who have been here before. And you know you no longer have to wonder whether you've succeeded in building that dream. For you know that you have.



Club Méditerranée
Please send me your free 12 page color booklet with information on
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*A one week Club Méditerranée vacation in the Caribbean or Tahiti costs from \$170 to \$322, depending on season and Club location selected. (Slightly higher Christmas and New Year's.) Air fare not included. Activities vary according to Club location. Club Méditerranée vacations can be booked through any American Express Company or subsidiary office in the U.S. and Canada, or through your travel agent.

New Conceptrol Shields. A prophylactic created to make you feel like you're not wearing anything.



The whole idea behind Conceptrol Shields is to allow two people sensitivity when using a prophylactic.

To do this, we had to make a change: we changed the basic shape of the prophylactic so it would fit you better.

Sensitivity: The change wasn't drastic, but from the shape you know to a slightly contoured shape at the head. We feel this slight change will make

Conceptrol Shields conform easier to you, and give you a fit you're not getting from an ordinary prophylactic.

Strength: Conceptrol Shields are made from very thin latex. The thinnest we can possibly use and still maintain our quality control standards.

Comfort: They have a reservoir tip—a receptacle at the tip of the prophylactic. It allows you greater comfort.

Lubrication: They have a special dry lubricant which makes them neater than prophylactics with wet lubricants. They're also available non-lubricated.

Conceptrol Shields. Comfortable, strong and allow sensitivity.

We believe they're going to change your attitude about using prophylactics.

Available now at your local pharmacy.



Conceptrol Shields

TRADEMARK

World's largest laboratories
devoted to family planning research

© Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation 1973

We are making available through your local pharmacist educational material on the value of prophylactics in the prevention of venereal disease and "A man's guide to preventing pregnancy."

drowned in anonymity. Sounds of his own rolling house party drifted in: the arpeggio of a woman's laughter, whispers and running feet, a delinquent sigh. . . . He fell asleep hearing Feelingwell, the transplanted but still impeccable Englishman, apparently poking his head into the next compartment, say, "Oh, I beg your pardon, but isn't that my wife you're lying on? . . ."

. . .

When he awoke, it was daylight and they were in Omaha. The train had ground to a halt on a siding there. He could hear Penny's murmurous voice somewhere down the car. "Daddy's taking on some more money."

That was true. They were to refuel on currency here through a branch-office factotum Poolwater was to meet at the station, principally 20s to throw around for the rest of the trip, but also cash to pay the railroad crew and private staff Poolwater had been stalling since they'd left home and even before. Then why was Poolwater rapping urgently on the bedroom door and the next moment standing inside, his face a bag of worms, saying: "There's no more money?"

"I know that. So get some. Where is Abernathy? Didn't he show up?"

"He's out there. But he says it's all gone. Living too high on the hog too long—"

"This is no time for metaphors."

"That's right. You're wiped out. Credit exhausted everywhere, mortgaged to the eyeballs, even the train's being. . . . I mean you can't count the bailiffs out there with writs, court orders, papers—they've got more papers than the newspaper boy, I tell you. . . ."

Poolwater's face vanished, to make room for the porter's, phantasmally smiling, phantasmally kind. "Choo choo repossessed?"

That was it, then. The last fling had proved so much the best that his guests would never get to East Hampton. How consummate a host could you be? Bo Bender must certainly go down as the last, the absolute and definitive very last, Last of the Heavy Spenders. In a rapture of ruin, he could hear the news passed in whispers up the corridor, like fire along a fuse. People, most of them up all night, got off to look for a restaurant where they could get some coffee. The diner had been disconnected. He could see it being hauled round a bend when he raised the shade to look out, putting a hand up to protect his eyes instinctively from a sun that hadn't come out. Instead, the moon had risen again and hung like a mildewed lemon over Nebraska. His bacchantes were picking their way across the cinders to the station—among them Feelingwell, guiding his crumpled bride from tie to tie. The trip had been their

honeymoon—Bo Bender's gift to the pair. How long had this scene and all these ruminations taken? Five minutes? An hour?

The porter still stood there, chimerically smiling.

"So then y'all not gettin' off Scott-free."

Bender shot him a look, wildly imagining that he had heard right. He pointed to an eviscerated Gladstone bag on the floor.

"Would you dig that bottle of bourbon out for me, please?"

"That stuff is slow death, sir."

"I'm in no hurry."

So that was how it was all to end—all the antic splendor and squandered wit and phosphorescent gaiety, the beautiful damnation—in a last guttering candle end of repartee with a porter on a siding in Omaha. And his own end of it stolen from Benchley to boot. . . . Or no, wait. . . . Couldn't it have been that Bender himself made that rejoinder, to a cautionary waiter at the Plaza, way back Then? No matter. He had plucked it

whole, the mot, still mint-fresh, from the haunting jumble of recollections.

"Pull yourself together," the porter was going on. "Because you know what this reminds me of? The Thirties. Those were the days, in lots of ways. People who lost everything in the great Depression bounced right back. I saw it lots of times. You do that too, hear? Bounce back?"

Bender already had. He sat bolt erect on the berth, galvanized into fresh spirit by what the porter had unwittingly given him: not only the key to patience but the clue to salvage. Of course! As master of their revels, the muse of their festivities, he had not failed his party all that completely in the quest for that shining grail of Memory. He had, after all, missed their goal by only a decade, of the many to be traversed in their giddy backward flight. He had recaptured the Thirties, and, as his grandfather used to say then:

"Take the best you can get in the way of nostalgia, old sport."



"It's really ironic, in a world so desperately in need of love."

Perils of Power

(continued from page 108)

his partnership with the island's president, Fulgencio Batista, stronger than ever. New casinos and hotels were springing up almost overnight to dominate the Havana skyline and the country's economic life. With his instinct for self-protection and self-aggrandizement, and for putting his associates firmly in his debt, Lansky had cut a number of longtime associates, including Santo Trafficante, Moe Dalitz and several Italian mobsters, in on shares in some of the casinos (and had even helped some old entertainers who were down on their luck: George Raft, for example, was hired to greet the folks at the Capri; later he would do the same thing in London at Mob-ruled casinos until he was thrown out of England). Genovese had made no moves in the direction of Cuba, which suited Lansky just fine. But Anastasia wanted in, and Lansky gave a firm no that was backed by Batista. Anastasia was unwilling to accept that response. He tried to move in secretly through some Cuban businessmen, even sought to circumvent Lansky by dealing with Lansky allies such as Trafficante. The word, of course, got back to Lansky, who decided to dispose of the troublesome Brooklyn gangster. When he learned of the germinating Genovese-Gambino plot, he sent word that he would back it, mainly by permitting some of his Cuban friends and gambling partners to string Anastasia along, to disarm him with false hopes and optimism.

The intricate plotting against Anastasia—to end his life and, simultaneously, deny Costello the gun that might endanger Genovese—accelerated. Gambino and Genovese decided not to use their own killers but to give the contract to fellow ganglord Joe Profaci, who was a good and close friend of Lansky's and of Trafficante's. Profaci turned the job of Anastasia's execution over to a young thug named "Crazy Joe" Gallo, one of three brothers who relished such work.

Early on the morning of October 25, 1957, Anastasia was driven from his walled estate in Fort Lee, New Jersey, to the Park Sheraton Hotel on Seventh Avenue at 55th Street in Manhattan (as the Park Central, it had been home three decades before to Arnold Rothstein and it was there that he was murdered in 1928). At 10:15, while his chauffeur-bodyguard, Anthony Coppola, parked his new Oldsmobile in a nearby garage and then conveniently went for a short stroll, Anastasia entered the hotel barbershop, hung up his coat and sat down in chair number four, telling barber Joseph Bocchino, "Haircut." Then he settled back, closing his eyes as Bocchino draped a cloth around his neck, took a pair of clippers and went to work on the shaggy hair

that apparently had not been cut in several weeks.

The barbershop door swung open. Two men, scarves across their faces, stepped quickly inside and pulled out pistols. "Keep your mouth shut if you don't want your head blown off," one of them snapped at the shop's owner, Arthur Grasso. Then they strode calmly down the aisle, stopped behind Anastasia's chair, raised their guns and began to fire. With the first shots, a wounded Anastasia leaped out of the chair. Disoriented, he lunged at the images of the two gunmen in the mirror in front of him. A second volley sent him reeling against the glass shelf under the mirror, crashing to the floor amid a litter of broken bottles of hair tonic. As Anastasia lay on the floor, one of the gunmen took careful aim and shot him in the back of the head. Then the two hurried out of the shop onto Seventh Avenue and disappeared down the B.M.T. subway entrance at the corner. As they fled, they dropped their guns—one was found later in the vestibule of the shop, the other in a trash barrel on the subway platform. It had all taken less than two minutes. The gunmen had done their work and escaped. But despite their reputations, their efficiency and marksmanship left something to be desired. They had stood directly behind Anastasia, within a few feet of their target; they had fired ten shots; they had missed with half of them; of the five shots that found Anastasia, one hit him in his left hand, a second in his left wrist, a third in his right hip, a fourth in his back. Only the final head shot, as he lay on the floor, was fatal.

In the confusion that followed the murder of Anastasia, Genovese moved quickly to consolidate his gains and to assume the crown of *capo di tutti capi*. (With no fanfare at all, Gambino quietly assumed the leadership of the Anastasia family.) Then he summoned the leaders of organized crime throughout the United States to the first major underworld conference since the one in Havana in 1946. At the suggestion of Buffalo boss Stefano Magaddino, Genovese altered his original idea of holding the meeting in Chicago and scheduled the session for November 14, three weeks after the fall of Anastasia, in the sleepy Upstate New York hamlet of Apalachin, at the country estate of a Magaddino lieutenant named Joseph Barbara.

On the agenda were a number of pressing items: an official justification by Genovese to his peers of his attacks on Costello and Anastasia; a demand by Genovese that he be named boss of all bosses and receive, as tribute, cash-filled envelopes from the delegates; authorization of a massive purge to eliminate un-

reliable members of the Combination; the closing of books on the admittance of new members until the purge had created a tightly knit and loyal Organization; the formulation of an Organization policy on narcotics (for there was a growing belief that the massive antidrug drive by authorities was making narcotics too hot to handle).

What decisions the delegates might have made on any of these subjects is unknown; they never got a chance to vote or even to discuss the agenda. For one of the biggest blunders in the history of the Syndicate was to assume that 100 or more major racketeers could drive along a country road in an isolated area in their big limousines, many with license plates from distant states, all heading for the same place, and attract no attention.

In the days just prior to the conclave, Barbara went on a meat-buying and motel-room-reserving spree, and this sudden spurt of activity, signaling the arrival of a throng, aroused the curiosity of New York State Police Sergeant Edgar D. Crosswell. And when the Cadillacs and Continentals began driving up to the Barbara estate, Crosswell was more than intrigued. With his force of three state troopers, he set up roadblocks around the property, called for additional help and waited to see what would develop.

Hardly were the roadblocks in place, hardly had the racketeering galaxy begun to settle in, when a minor hoodlum taking a stroll along the Barbara driveway spotted the roadblocks and rushed back to the house to spread the alarm. Then ensued one of the most comic, and degrading, scenes in the annals of the American underworld. Scores of middle-aged and elderly gangsters, dressed in their hand-tailored suits, dived out windows, fled through doors and went crashing through the woods and underbrush in a desperate attempt to escape. Many did escape, including a lucky few who, instead of risking the wilds, sought shelter for several days in a cellar of the house, emerging only when the authorities had cleared out. But Crosswell, reinforced with additional troopers, managed to round up 60. It was a bag that stunned even the most sophisticated Syndicate watcher. In that haul were Genovese, Barbara, Magaddino, Trafficante, Profaci, "Joe Bananas" Bonanno, Cleveland boss John Scalish, Los Angeles boss Frank DeSimone, Downstate Illinois mobster Frankie Zito, Philadelphia's Joe Ida, Colorado's Jimmy Colletti, Dallas leader Jimmy Civello and many more. In their possession was more than \$300,000; it was to have been put in envelopes for Genovese; he would never get it now. (Among those known to have been in attendance who somehow managed to elude the police were Sam Giancana of Chicago, Joe Zerilli of Detroit

Something for menthol smokers to think about.

There are menthol cigarettes and there are menthol cigarettes. And if you're a menthol smoker you certainly know by now which one you really enjoy smoking.

So what makes us think we'll ever get a crack at switching you?

Well, we're going to try.

Because if you're like a lot of cigarette smokers these days, you're probably concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine stories you've been hearing.

Frankly, if a cigarette is going to bring you flavor, it's also going to bring you smoke. And where there's smoke, there has to be 'tar.' In fact, in most cigarettes, the more flavor, the more 'tar.' Except for Vantage.

You must know that Vantage cigarettes have a special filter which reduces 'tar' and nicotine without destroying flavor.

What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

Not surprisingly, what separates Vantage Menthol from ordinary menthols is that Vantage Menthol gives you all the flavor you want, with a lot less of the 'tar' and the nicotine that you probably don't want.

Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It's simply the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

Try a pack of Vantage Menthol and then you'll know for sure.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 10 mg. tar, 0.8 mg. nicotine, Menthol: 11 mg. tar, 0.9 mg. nicotine-av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.

and James Lanza of San Francisco.)

The result, in a number of ways, was devastating. Those who even tried to explain what they were doing at Apalachin said they were good friends of Barbara's, that they had heard he was recuperating from a severe heart attack and had dropped by to cheer him up. Others wouldn't talk at all, citing the Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination. Such responses didn't satisfy authorities and a number of those picked up in the raid were charged with obstructing justice, tried and found guilty, fined and sentenced to prison, though all the convictions were later overturned on the grounds that a meeting in itself doesn't constitute a crime.

The Apalachin debacle was shattering for Genovese. His dream of absolute rule came tumbling down in the ruins. Who among his fellow leaders would award unquestioning fealty to a man who had led them to such disaster? But more than just the dreams of kingdom were collapsing. Genovese's legendary ability to survive untouched was about to end, as well. His enemies—his estranged wife, his underworld foes, the Federal Government—were closing in upon him.

Anna Genovese had already provided an opening through which the Government could take a hard look at Genovese. Suing for separate maintenance, she had gone to court to tell why she thought Vito could pay any amount of alimony she desired. Their house in Atlantic Highlands, she said, had originally cost \$75,000, but Vito had plowed an additional \$100,000 into it for renovations and \$250,000 for furnishings—things like marble fireplaces and staircases, Oriental vases, Chinese teak furniture, Italian statuary, gold and platinum dishes. Anna had a closet full of gowns that cost between \$350 and \$900 each and another closet full of furs. Genovese, said she, "never paid less than \$250 for a suit. He pays \$350 for coats, \$35 for shirts and \$60 for shoes. . . . We lived very high . . . money was no object." Indeed, there never was a worry about funds. According to Anna, she kept the books all the years Genovese was in Italy, and from all his rackets, such as the Italian lottery, he was earning at least \$40,000 a week (the Federal Government would later estimate the Genovese fortune in excess of \$30,000,000). But life with the gangster, despite all the money, was no fun. Genovese, she said, made no secret of his bevy of mistresses and, worse, he often beat her brutally.

When Anna got through complaining, the court granted her a meager \$300 a week alimony and attorney's fees. Genovese loudly proclaimed that this was too much, for he was just a poor working-man who owned a few small businesses. As though to prove the contention, he sold his mansion and moved into a

A BOOMING BUSINESS

some of gangland's tactical problems are solved by a little strategic bombing



After he tangled with Mob rivals, Willie Bioff's world ended with a bang, not a whimper.

Chicago has been the underworld's bombing capital since before the turn of the century. In the city's Italian neighborhoods, Black Hand extortionists used bombs against shopkeepers and kidnappings against those whose wealth was not in the form of business property. In other neighborhoods, particularly the Irish, extortionists were also big on bombs but refined their threats from simple ultimatums to offers of "protection" (mainly against the protectors). In addition, bombs were the popular means of exposing the existence of some brothel or gambling parlor that had had the temerity to encroach on staked-out territory. With clouds of smoke and betting slips billowing out of a gutted storefront, the arriving police felt compelled to announce they'd uncovered an illegal gambling parlor. During the Chicago gambling war of 1907, pool halls and whist clubs, the usual fronts for gambling operations, were popping like champagne corks.

The bombs used to close down rival vice or gambling operations often were little more than giant firecrackers—a sizable cardboard container filled with homemade flash powder or black gunpowder. Such "cannon crackers," as they were called, produced much noise, concussion and smoke but usually did only superficial damage and rarely killed anyone. However, the Black Hand bombers were inclined to add nuts, bolts, glass and other shrapnel to their cannon crackers to make them genuine antipersonnel devices. (In the commercial-fireworks trade, any un-

usually large firecracker still is known as a Dago bomb.)

With the rise of organized crime in the Twenties and the proliferation of rival bootlegging gangs, which soon expanded into vice and racketeering, bombs and bombing became more sophisticated and more lethal. Cannon crackers gave way to dynamite, the longtime favorite of labor radicals, and to the homemade pipe bomb, a length of two-or-three-inch pipe threaded and capped at both ends, drilled for a fuse and charged with ordinary black powder from any gunshop.

The typical dynamite bomb consisted of two to five sticks taped together and detonated by blasting cap and common time fuse; special large models could dismantle a brick building. The pipe bomb had only a fraction of the power of dynamite, but its size and weight carried it nicely through a plate-glass window when thrown from a passing car, and the metal casing fragmented into deadly shrapnel, especially if serrated by file or hack saw. The professional version of the pipe bomb was the Army's Mark I Mills hand grenade—the traditional "pineapple" that was regularly stolen from Army and National Guard armories.

The more exotic types of military and industrial explosives—TNT, nitroglycerin and the like—were never widely used by gangsters, for the simple reason that they were harder to come by, in some cases more dangerous to handle, and dynamite or black powder was adequate for almost any job. (Safe-crackers often used nitro because of its

shearing power and the fact that it could be poured into a safe door through a drilled hole, but the usual means of obtaining it—literally cooking it out of dynamite sticks over a stove—made safeblowing a most hazardous profession.)

Chicago bombing reached its all-time high in the late Twenties, when rival gangs were not only competing for territorial control, extorting businesses and seizing labor locals, but also terrorizing political-reform candidates in behalf of the Mob-controlled machine. Between October 1927 and January 1929, 157 bombings were recorded in eight categories: gambling, vice, Prohibition, rackets, extortion, revenge, politics and unknown. The election of April 1928 went down in local history as the Pineapple Primary and one journalistic wag of the period was inspired to write:

*The rockets' red glare, the bombs
bursting in air
Gave proof through the night that
Chicago's still there.*

The bombings in the Prohibition category were akin to those in the old vice and gambling wars—to flush out a rival. Explosives were often planted in the furnace area of a clandestine brewery or distillery, and for a time police assumed that such blasts were caused by boilers blowing up.

By the end of the Twenties, bombing in Chicago had become a highly specialized profession whose members (called the Bomb Trust by newspapers) took pride in their work. In one rare instance of prosecution, a defendant indignantly explained to a judge that the absence of injuries to upstairs residents of a blasted building was no accident: "It was technical skill. I build a bomb to do its work and quit." He went on to bemoan the effects of the Depression on the bombing business, which by 1934 was paying only \$25 to \$75 per job compared with \$150 to \$200 before the Crash.

In the late Thirties, with the rise of the Syndicate and its more subtle and businesslike forms of crime, Chicago-style terror bombing declined; but for certain hard cases who could not be moved by friendly persuasion or who were too wily and well guarded to be removed by bullets, the bomb in the car remained a popular tactic.

Because dynamite is powerful yet safe to handle and relatively easy to obtain, and because it is easily detonated by a blasting cap triggered by a small electrical impulse, it remains the explosive of choice for car bombers. One lead of the cap is grounded by a clamp to some part of the car frame; the other is clipped onto the ignition coil or the terminal of the starter solenoid to deto-

nate the charge when the ignition is turned on or the starter is engaged. However, some bombers have hooked charges to car horns, headlights and even headlight dimmer switches in order to conceal the connections from victims who might routinely check under the hood for any strange wires.

The demolition of Dallas gambler Herb Nobel in 1951 required even greater cunning. Nobel was an independent feuding with a Las Vegas rival; he escaped one blast when his wife elected to use his car one day, leaving him a widower and a more cautious man than he already was (after the ninth attempt on his life, local journalists had changed his nickname from Clay Pigeon to the Cat). In the end, however, he was blown up while driving along the dirt road to his heavily guarded country estate. His enemies, skulking in the roadside brush some 200 feet away, electrically detonated a stash of gelatin dynamite buried at the spot where he stopped his car to check his rural mailbox.

The car bombing of labor racketeer Willie Bioff was more typical. One day in 1955, he walked out of his ranch-style home in Phoenix, climbed into a pickup truck, turned on the ignition and went up in a blast that stripped the truck of everything but its bowed frame and a couple of wheels.

Gangland bombings dropped off in the Sixties, possibly because racial terrorism in the South, right-wing paramilitarism in the North and finally left-wing political terrorism everywhere had been giving bombing a bad name. This may have aroused underworld fears of being confused with some radical group of interest to the U. S. Justice Department and the FBI. However, a rash of bombings did occur in and around Tucson in 1968, which seemed to indicate an outbreak of warfare between two supposedly retired Mafia leaders, Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bonanno of New York and Peter Licavoli of Detroit. Both men's homes were bombed, as were some businesses with which they were connected, and local newspapers raged against out-of-town gangsters' moving to Tucson and bringing crime and violence with them. The bombings, it developed, were apparently the work of an overzealous FBI agent who had decided the way to deal with organized-crime figures in Tucson was to make each think he was under attack from the other and thus precipitate an internal gang war. The scheme didn't work, partly because Bonanno and Licavoli decided the bombings were done too amateurishly and harmlessly to be the work of a fellow mobster.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

five-room clapboard bungalow on a quiet street in Atlantic Highlands, renting the house for \$100 a month.

Genovese's friends were stunned when, despite her revelations, nothing happened to Anna; the underworld had fully expected Genovese to deal with her in a manner befitting an informant. But, for some inexplicable reason, he could not bring himself to harm the woman he had won years before by ordering the murder of her first husband. Some action, though, was necessary, if only to show that he had not turned soft and, perhaps, to warn Anna that her singing days had better end. The victim would be Genovese's onetime friend and Anna's constant companion, Steve Franse, in whose care he had left her while in Europe during World War Two (and who had served, it appeared, merely as a cover for her dalliances with lovers of both sexes). As Valachi would later testify, Bender informed him that Franse was to be killed and the murder performed in a restaurant Valachi owned. Franse was lured there. Two Genovese killers were waiting. Franse was garroted and brutally beaten to death, then his body was dumped into the rear of his car, which was abandoned on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx.

This was an oblique revenge that did not save Genovese from the plots swirling around him. Anna's testimony had sent Federal authorities scouring his books and records, hoping to pin, at the very least, a tax-evasion rap on him. What they wanted most though, was evidence of involvement in major crimes, hopefully narcotics, that could send Genovese to prison for a good long time and then lead to his deportation. This thought also intrigued the growing ranks of Genovese's enemies in the underworld hierarchy.

In mid-1958, only six months after the Apalachin fiasco, a two-bit heroin pusher named Nelson Cantellops, serving a five-year drug rap in Sing Sing, suddenly asked for an interview with Federal narcotics agents. That Cantellops, a Puerto Rican nabbed for pushing junk on a Manhattan street corner, should have anything of major importance to say seemed unlikely; that he knew about high figures in the Mafia chain of command, that his contacts would reach as high as Genovese himself seemed impossible. But that was just what Cantellops claimed, and he told a good story—had it down so firmly in every detail that no amount of grilling was able to shake him or make him stumble. Either it was the truth, illogical as that may have seemed, or—as a number of persons in both law enforcement and the underworld firmly believe—he had been primed and rehearsed so thoroughly that he could not be broken. To the Government, it didn't matter which, as long as Cantellops could help put Genovese in jail.

According to Cantellops, after a period 189

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as a lowly pusher, he had begun to meet some of the bigger, more important people and to do errands for them. Soon he was making heroin deliveries for "Big John" Ormento, an important Genovese lieutenant, and for Gigante, Costello's would-be assassin. He handled these deliveries with such dispatch that soon he was meeting even bigger men, including Natale Evola and Rocco Mazzie, two trusted Genovese aides, and finally Genovese himself. Then came Cantellops' crusher: He had been in a car with Evola, Mazzie, Ormento and Gigante when Genovese personally gave the orders for his men to move in and take over narcotics distribution in the East Bronx.

On the basis of that testimony, 24 men, including Genovese, were indicted for narcotics conspiracy in July 1958. In the spring of 1959, 15 were brought to trial (the others had become fugitives and the objects of major manhunts). The star and only witness against Genovese was Cantellops. But his testimony was good enough for the jury, especially when the defense was unable to make him back-track a step during intense cross-examination. All the defendants were found guilty. Genovese was sent to Federal prison for 15 years. Gigante drew a lighter term. And Costello took time out from his own troubles to smile.

There is little doubt that Genovese, in the months between his arrest and his conviction, began to suspect that the Federal authorities were getting at least covert assistance from his enemies in the Syndicate. If so, Costello would be deeply involved; but it was no easy thing then to reach Costello. He was in and out of prison as though caught in a revolving door, he was battling denaturalization moves (which climaxed in 1961 with revocation of his American citizenship) and, when free, he was usually sequestered well out of harm's way.

But other enemies, such as Zwillman and Bender, were not so well protected. There are stories in the underworld that Zwillman, as his troubles with the Federal taxmen deepened, as liens were placed against his property, became so financially desperate that he approached Genovese for help—and was spurned. Zwillman made some angry noises to friends. Soon thereafter, Cantellops surfaced. There are some who saw a connection. One, perhaps, was Genovese. For on February 27, 1959, Zwillman was found dead in his West Orange, New Jersey, mansion. The official verdict: suicide by hanging. Which was surprising, in light of some of the details that later, unofficially, leaked out. Zwillman had been discovered hanging with wire around his neck under a rope, his body was heavily bruised, his hands were tied with wire. Say some in the underworld, the contract on Zwillman had been let by Gerry Catena, the underboss in the Genovese family.

Suspicious about Bender's trustworthi-

ness also began to mount, for it was no secret in the councils of the underworld that his loyalty too often had been for sale to the highest bidder; Bender had survived the purges and the wars of the decades usually by switching to the winning side after the troubles started. On April 8, 1962, his luck ran out. That morning, as he left home, his wife said to him, "You better put on your topcoat. It's chilly."

Bender shrugged off the advice. "I'm only going out for a few minutes," he said. "Besides, I'm wearing thermal underwear." Then he disappeared down the sidewalk and disappeared from the society of crime. No trace of him has ever been found. But, according to underworld stories, Genovese had ordered his death and the contract was handed to a Jewish killer, a onetime boxer turned loan shark and killer by contract. When he got through with Bender, the body was dumped into a cement mixer and is now part of a Manhattan skyscraper.

No one is certain what ended Bender's career, but some have speculated that it grew from the failure of another devious plot, part of the Genovese revenge against those he believed had railroaded him to prison.

With Luciano dead, the victim of a heart attack in Naples in 1962, the imprisonment of Genovese left an opening at the top of the Italian underworld, at least in New York. The problem—and it would become ever more crucial over the next decade—was a lack of men truly capable of rule, men who had earned the respect and loyalty of their fellows. Age, death and double-dealing, especially the machinations of Genovese, had taken their toll.

Certainly, the regents of the Genovese family—Catena, Tommy Eboli and Mike Miranda—whatever their secret ambitions, had neither the stature nor the power to command others. They had enough trouble trying to keep order in their own organization and trying to placate a bitter Genovese, raging in Federal prison. Until he finally sickened and died in 1969, and then was brought home to be buried in a Queens cemetery only a few hundred feet from the tomb of Luciano, they had to keep their ambitions in check.

One man who, had he tried, might have restored order and peace and assumed some kind of leadership was Tommy Lucchese, the most secret of the rulers of the five major crime families in New York. His credentials were impeccable. Since the Twenties, he had been high in the councils of the Organization; he had been a close and constant friend to Luciano, in death an even greater legend than in life; and through the years, he had run his family with considerable efficiency and little or no internal friction.

But Lucchese had never had such

ambitions and, in his 60s, seemed to lack the stomach for the kind of fight that might be necessary to expand his power. He was content to run his own family and his own legitimate businesses, to tend to his widening interests in Florida in cooperation with his friend Lansky and to sit on the ruling board as one of the most respected voices of the Syndicate—partly because of his refusal to compete with others. He was preoccupied with fighting Federal tax-evasion charges and Government efforts to deport him to his native Sicily. Then, too, his health was deteriorating. Like many others who had risen high in the Organization, he was afflicted with progressively debilitating heart ailment and, on top of that, he began to suffer dizzy spells. (In 1965, he would enter the hospital for surgery on a brain tumor, would never fully recover and within 18 months would die in his own bed at the age of 64.)

If Lucchese was not interested in more power, he did have a man to whom he was willing to throw his support. That was Gambino, whose son was married to Lucchese's daughter. But Gambino was a relatively new member of the national commission, anointed only with the murder of Anastasia, and he wisely chose not to push himself ahead too rapidly. Besides himself, there were only two obvious candidates to become *de facto* ruler, and looking at both Profaci and Bonanno, Gambino realized that within both were the seeds of their own destruction. Then it would be his time.

Profaci might have stepped forward; indeed, he was ruthless, powerful and experienced enough to have made the bid and perhaps won it. But he had too many troubles within his own family to be concerned about expanding his power outside. Rebellion was erupting and it would take all his efforts to put it down.

Joe Gallo, his older brother, Larry, and his younger brother, Albert "Kid Blast," had been ordinary soldiers and prime hit men in the Profaci army and, as such, they had done yeoman service. It was they, or at least Crazy Joe, who had fulfilled the contract on Anastasia. And it was they who, in the fall of 1959, had meted out Profaci's form of justice—bullets in the head—to Frank "Frankie Shots" Abbatemarco, a Profaci policy banker suspected of holding back some of the take for himself. The Gallos thought their good work should earn them some tangible rewards, such as control of gambling, loan-sharking and narcotics in Brooklyn's East New York section. Profaci, however, was anything but a generous man. He believed that sharing meant sharing with him: he demanded a cut of every racket his men were involved in, plus \$25 a month dues from every member of his family. With

hardly a nod, he turned down the Gallo request.

This did not make Joe very happy. "Any man who is strong enough to take something and hold it, he owns it," he was fond of saying, so the Gallos decided to do some taking and holding. What they took in February 1961 were Joseph "The Fat Man" Magliocco, Profaci's brother-in-law and underboss; Frank Profaci, the boss's brother; and two powerful aides and bodyguards, Salvatore "Sally the Sheik" Mussachia and John Scimone. They also tried to take Profaci himself, but the ruler was tipped off and took a plane to Florida for sanctuary. The four hostages were secreted in separate Manhattan hotel rooms while the Gallos presented Profaci with their demands for a cut of the empire.

With an unusual shrug of surrender, Profaci acceded and promised no retribution. The hostages were released unharmed and the Gallos waited for their rewards. The payoffs that came, however, were in keeping with Profaci's reputation. In August of 1961, a top Gallo enforcer named Joseph "Joe Jelly" Gioelli went deep-sea fishing, an abiding passion of his. What returned from the trip was Gioelli's coat wrapped around a dead fish, dumped from a car near a favorite Gallo hangout in Brooklyn.

This was Profaci's first answer. Simultaneously, Larry Gallo got an invitation to meet Scimone at the Sahara Lounge in Brooklyn to hear some good news and get the first payment over a couple of drinks. The payment and the good news were a \$100 bill and a noose around Larry's neck as he sipped his whiskey. The only thing that saved him was the unexpected appearance in the bar's doorway of a cop making his rounds. When the cop inquired politely what was going on, a couple of shots were fired at him, one hitting his partner.

And so erupted the Gallo-Profaci war. Faced with far stronger and better equipped troops, the Gallos and about 25 of their allies holed up on the second floor of a brick-front building at 49-51 President Street in Brooklyn, soon nicknamed The Dormitory. There, surrounded by mattresses, an arsenal of weapons and a hoard of food, and lulled by the strains of Larry Gallo's favorite Verdi operas pouring from a phonograph, they prepared to do battle. However, most of the casualties were the Gallo soldiers who made forays into the city; about the only real action on President Street occurred when a house nearby burst into flames and the Gallos raced up the tenement stairs to rescue a family trapped on the third floor. "We only done what any red-blooded American boys would do," Albert Gallo told reporters modestly, though he added, "With our crummy luck, I suppose we'll get arrested for putting out the fire without a license."

There were, however, two major

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casualties, though neither was a direct result of the war itself. The first was Joe Gallo. In December 1961, the cops arrived on President Street to remove him from his fortress to jail. Gallo had a big mouth and a penchant for wisecracks, and one day, while trying to shake down a café owner, who wanted time to think it over, he said, "Sure, take three months in the hospital on me." Unfortunately for him, three detectives were sitting at the next table. That wisecrack cost Crazy Joe a seven-to-14-year prison sentence.

The second victim was Profaci himself. Early in 1962, the boss fell ill. He was taken to the hospital and operated on for a massive cancer. It was too late. On June sixth, Profaci was dead. His successor as head of the family was his brother-in-law, Magliocco, a weak and vacillating man incapable of commanding an army or maintaining the allegiance of his troops.

So the Gallo-Profaci war ground to an indecisive halt, with both sides claiming victory. For the regulars, the war, at least, was over, with the Gallos back in the fold, proclaiming loyalty. For the Gallos, there were the spoils that they had long demanded. They were given control of the rackets in East New York and for the next few years, under Larry's leadership, their power in the Profaci organization grew. But in 1968, Larry died of cancer and Albert proved incapable of running things with dispatch. The Gallo mob deteriorated, the remnants hoping for a renaissance when Joe walked the streets again.

The Gallos may have gotten their spoils, but the man who emerged with the real power in the Profaci family was a young and obscure *capo*, considered merely a minor gambler. His name was Joseph Colombo. At the start of the war, he had been considered so loyal to

Profaci that the Gallos marked him for death. The plot failed, but Joe Gallo, for one, never considered him other than an enemy, even after he had done the Gallos a good turn: When Profaci died, it was Colombo who negotiated the peace and wrote the terms that gave the Gallos what they had fought for.

Colombo's most successful ploy, though, was yet to come. It was one that would bring him the blessings of Gambino and the mantle of leadership in the Profaci family. For it undid the only remaining rival to Gambino for leadership in the Italian underworld and, at the same time, deposed Magliocco as Profaci's successor.

Bonanno's ambitions had been waxing mightily, especially as all the old *mafiosi* died away. With the death of Profaci, he began to see himself as the boss of all bosses. Though the ruler of the smallest of New York's five families, his interests were wide and varied, running all the way from narcotics to legitimate garment manufacturing, and spreading from Brooklyn all the way to Tucson, Arizona, and into Long Island, the Midwest, Canada and the Caribbean. Bonanno decided the time had come to act on his ambitions, to eliminate in one move all who might stand in his way: Lucchese, Gambino, Buffalo's Magaddino and even the Los Angeles boss, DeSimone. Not certain he had the power to do this all by himself, Bonanno sought allies, and he turned particularly to Magliocco, an old and dear friend. Swayed by Bonanno's arguments, and by promises of a share in the spoils, Magliocco joined the plot and even agreed to assume the contracts for the murders in New York. He called Colombo and turned them over to him.

This was Colombo's opportunity. He saw that Magliocco was a sure loser; instead of fulfilling the contracts, he hurried to Gambino with a complete report. Now Gambino saw his own opportunity. He called an emergency session of the underworld commission, which included himself, Lucchese, Chicago's Giancana, Philadelphia's Angelo Bruno, Magaddino and a couple of others—with Lansky, in particular, kept constantly advised of the discussions and decisions. News of the treachery was very upsetting to the Italian overlords, bringing back unpleasant memories of the early Thirties and of the Genovese-inspired violence of the recent past. Magliocco and Bonanno were summoned to appear and explain. A quivering Magliocco arrived, quickly confessed the whole plot and pleaded for his life. Convinced that Magliocco lacked the guts to have conceived the plot on his own, had been swayed by Bonanno and was so ill that he wasn't going to live long anyway, the commission opted for

A man and a woman are in a bathtub, covered in soap suds. The man is leaning over the woman, and she is smiling at the camera. The background is a patterned curtain.

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mercy. Magliocco was fined \$50,000 and stripped of his position. Within a few months, he was dead of a heart attack.

Colombo got the reward he had hoped for. With the blessings of Gambino, he was named to head the Profaci family, at just over 40 years of age, the youngest Syndicate leader and council member in the country.

"Joe Colombo? Where's a guy like that belong in the commission? What experience has he got? He was a bust-out guy [smalltime gambler] all his life," gasped Sam "The Plumber" DeCavalcante, leader of a small New Jersey family, to his underboss, Frank Majuri, when he heard the news. (The FBI was listening in: It had bugged DeCavalcante's telephone, office and other hangouts.)

"This is ridiculous," Majuri agreed.

Then DeCavalcante added, "This guy sits like a baby next to Carl all the time. He'd do anything Carl wants him to do."

Still, Bonanno had to be dealt with. He was no quaking Magliocco. Instead of heeding the commission's summons, he vanished, hiding out first in California and then in Canada. He was spotted there and a second and stronger order for his appearance before the commission was issued. Once again, Bonanno ignored it.

It was time for drastic steps. On October 21, 1964, Bonanno was back in Manhattan, prepared to answer to a grand-jury summons. He had dinner that night with his lawyers, then accompanied one of them, William Power Maloney, back to the lawyer's Park Avenue apartment house. As they were saying good night, two men suddenly confronted Bonanno, shoved him into a car, saying, "Come on, Joe, my boss wants to see you," and sped away.

When news of the Bonanno kidnaping broke, it was generally assumed he was dead. Only Luciano had ever returned from a ride. But somehow, and no one is certain just how, he persuaded the commission to spare him. Held for some time at a hide-out in the Catskills, Bonanno tried to strike a deal. He would retire completely from the commission, from the rackets, from his family, would settle down to a quiet life far removed from the underworld at his home in Tucson. In his stead, he proposed that his son, Salvatore "Bill" Bonanno, assume the leadership of the family. The commission rejected that proposal out of hand and told Bonanno that his family would pass into the hands of Gaspar DiGregorio, a relative of Magaddino's who was known to be loyal to both Magaddino and Gambino and who had the advantage of having no criminal record.

Bonanno had little choice but to accept the council's decision. Then he was released. But instead of heading home or heading for retirement in Tucson,

Bonanno faded from sight, not to reappear for 19 months. During that time, according to rumors, he was in Haiti, deeply involved in the burgeoning gambling business and working closely with the Duvalier dictatorship.

But Bonanno was doing more than that. He was gathering strength and preparing to challenge and overturn the council's dictum, to launch what would become known as the Banana war. That conflict erupted even before Bonanno's dramatic reappearance. The council's imposition of DiGregorio had not gone down well with the loyalists in the Bonanno family. If they couldn't have Joe himself, they were determined to be led by his son, Bill, until Joe showed up again to reassume control. The family split sharply, both sides arming and preparing for battle. It appeared that unless something radical was done, the Organization might be shattered beyond repair.

That radical step was taken in January 1966. Emissaries from DiGregorio approached Bill with a request for a peace conference. Bonanno agreed and the meeting was set for late in the evening of January 28 at the home of one of Bill's relatives on Troutman Street in Brooklyn. As Bill and several of his men approached the house, shotguns and rifles opened up on them. They returned the fire and for several minutes, until both sides withdrew, a battle raged, though in the dark, marksmanship was poor and there were no casualties.

Bill's escape from the trap meant that the war would continue, but the shooting set off police and grand-jury investigations that kept the war cold through the winter and into the spring. About the only casualty was DiGregorio. His failure to eliminate the loyalist Bonanno faction did not make Gambino or other council members happy. He was booted out of the leadership (two years later, he died of a heart attack) and replaced by a tougher leader, Paul Sciacca.

Then Joe Bonanno was back. On May 17, 1966, wearing the same clothes he had on the night he disappeared 19 months earlier, he walked into Federal Courthouse in Manhattan. "Your Honor," he said to Judge Marvin E. Frankel, "I am Joseph Bonanno. I understand that the Government would like to talk to me."

The Government did, indeed, want to talk to Bonanno. He was formally charged with obstruction of justice and freed on \$150,000 bail while authorities prepared cases against him. He walked out of court and began his war to take back control of his family. The leader of the ambush on Bill was the first victim, ambushed himself; he escaped death but was seriously wounded. Soon thereafter, a Bonanno killer walked into the Cypress Gardens Restaurant in Queens, pulled a submachine gun from under his black raincoat and, in full view of

more than 20 diners, blasted away at three DiGregorio-Sciacca henchmen sitting at the table in the middle of the room. The gunman killed all three and then disappeared through the kitchen and out the back door.

The casualties mounted. Soldiers on both sides were taken for rides, gunned down as they walked the streets of New York or otherwise disposed of. Rumors spread that the war was about to reach a climax, that both Joe and Bill Bonanno would soon be hit. Twice the council had granted Joe his life—at the time of his kidnaping and again in September 1966, at La Stella Restaurant in Queens, where a gathering of Gambino, Trafficante, Colombo, Eboli, Miranda, Carlos Marcello, and seven other major underworld leaders was interrupted by police, who called it the Little Apalachin meeting. Now the council rescinded the clemency and ordered Bonanno's execution.

With the forces mounting against him, Bonanno removed himself from the scene of battle, flying off to his home in Tucson. There nature intervened. Early in 1968, he suffered a mild heart attack. It was enough to persuade him that perhaps the time had come really to retire, and he sent back that word to the council. But his peers had heard that story before, and this time they weren't so credulous. Bombs were planted in a garage and in cars at the home of Bonanno's neighbor and close friend in Tucson, Pete Licavoli, the Syndicate's Detroit leader; another bomb was exploded on the patio of Bonanno's home; another was delivered in a box to the house and failed to explode only because it had been poorly packaged. Evidence turned up later that the bombs had been planted by an overzealous FBI agent trying to foment an internal gang war; but Bonanno, in any case, had had enough. He really retired, though surrounded constantly by bodyguards determined to protect him from further attempts by the Organization. The rule of his family fell to Sciacca, and then, a little later, to an old friend of Genovese's and Gambino's, a man with a long narcotics history named Natale Evola.

It seemed that the last obstacles to Gambino's ascension had been eliminated. But the wars that marked the years since Genovese made his grab for leadership had brought Gambino into the open; now he was visible, a target of the authorities, of his enemies and of some he had considered his allies. Meanwhile, in those same years when attention had been riveted on the Italian underworld, Lansky had been carving out new empires.

This is the tenth in a series of articles on organized crime in the United States.





*"My insurance company? Consolidated Life of
New Jersey, of course. Why?"*

ADULTERY

(continued from page 133)

grappling each other right into the motel room. Maybe adultery was simpler in Montaigne's time, in 16th Century France, and easier for him, a charming man and a nobleman. But for most of us now, even in these permissive times, adultery is often a pretty complicated business, and that's of course what's wrong with it.

Of course it's a sin, too, adultery is, and I don't want to seem to be saying sin is good. But still . . . still there is something there that is good, isn't there? I mean, why would people commit adultery all the time if it *weren't* good? So what we have to do is separate the two parts of the sin, simply separate the part that is good from the part that is bad. Now if you don't know the part of adultery that's good, you shouldn't even be reading this. The *bad* part, clearly, is the complicated and involved rigmarole that comes before and after the good part.

What I mean by rigmarole is definitely not the old-fashioned courtship or pursuit, the wooing and seduction that a woman might put a man through, or vice versa, for nobody seems to mess around with that sort of thing anymore. The rigmarole I mean is all the *arrangements* nonsense you have to go through, even after both people involved are not only consenting but maybe even anxious. The trouble is that everything in modern life is already fantastically complicated and involved. When you add to all your normal involvements the involvement of being involved with someone *extra*—someone you're not even *supposed* to be

involved with—it can all get to be purely too much. People are always having to make complicated arrangements and plans in their normal, nonadulterous life, and it fantastically compounds the complicatedness of everything (both the normal and the adulterous) when these two kinds of life get mixed up together.

The worst of it is that all these sinister, essentially superfluous adulterous arrangements have to be made in secret, without the advice and participation of the person you'd normally be planning how to spend the afternoon or evening or weekend in question with—your spouse, of course. But the adulterous arrangements have to be made to *fit in* with all the already complicated normal arrangements. And they have to fit in *secretly*! Thus, the secret plans often have a very irregular and ill-planned shape—invisible adulterous secret plans shaped to fit secretly and invisibly between all sorts of maybe already odd normal non-adulterous plans.

It doesn't work out most of the time anyway. Split-second timing is required of the sort of people who may not even wear a watch. It might work out more often if you could do it the way they do in the movies: hand-pick ex-underground people and tough convicts, glib and resourceful types who're already well schooled in commando cunning and precision; then discipline them and train them and rehearse them for the mission for months; clock their routes, synchronize their watches, then send them off to make the rendezvous. Even then it's a

scary business. And, anyway, who wants to have an affair with a tough convict?

The difficulty with secret plans is inherent in the very point of them: The people they're secret from don't know about them and are always liable to do something unexpected to mess them up. Adulterous secret plans are always contingent on the often tentative plans of at least two other parties—her husband and your wife. The poor little invisible secret contingent adulterous plans that try to nestle into the crevices between these open-but-tentative spouse-dominated nonadulterous plans have only the remotest chance of ever coming to fruition; they can be *crushed* instantly by the slightest shift in regular planning. They're *so* contingent, most of them, that they're really just hypothetical, sheer wishful thinking and fantasy, nine times out of ten a bloody incredible waste of time. Complicated arrangements are made to meet precisely at such and such a place at exactly such and such a time if so-and-so does go here or there *and if* so-and-so doesn't come back, *and if* this thing or that thing does or doesn't happen, and if a million other *and ifs*. All this ingenuity and carefulness and organization and contingency planning wasted on something that usually doesn't come off and even if it did is something you shouldn't be doing in the first place!

Phone calls, for instance—what a mess *they* are! There doesn't seem to be any other way to arrange anything these days, and adultery just makes them, like everything else, more complicated. It's bad enough at the office, where your secretary or your boss always seems to take the calls. But what about phoning each other's home? Whenever she phones you, she gets your wife. Whenever you phone her, her husband answers. "Well, how are you?" you say to him, real warm and friendly. "I thought I'd just phone and see how things are going." Are they puzzled? Of course they're *puzzled*. *How* puzzled are they?—that's the real question. Puzzled enough so they suspect? When you're home alone and *could* receive a phone call from her, she never phones. She said she'd phone Wednesday afternoon, so you spend all Wednesday afternoon waiting by the phone. You can dial their number, let it ring just once, or just start to ring, then hang up quick, as a kind of signal *you're* free to get a call. But what does her husband think when the phone goes "ping" all the time and when he answers there's no one there and then right afterward she goes out? Does he *believe* she's just going to get a *Time* magazine and an extra carton of milk? Does he realize she's gone to phone you, or is he just puzzled? *How* puzzled? You can do it just so often.

Then suppose there's the question of long toll calls that appear on the bill. She



COCHRAN

"Which one of you guys ordered something from the Peekaboo Lingerie Boutique?"



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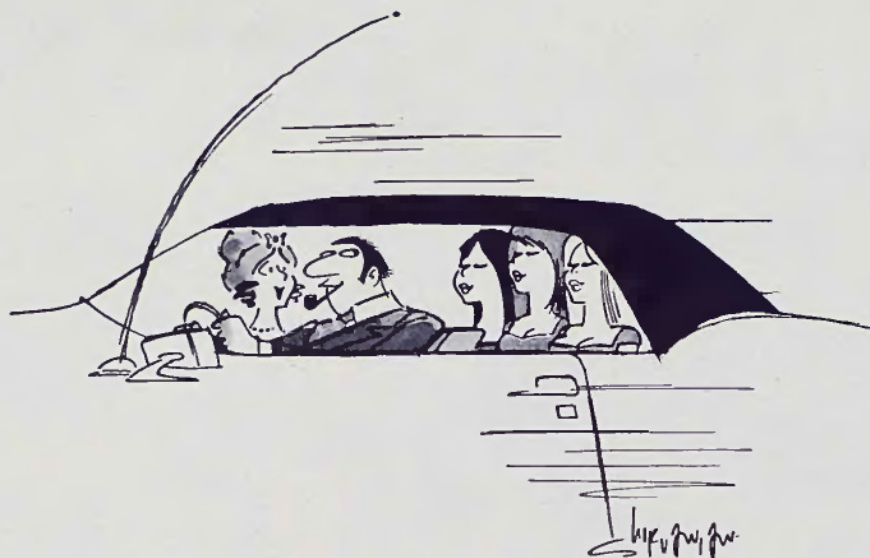
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"Darling, I think it's so sweet of you to bring my bridesmaids with us on our honeymoon."

can phone you collect so as to get the charge on your phone bill, which your wife doesn't see, instead of on their phone bill, which her husband does see. But then suppose through some ball-up your wife's there and gets this collect call from her, what in the world does she think? *That* would puzzle her enough, I'd think—more than enough. And even if she (not your wife, the other one) has been real clever and has put through the collect call in some fake name, there's a limit to how many collect calls "for anybody from Ms. Lila Ovington [or some other outrageous fake name] in Garden City" that your wife will suspicion-free get and politely refuse: "I'm afraid we don't know anybody by that name, operator; you must have the wrong number." What if by some real ball-up, confused, she accepted the call anyway, even if she'd never heard of any Lila Ovington? She can hang up quick (the other one). But you can do it just so often.

And phoning from a public phone booth, either the one on the corner near your apartment or one of the ones down in the parking area of the shopping center, is no help—in fact, the opposite. Just being *seen* in one of those glass booths is enough to give you away. You figure that if people see you, they'll just think you forgot the grocery list and are phoning home. But that *isn't* what *anyone* thinks. What everyone thinks is just what's the case. "*Uh-oh*," is what everyone thinks. "What's he doing in that phone booth? Must be some call he can't make from home." Being seen in a phone booth is like having a giant scarlet letter A *drip-painted* on you, front and back. And the phone booth can't do you much good, anyway: at least one of you has to be at home. To think you could phone her

from one phone booth and have her answer in another phone booth is to hope for a fortuitous kind of connivance on God's part that you really oughtn't expect of Him, considering what you're up to.

Surreptitious phone calls, mail drops, confidants, borrowed apartments and rooms rented for an afternoon, lame excuses for not being where you're supposed to be, neglected work, extra baby sitters and special dog walkers, asking old friends to cover for you, secret codes and double meanings, obviously significant glances that you aren't quite sure what they mean—everything and everybody involved in an affair of this sort is just as complicated and unpleasant as can be. There are even some women, one hears, who like the intrigue-rigmarole part *best*. These of course should be avoided as the plague, but as there aren't many plagues these days, one doesn't get much practice avoiding them. And all this is not to speak of what a mess it would be if you fell in love with the other person, which of course isn't likely but would lead to that sure sign of disorder and sorrow: lawyers. Remember the saw:

*O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!*

and a tangled web is clearly a mess. A nice neat web might be OK, especially if one has a tendency to be devious and a talent for organization—but not even a *spider* likes a tangled web. Everything involved in adultery militates more or less directly against one's ideal of a simple, orderly life.

And adultery is ultimately wrong, too, because it separates you from the very person you ought to be close to and planning carefully with (your spouse, for

heaven's sake, *not* the other one). It's the effect of the rigmarole that does this, though, not the effect of the act. It isn't that the spouse gets cheated out of sex that "belongs" to him or her, or anything like that. Everybody knows that among couples who have been married for a long while, or maybe even just for a while, sex is pretty much dormant, and that one of the *signs* that a man or a woman is having an affair is if he or she is suddenly interested in, or offers, more sex at home.

The rigmarole, however, is insidiously divisive. If adulterous, you're living a secret life, like an undercover agent, right in your own home, except it's worse, because even an undercover agent usually lets his wife know what he's up to, and you can't. Instead of arranging and planning things for you and your wife to do together—dinner out or a night at the movies or a trip to Mexico—things that might *bring* you together, you're always secretly planning, or half-planning, or always have in the back of your mind things that will keep you apart, give you time on your own, "free" time, so you can get away to your doxy.

The whole *thrust* of your thinking goes in another direction—not an entirely opposite direction, maybe, but just a confusingly oblique direction. It's hard enough to plan anything with someone else anyway, God knows, especially one's wife. But there she is, poor soul, trying to work something out with you and you're trying to figure out how it will "fit in" with something she doesn't even know about. Or she's doing that to you, being maddeningly difficult and contrary, even more so than usual, and you, poor soul, haven't the foggiest idea why. The plans that emerge, needless to say, are often very bad plans indeed, from everyone's point of view. Knowing this secret reason, and remarking how much bad planning there is in this country, we've got to be alarmed by all that must be going on.

Making not just itself but everything else involved, then, is ultimately what's wrong with adultery. It's involvement—making a simple pleasant thing like sex all complicated, getting involved in extraneous goings on with extraneous people—involvement *itself*, that's our big basic vice these days, and it may be an inevitable evil now, forced on us by the complexity of the society we live in. Sex, like everything else—like organizing family picnics or setting alarm clocks or eating ice-cream cones—should be as simple as possible. *I* know it's easier said than done. Everything I say is *always* easier said than done. But doing things as simply as possible, as long as they're still done *right*, is one of the key things to doing things right. You wouldn't want to commit adultery wrong, would you?

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HOW THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE...

(continued from page 116)

function as the regulator it proclaims itself to be. Clearly, there was a conflict between the standards of the exchange—the presumed stockholders' watchdog—and the interests of its member firms. The latter's interests prevailed.

Once the stock was listed, the exchange should have determined that its requirements had been met. There may have been some effort in this regard, but none vigorous enough to establish that Equity Funding had effectively winked at the order to obtain new auditors. For all practical purposes, the change was in name only.

Such laxity puts the lie to the New York Stock Exchange's proclamations of itself as a self-regulating institution—and yet it is this very status that the Stock Exchange enjoys. Technically, the exchange comes under the jurisdiction of the Securities and Exchange Commission, but in reality, it operates as an autonomous club.

There is justification for the self-regulation of an industry, if the industry can do the job. But the New York Stock Exchange has not remotely acquitted itself of its responsibilities as a self-regulating body. Not only is it incapable of monitoring its listed companies, it is incapable of monitoring its member firms. It hasn't the mechanism or the ability to comprehend the fraud and inefficiency in its own house. The greatest example

of this deficiency is the Stock Exchange's failure to foresee the impending bankruptcy of many of its brokerage firms in recent years. It has even failed to prevent various versions of Equity Funding among its own member firms.

The exchange proclaims itself the hub of the business world. Its image transcends its reality. It is really nothing more than a physical place where brokers buy and sell from one another, reflecting the orders of their customers. It began under a buttonwood tree in 1792 as a central place where stocks could be traded. There was an obvious advantage in congregating people in order to make a market place. The more people, the greater the market and the more likely that buyers and sellers would find one another. For years, the exchange provided this central mechanism. It grew, prospered and moved indoors. But its basic nature remained unchanged. The only major changes were the telephone, which permitted orders to be transmitted to the floor of the exchange rather than carried there; the introduction of the specialist system, wherein one person would keep a continuing record of all unfilled orders, and use his own capital to try to maintain an orderly market; and the ticker tape, which enabled investors to watch the market action from remote stations. But the manner of selling

remained the same. Brokers gathered around one another in a single location. That was the way it was done in 1792, and that's how it's done today.

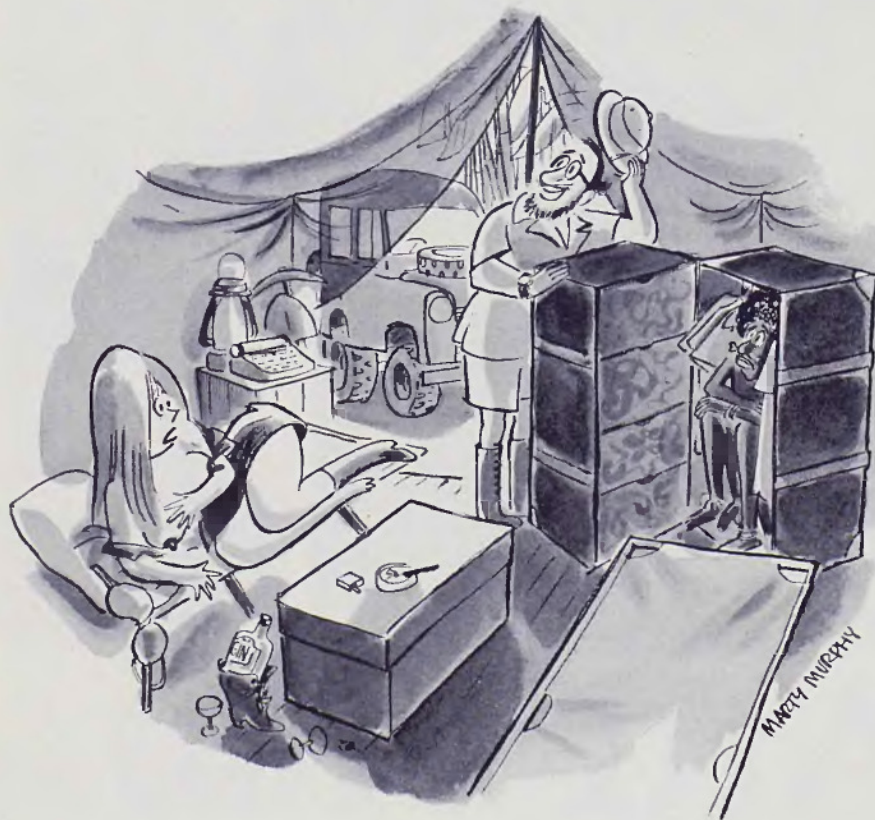
But the system disserves its customers. They pay more when they buy and obtain less when they sell. The existence of a physical market place puts a limitation on the number of brokers who can work there. That automatically limits the market. Moreover, it defines the kind of market that can be maintained. Trading is restricted to an auction market centered on one specialist. There is no room on the floor for others.

Dealers throughout the United States can offer to buy or sell securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange at prices that, in many cases, are more favorable than those available on the floor. But brokers who belong to the exchange are prohibited from seeking better prices away from the floor. What that means, effectively, is that an order given to a member firm for a stock listed by the New York Stock Exchange must be handled on that exchange. That's profitable for the members of the club, but it can be costly for their clients. The clients would be far better served if their order to buy or sell a stock could be offered to dealers everywhere; only then would they be assured of the best possible price.

There is an infinitely more appropriate market, and the technology to produce it. It's called a dealer market. Instead of one specialist standing in one place making a market, there are ten, 20 or more market makers willing to buy and sell through the facilities of a computerized visual-display system that functions on a national basis. Whereas the auction market is a monopolistic system, the dealer market encompasses everyone. A system called NASDAQ tells which dealers anywhere in the country are willing to buy or sell a stock. A seller need only push a button to find the highest bidder for his shares.

If many specialists were permitted to make a market in a stock, the price would invariably be the most advantageous possible to the customer. So would the cost of doing business. Competition would produce smaller price spreads and lower commissions. But as long as the stocks of the most important companies in the country can be traded only on the New York Stock Exchange, NASDAQ cannot fully function.

Wall Street today is the most poorly managed industry in the country. Any monopolistic situation breeds resistance to change. Inevitably, the monopolistic practices on Wall Street have produced inefficiency among its member firms and lack of depth in their work. Such conditions immeasurably assisted the rise of Equity Funding.



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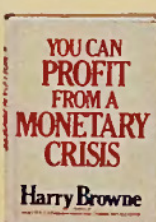
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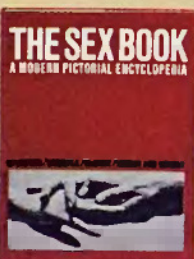
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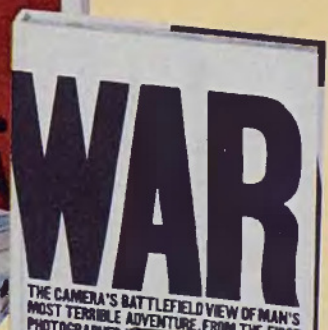


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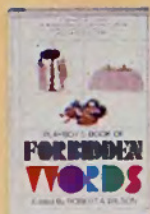
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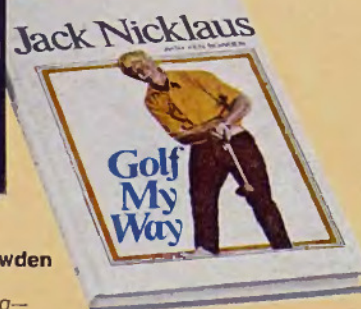
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their job. The function of security analysts, like that of investment bankers, is to determine the real worth of a company, so that investors will pay a fair price for its securities. No price was fair for the stock of Equity Funding—but numbers of analysts touted it.

"Why were so many analysts recommending Equity Funding only months and in some cases days before the collapse?" *The Wall Street Journal* wondered in the aftermath of the exposure.

The answer is not reassuring.

Most investors, even professionals who manage large funds, are not really disciplined to arrive at values as opposed to fads and fashions and snap judgments. A lot of them—and I include myself—have a gambler's instinct. They are willing to plunk down money based on swift impressions rather than solid research. Few men in the Street dig deep. Superficiality is the name of the game.

After the Depression, stock analysts paid strict attention to corporate balance sheets, which reflected the net worth of companies. But gradually, as the economy strengthened again, the money men became increasingly preoccupied with a company's earnings potential and less concerned about its present financial condition. Earnings can change swiftly, but net worth changes slowly.

Today, analysts for the most part project prices of stocks by using an oversimplified measure known on the Street as "performance." They try to determine what the normal true growth rate of a company is in terms of its earnings per share, and then determine the degree of confidence they have in that growth rate. From this calculation they then assign a multiple of earnings to a stock. If a stock earns one dollar a share in a given year with a projected growth rate of ten percent per year, and the degree of confidence is high, then an analyst might feel that the stock warrants a price 20 times earnings, or \$20 a share. If the confidence factor is lower, then the multiple-of-earnings figure would be commensurately lower, say ten times earnings, and the stock would warrant a price of only ten dollars a share.

The keys to the confidence factor are the consistency and growth of reported earnings. For how many straight quarters have earnings risen, and what percent? If they have followed a consistent pattern of quarterly growth, then the analyst or fund man assumes that the earnings will continue to grow. Many analysts made this very assumption about Equity Funding—whose "growth" in the late Sixties and early Seventies exactly followed the pattern.

There are other problems as serious as the analysts' singular reliance on performance. One of the worst habits analysts have developed is to rely on the reports of other analysts. A good financial

public-relations firm will arrange for a friendly analyst to visit a company, then write a favorable report—which the public-relations firm, in turn, will then distribute to other analysts.

The easiest way for an analyst to do his job is to copy another analyst's work. Part of his function is to read what the competition is saying. But when an analyst uses another's work to produce his own, a line of integrity has been crossed. This line is repeatedly crossed on Wall Street.

A harried analyst with much work to do receives a 25-page report from a large firm, written by a prominent analyst. He makes a few perfunctory checks, which seem to be in line with the conclusions of the detailed report. He churns out a report of his own.

What the analyst may not know is that the report has been monitored, managed or even partially written by the very company it purports to judge.

It is common practice on Wall Street for an analyst to send a draft of his report to the company. Such submission, in these cases, has been a condition of access to the company's inner sanctum. The company does not say, "We want to censor you." It says, "We want to read your report to check for inconsistencies. We don't care what you say or what your opinion is, we just want to make sure everything in it is accurate." In fact, the company is exercising censorship. Often, it may rewrite sections of the report.

Most companies think it is their prerogative to see any report an analyst writes about their affairs prior to publication. They will then attempt to correct any negative impressions.

The analyst is not the most powerful man in a brokerage house. He may have a good reputation, but he doesn't have much stature. Suddenly, he is dealing with top management of a major company. As sturdy an individual as he may be, he feels a great deal of pressure. Unless he has an enormous amount of self-confidence, he is going to be persuaded, or intimidated, into doing what the company wants.

There's yet another problem. It's human nature to want to believe in the people with whom you're dealing. Such tendencies, however, are contrary to the interests of investors who must rely on the analyst's assessment.

Conflicts of interest militate still further against hard analysis. A brokerage house earns its money on commissions from the buying and selling of shares. Most analysts aren't really analysts; they are essentially salesmen motivated by the need to generate commissions. There is a Wall Street axiom to the effect that "negative stories don't sell." No one but the man who owns a stock wants to hear something bad about it—and even he is uncomfortable with the revelation,

because it tells him that he made a bad judgment. All other investors want a positive story, one that tells them about a stock that might make them some money.

The major consequence of this condition is that very few analysts go after negative stories. There is much more money to be made in the recommendation of a buy, which implies the possibility of profit, than in the recommendation of a sell, which usually implies a loss.

The analyst who writes negatively about companies may eventually find himself with no one to talk to. Companies are unlikely to cooperate with an analyst with the reputation of a skeptic. While an analyst must go afield to form his ultimate judgment, his impressions of management are vital to his assessment. Consciously or unconsciously, the analyst who wants to remain an analyst either doesn't dig deep enough or doesn't disclose with sufficient force the facts that he uncovers.

So the general course of "research" on Wall Street goes like this: An analyst hears management's story and, if he's favorably impressed, writes up a report. (If he's not impressed, he generally does nothing.) The report is then submitted to management, management corrects it and sends it back to the analyst, the analyst then persuades his firm to send the report out, the report is distributed to the firm's salesmen—who are not analysts—and these salesmen, in turn, distribute the report to their customers as gospel. No wonder the general tenor of most brokerage-house reports is overly favorable to management.

Equity Funding was an analyst's darling. Perhaps the brokerage firm most embarrassed by the scandal was Hayden Stone. One day before the N.Y.S.E. halted trading, the company issued a report that said: "Several rumors have been circulating which have affected Equity Funding's stock. We have checked these rumors, and there appears to be no substance to any of them."

Hayden Stone's analyst said he had checked the insurance departments of Illinois, New Jersey and Washington, three states in which insurance companies owned by Equity Funding were licensed. "Each man told us that he is *not* conducting an investigation of Equity Funding or any of its subsidiaries, has *no* present intention of conducting an investigation and knew of *no* other insurance department that is conducting such an investigation."

In the case of Illinois, the man to whom the analyst spoke was in fact directing an investigation.

"There's no way of adjusting for massive fraud in analyzing a stock," Laurence A. Tisch, Loews's chief executive, said after the Equity Funding fraud had been disclosed. "There's just no answer to it. Either you believe the whole system of investing is based on fraud or you do



"Everything's fine, Momma. Uncle William and I are playing a game called consequences."

business on the basis of audits, insurance regulation and other safeguards."

That is true. But clues were available long before the formal investigation of fraud—and analysts should have caught them.

One printed clue could have given the game away as early as 1967. It is contained in a comparison between what Equity Funding said it had sold in the way of insurance in 1966 and what another company said Equity had sold.

In its first years, Equity Funding was an agency. It had no insurance company of its own. Much of the insurance the company sold to clients it placed with Pennsylvania Life Insurance Company. In 1966, according to an Equity Funding prospectus of May 1967, the company sold a face amount of \$226,300,000 worth of life insurance, the "greater part" underwritten by Penn Life. But Penn Life's prospectus one month later stated that it had underwritten only \$58,600,000 in policies for Equity Funding in 1966.

No one caught the discrepancy.

Another clue was the sale of Equity Funding stock by key insiders. Consider Stanley Goldblum, the largest individual stockholder. On the day trading was halted, he owned some 240,000 shares. But several years earlier, he had owned close to 500,000 shares. All sales by insiders are reported to the SEC and duly published, but none of the many favorable reports on Equity Funding noted that Goldblum had been a steady seller of some \$10,000,000 worth of Equity Funding stock.

None of the analysts who spoke of Equity Funding's aggressive sales force properly evaluated the sales figures. The salesmen were not selling nearly the amount of life insurance or mutual funds the company's figures indicated. Had even one analyst interviewed a random sample of salesmen, averaged their sales and multiplied that average by the 5000-man sales force, he would have known immediately that something was wrong. Even granting that all 5000 salesmen were bona fide, the total would not have come close to the figure presented each year by the company. But all of the salesmen were not bona fide. Some worked part time; others produced very little. So the total would undoubtedly have been even further removed from the figure alleged by the company.

In addition to clues like these, there were questions analysts might have asked.

Why should Equity Funding have grown at a far faster rate than any other company in its field?

Why was Equity Funding successful with a product that no one else could sell?

Why, in the recession year 1970, was Equity Funding able to go against the current and report its customary increase in sales and earnings?

Why, in a period when it was increasingly difficult to sell life insurance and mutual funds, was Equity Funding able to increase the sales of both?

No one asked these questions. I didn't either. I refused to take Equity Funding seriously, because I never believed in the concept. Borrowing against a mutual fund seemed like an expensive and risky way to buy insurance. And that, as it turned out, was the most telling clue of all.

Equity Funding projected its concept as a modern approach to life-insurance protection. Only the means of purchase was new. The product was just as old—and flawed—as what other insurance companies sold.

• • •

The critics peering through the rents in our social fabric for an explanation for the Equity Funding fraud could do worse than contemplate the large object in the foreground—the life-insurance industry itself.

Equity Funding might never have come into being had the life-insurance industry provided the consumer with modern alternatives to its outmoded products.

The life-insurance industry is the bluest of the chips. It controls more assets than any other industry in the country. It is all but immune to change. The great social concerns that butt up against other industries make a detour around the insurance industry. Life insurers do not pollute the environment. Nor are they obliged to change their model each year; their customers do not trade in their old policy for a new one every few years, because it would cost them dearly to do so. But what most distinguishes the life-insurance industry is that year after year, it makes settlements with cheaper dollars than those it has been paid.

The life-insurance industry, moreover, enjoys a favorable tax position. There is a special tax law for life-insurance companies. The industry is one of the few that file income-tax reports on other than a regular corporate income-tax form. It enjoys special tax deferrals.

For all these reasons, life-insurance companies like to keep things quiet. They broadcast an image of solidity. They build huge office buildings to concretize the image. They give the policyholder the feeling that his investment is solid.

The notion is ridiculous.

Most life-insurance companies are misleading, at best, in their representations to consumers. This is particularly true of mutual life-insurance companies, which are theoretically owned by their policyholders. Prudential Insurance and Metropolitan Life, the largest in the business, are prime examples. Their policyholders may own a minuscule portion of the equities of the company, but they are offered none of the perquisites of ownership.

Policyholders may own a mutual com-

pany, in theory, but in fact they have no say in the management of the company and no way to exercise their rights as owners. Managements, answerable only to their policyholders, have the power of czars. They control their companies, and there is no appeal from their rule. There is an annual meeting, which policyholders may attend or to which they may send proxies. But policyholders in the bigger companies number in the hundreds of thousands; they are not organized into any cohesive public-interest group to determine whether or not management does a good job.

The motivation of a mutual-life-insurance-company management is actually at cross-purposes with that of its policyholders. Management wants to get bigger, in order to command more prestige and pay. Its means to do so are limited. It cannot readily make acquisitions or merge with other companies because it's not a stock company. The investments it makes must be inherently conservative. So the only route to greater size is to sell more life-insurance policies. The way to accomplish that is to invest the company's earnings in the hiring of salesmen.

But the policyholder's interest in mutual companies would best be served if the company were to stop selling insurance and liquidate. Then, and only then, would he get the fruits of ownership. There would be no expenses incurred in the search for new business, no commissions, no expansion of offices. Assets could be sold and the proceeds paid out in dividends. All the company would need would be a sufficient amount of capital to protect the interests of the policyholders. The surplus could be paid out immediately.

Mutual life-insurance executives, and their enormous force of salesmen, would find such a thought heretical. Their well-being depends on the maintenance of this gigantic system of accumulating assets.

Still more misleading—and more damaging—is the representation life-insurance companies make to consumers about the product they sell. For years, the insurance industry has been able to put savings and protection against death under the cloak of life insurance. What you, the policyholder, bought was really death insurance and an inferior lifetime savings plan that may pay as little as three percent a year.

There are two types of whole life policies sold by insurance companies. One is participating, the other nonparticipating. Nonparticipating policies offer a fixed guaranteed return; you get no percentage of any additional profits the company might earn on the investments it makes with your money and the money of others. Participating policies, which are sold primarily by mutual companies, pay you according to how well they do with the money you give them.

Insurance companies mostly own bonds and mortgages. When interest rates go up—as they have in recent years—bond prices go down. A life-insurance company that were to sell all of its bonds today probably could not meet its obligations; if all the policyholders turned in their policies, the company might not be able to pay them off. Until the late Sixties, bonds were a horrible investment, averaging a yield of two to four percent a year. These were the bonds that insurance companies bought in quantity. So if you bought a participating policy 25 years ago, the annual yield on your investment has been roughly three percent—reflected in the increase in cash value of your policy. To the extent that a mutual company might have invested in stocks, and the stocks performed well, you might have earned extra money. But it's not likely: it's not the nature of the breed.

Any way you look at it, whole life insurance is a terrible investment, yet insurance companies and their salesmen, with few exceptions, try to sell you whole life. They say, "Don't buy stocks until you have a tremendous amount of life insurance that includes a big savings program." They don't say that if you buy term insurance they won't get much commission.

People don't like to think about their death. Life insurance, accordingly, is not

something they go out and buy. It has to be sold. Most life insurance is sold because an agent finds someone and talks him into buying it.

Agents receive a huge front-end "load" on any policy they sell. The load may be anywhere from 50 percent to more than 100 percent of the first-year premium. Some companies have been known to pay their agents 120 percent of the first-year premium, adding their own dollars to the money coming in. Each renewal year for up to ten years, an agent may receive ten percent of the premium.

It's a wasteful system, fraught with deception and opportunism.

The thrust of any selling pitch ought to be simplification. The individual should be told what he's paying for in terms of an investment program. That almost never happens.

Years ago, an old friend looked me up, took me out to dinner and tried to sell me a policy. "What do I need one for?" I asked. "I'm twenty-three and single."

"You ought to buy one, to be sure you have it," he argued. "Suppose you have a heart attack or a disease?"

My death, at that point, made no difference to the support of anyone. I simply didn't need a life-insurance policy; surely I wouldn't benefit from it. I tried to explain that to my friend. "The insurance industry ought to have a policy for a person like myself, guaranteeing me the

right to buy insurance when I really need it. I'd pay \$100 a year just to be able to buy the insurance should I marry and have a family."

"We don't offer that," he said.

Now, as then, salesmen swarm around colleges and universities, urging students to sign up before they start to work. Premiums will cost less, they argue, because you're buying at a younger age. They fail to add that you'll pay for more years.

Think of the dividends you'll receive, they go on. They don't explain that you're not getting a reward, you're simply getting some of your money back, plus a small return on your investment.

Then the salesmen argue that if you pay in for 20 years, you'll eventually get all your money back. You could do better yourself, avoiding the salesman's commission, plus the overhead and profits of the life-insurance company.

The salesmen argue that a permanent life-insurance policy is an enforced savings plan, that if you don't have a life-insurance policy, you'll spend the money. That may be the best argument they've got. But there are other forms of enforced savings plans that offer better yields.

Equity Funding wouldn't have been possible if life insurance hadn't been the poor investment it was. Somehow, the public sensed that it was poor, and gradually their savings dollars began to



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find their way into savings and loan associations, banks, mutual funds and the stock market. But they still needed *some* kind of protection.

The lure of Equity Funding was that it seemed to overcome these deficiencies. You could put it all in one package, send one check a year that would take care of your insurance and your investments. You could "leverage" your money—use it twice. You didn't have to arrange to borrow the money; Equity Funding took care of that. The program didn't affect your credit. Additionally, if the market went up, you would, in fact, come out ahead.

At first glance, the concept had appealed to investors because they had come to see the life-insurance industry as sleepy, backward, putting its money into conservative bonds and mortgages. Suddenly, here was a company saying, We're going to take this client's money and invest it for him aggressively. The basic

appeal of the product was that you could have your cake and eat it, too. You could have your life insurance and that big pot at the end of the ten-year period. You had the element of conservatism and the element of speculation.

But on close inspection, Equity Funding's program didn't fill the investor's needs nearly so well as it had seemed to. What was wrong with the whole insurance concept of saving was equally wrong with the funded program offered by Equity Funding. You were saddled with an antique form of savings, with no special compensation. If you were making money under an Equity Funding program, you would also be making money through your own investment—without the costs of the funded program and the antique form of insurance.

The Equity Funding program couldn't withstand the inevitable fluctuations in the market and in market psychology. Coincidentally, it was in 1969, the first

bad year for mutual funds and insurance companies, that the company's insurance fraud began. The public had begun to recognize that the Equity Funding program had the inherent weaknesses of any program that attempts to combine life insurance and investment. The program, which had sounded so promising, just didn't fit the needs of enough people.

Equity Funding was a leveraged company in its own right. It borrowed heavily to run its business. It couldn't convince enough customers to do the same. The real reason Equity Funding failed was that people suspected its product.

• • •

And so a product of uncertain social value disappoints its creators, the creators issue false reports to a Wall Street disposed to unsubstantiated success stories and Wall Street kites the stock.

What defense remains to the public if the New York Stock Exchange—or some other exchange—has failed it?

THE BOTTOM LINE

a little straight talk about life insurance

Do you own the wrong kind of life insurance? The chances are that you do.

The life-insurance industry began before 1700. Initially, the cost of insurance increased as an individual aged. Over the years, there developed a profession of men called actuaries. They calculated the risks inherent in the selling of insurance and the premiums needed to offset those risks. They then formulated the "level premium" policy, wherein the insurance company would charge more than necessary at younger ages in order to fund the higher cost of insuring policyholders in their later years. This type of insurance became known as whole life.

The concept made seeming sense to the policyholders. They would be protected in their old age without being overburdened with enormous premiums. But the concept also created some socially unfortunate side effects. The first of these was that it thrust the life insurers into the business not simply of insuring against death but of acting as investors of premium dollars. The second, which flowed from the first, was to foster an archaic and distorted system of investment.

There are two basic kinds of life-insurance policies—term and whole life. Term policies are those in which you pay a premium each year for insurance protection but retain no cash value. Whole-life policies are those in which you obtain protection and retain cash value. Term insurance is far less costly than whole life—but whole life offers a system of protection and savings. Premiums on whole-life policies remain consistent throughout the life of the policyholder. Premiums on term policies rise every several years as the policyholder ages and the risk of insuring him becomes greater.

From this comparison, it would seem that whole-life insurance is much the better deal with its savings and level-premium features. Nonetheless, if you've

ever owned an insurance policy other than a term policy, you've probably been gulled. You've paid a great deal more than you needed to and for many more years than you needed to.

The only time you need life insurance is when you must protect your dependents. Between 50 and 65 years of age, you don't need insurance nearly as much as you do between the ages of 25 and 50, when you're supporting your wife, children and perhaps your parents. After 50, your children are out of school, your parents are most probably dead and the only person left to support is your spouse.

Suppose you buy a \$100,000 whole-life policy at the age of 25, at a cost of \$2000 a year. (That amount is not so excessive as it sounds; many young men buy policies in that amount as a form of investment, as well as protection.) By the age of 50, you will have paid \$50,000. The cash value of your policy will be about \$50,000. So, you think, you've done pretty well. You've had 25 years of protection and you've still got your \$50,000. Of course, you haven't done well at all. Not only have your original dollars vastly depreciated in value but you have received little or nothing for the use of this money during 25 years.

Suppose you buy \$100,000 worth of renewable term insurance at the age of 25. Your premium will average about \$700 a year. If you invest \$1300—the difference between a \$2000 premium and a \$700 premium—in an intelligent mix of high-yield bonds and common stocks and reinvest the income, you can reasonably expect to increase your equity by about seven and a half percent each year. At the age of 50, you will have had 25 years of protection, and your investments will be worth \$88,000.

The basic principle in the purchase of life insurance is: Buy term insurance and invest the difference. But the last person to tell you this is your insurance salesman.

—RAYMOND L. DIRKS AND LEONARD GROSS

Basically, there are two—-independent auditors, who must certify the company's figures, and the Securities and Exchange Commission, which regulates financial markets. But because Equity Funding involved an insurance company, there was a third line of defense, the state insurance departments under whose jurisdiction it operated.

If the Equity Funding scandal proves anything, it is that auditors as safeguards are worthless. The independent auditor is not independent. He is paid by the firm being audited. He is worried about keeping the account.

The first person I went to after I had assembled enough evidence of fraud was a partner in Seidman & Seidman, the accounting firm that had taken over the Equity Funding audit. I truly believed that I was doing this nationally ranked firm a favor. It was about to publicly certify a report I believed was fraudulent. Instead of acting in the public interest by reporting the matter to the SEC, the auditor applied the most narrow interpretation to his role and went directly to Equity Funding. When I asked him why he had done so, he replied, "They're clients of mine."

"Aren't you independent auditors?" I asked.

"Sure we're independent, but we have an obligation to our clients."

The two postures are irreconcilable.

Corporate managements understandably want to control their destinies. Our system places a check and balance on this very tendency: it requires a corporation to justify itself to the independent public accountant. The public accepts what this independent auditor certifies. But when an auditor is beholden to a corporation, his certification may be worthless. Equity Funding constituted a large percentage of the business of Wolfson, Weiner. It was unrealistic to expect that firm to function independently.

Forgetting for the moment the ambivalent economic position in which the auditor is placed, forgetting the possibility of collusion, there is the additional problem of human inadequacy.

If auditors do nothing else, they should determine that the assets listed by a company actually exist. If the assets are there, nothing too serious can be wrong. Equity Funding's auditors either didn't diligently check the corporation's assets or were hoodwinked when they did.

When the computer expert hired by the Illinois Insurance Department belatedly arrived at Equity Funding as the scandal was exploding, he asked the manager of the company's computer operations if he had spoken to the auditors about his control system. "I never met with any auditors," the manager replied. "At no time did the auditors come down and ask me for tapes or files."

Had the auditors done so, they would have found telling discrepancies. There



"Wait a minute, big boy! I thought that rubbing this lamp was supposed to grant my three wishes?!"

was, for example, no computer file of insurance policies—real or alleged—that reconciled with the amount of reserves the company carried on its balance sheet.

Whether or not the auditors would have understood what they found is yet another question. Few auditors understand computers.

Much has been made of "computer fraud" since the disclosures at Equity Funding. Computer experts react with legitimate outrage. Computers are just "big dumb adding machines," as one computer specialist put it. Only when a human mind puts computers to devious purpose do they become accomplices to fraud.

But computers do have the facility to create impressive-looking print-outs that never existed before. A fraud of the magnitude created by Equity Funding is inconceivable without the support of computers. For auditors to be meaningful regulators of corporate morality, they must master the tools of their clients.

A frequently heard comment after the Equity Funding scandal became public was that "routine auditing procedures aren't designed to detect fraud." If routine auditing procedures cannot detect 64,000 phony insurance policies, \$25,000,000 in nonexistent bonds and \$100,000,000 in missing assets, what is the purpose of audits?

What can be said of independent auditors engaged by corporations can also, unhappily, be said of another line of the public's defense—the state insurance departments.

New York's insurance department is considered the best in the country. In

April 1973, the department concluded a two-year study of its operations with a doleful finding. Under the existing system of insurance examination, Malcolm MacKay, then the department's first deputy superintendent, concluded, the department "asks the wrong questions and gets the information too late."

There are 1821 life insurers in the United States today. They write a volume of business ten times what it was in 1945. In 1972, they took in premium income of 24 billion dollars on policies with death-benefit values of 1.6 trillion dollars. They are regulated not by the Federal Government but by the states. Some states have ample departments. Others must hire outsiders to perform the examinations on insurance companies that are supposedly mandatory every three to five years. But even the best departments fall behind in their work. California's insurance department did not adhere to the regular three-year audit schedule in the case of Equity Funding. The last full-scale examination of the company was in 1968.

The audit of a large insurance company can take as long as two years; the results may not be available for another two years. By the time the audit is published, it's all but irrelevant. If a crime is discovered, it could, by then, be protected from prosecution.

Like the independent auditors, the state's examiners lag behind the insurance companies in technological competence. All insurance companies use computers, but few state insurance departments have personnel knowledgeable about computer systems. State

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WINDSOR CANADIAN

examiners were on the job at Equity Funding for almost three weeks before they found a clue.

Another problem: The range in which the insurance departments operate is inherently too restricted to detect fraud if a parent company is involved. The insurance department normally has no charter to inspect the parent company. Consequently, the department can't possibly know what's happening overall.

There is a more intrinsic problem yet—the coziness of the insurance departments with the industry they regulate.

The relationship of a state insurance department to a resident insurance company is something like that of a hotelier to a paying guest. The companies pay far more for the privilege of operating than the states pay to maintain them. Illinois, for example, takes in \$48,000,000 in taxes on the premium income of the insurance companies it regulates. The state spends \$3,600,000 on regulating these companies. Insurance departments, viewed by their state governments as money-makers, suffer accordingly.

The flow of manpower between the industry and its policemen is inexorable. Executives of insurance companies are appointed insurance commissioners or deputies. Insurance commissioners resign to become officers and directors of insurance companies. A chumminess develops that cannot assist regulation.

In June 1973, the insurance commissioners of the 50 states met in Washington, D.C., with the Equity Funding scandal foremost in mind. They agreed that they should set up a commission to find out what went wrong and how they should fix it. They agreed that the study should be financed by the insurance industry.

When regulators ask those they regulate to finance a study on how to better regulate them, something is wrong with regulation.

The ultimate objective of insurance regulation is to make certain that companies remain solvent. To achieve this objective, insurance departments tend to fall back on a strategy that protects the inefficient. Insurance commissioners propound rates and policies that enable the weakest companies to survive. This means that policyholders in the strongest companies pay premiums as though they had bought insurance in the weakest companies.

"The informed buyer would avoid some 80 percent of the insurance companies doing business in the United States because of their lack of financial strength," Herbert Denenberg, the insurance commissioner of Pennsylvania, has declared. *Caveat emptor.*

The final line of defense against fraud for the public is the Securities and

Exchange Commission. The commission came into being in 1934 under the Securities Exchange Act. The first commissioner was Joseph P. Kennedy. He was qualified, it was felt, because he had engaged in many of the acts he would now seek to prosecute.

The five Securities and Exchange Commission members, including the chairman, are appointed by the President of the United States. Ultimately, therefore, the quality of regulation of the securities industry reflects the quality of those individuals elected by the people. Richard Nixon appointed three SEC chairmen in the four years and three months that preceded the Equity Funding scandal. All three have been accused of subordinating their public trust.

The SEC is staffed primarily by young attorneys looking for two to four years' experience they can convert into plush jobs in private practice. Presumably, they would then know the career SEC people, as well as the rules of the game.

The backbone of the SEC, its permanent staff of attorneys, can be faulted for neither integrity nor zeal. They have chosen careers in public service at far less money than they could make in private practice. But they are hobbled, first, by political realities and, second, by the impossible task of policing the colossal securities industry with a staff of 1716 people—a total that includes every last clerk-typist.

If an SEC chairman quashes an investigation of a corporation deeply enmeshed in political intrigue—as happened in 1972 in a case involving the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation's merger with the Hartford Fire Insurance Company, the largest merger in corporate history—there is little the permanent staff of the SEC can do. But it was the second inherent weakness of the SEC—lack of appropriate manpower—rather than political considerations that led to its dismal performance in the matter of Equity Funding.

The SEC was informed of allegations of fraud at Equity Funding on March 9, 1973—almost three weeks before it acted. On that date, Edward J. Germann, a lawyer for the California Insurance Department, walked over to the SEC's Los Angeles office and met with Les Ogg, an SEC attorney. He specifically mentioned the possibility of fake insurance policies, fake mutual-fund shares and fake bank certificates. According to Germann, Ogg expressed interest but said a manpower shortage precluded active SEC participation at that time.

Ogg later contended that Germann had been vague in his description. Germann, he said, spent most of his time asking for information on mutual funds and funded programs. But if an attorney for

the California Insurance Department presents himself to the SEC and so much as utters the word fraud, it seems reasonable to expect the SEC to elicit his story. Not only did it fail to do that on March ninth, it failed to do it 14 months earlier, when a former employee of Equity Funding indicated that he could implicate the company in a story of fraud. The SEC in Washington had received anonymous reports about misstatements of assets at Equity Funding. In the course of its investigation of these reports, the SEC's Los Angeles office had contacted the former employee, who had recently been discharged. Twice he asked for immunity and twice the SEC refused to grant it. Had the SEC been able to come to terms with this informant, it could have had a far more detailed story than the one Secrist told more than a year later.

The Securities and Exchange Commission would like the public to believe that it would have exposed the fraud if only Secrist and Dirks had gone to its investigators. But if the SEC wasn't alerted in 1971 by one former employee to the existence of a scandal, why would it be alerted by another in 1973? If the SEC didn't take the allegations seriously when they were related by an attorney with the California Insurance Department, why would it have listened any more seriously to the story of a securities analyst?

All of these out-of-court indictments add up to the fact that the individual investor is not adequately protected, not by the securities markets or their brokers, not by auditors or regulators. Equity Funding was not simply a computer fraud nor an accounting fraud nor an insurance fraud nor even a business fraud. It was an all-American fraud. Its dimensions cannot be comprehended simply in terms of the thousands of policies invented or the millions of dollars of assets faked, nor even the hundreds of millions of dollars lost by investors. It can be understood only in terms of the people involved.

They were not special people. They were products of the system. They were not big-time crooks. They were functionaries of business. It is not the magnitude of their fraud but the distortion of their values that is ultimately so suggestive.

Years ago, the operant American ethic was, "It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game." Today, the American sermon is drawn from the football playbooks: "Winning isn't the main thing, it's the only thing."

Perhaps one special man took advantage of many ordinary men and, by so doing, exploited the system. But, if so, it was the system that supplied his objective.

Wall Street demands big winners. Corporations must perform. In turn, they demand performance from their employees—not just loyal and zealous performance but overloyal, overzealous performance.

The requirements set by Wall Street may not be realistic for some companies, but all companies must answer to Wall Street, so their employees must answer to them.

Wall Street is not the villain. It simply expresses the American ethic, which leaves small room for individual choice.

The American way of life today reflects few of the attributes and many of the deficiencies of team sports. The individual subordinates his will to the group. This is healthy to a point. It becomes unhealthy when the group's objective should be questioned and isn't.

In government, the operative phrase is "game plan." In the business world, it's the "money game." It's not how you play the game that matters, it's whether your team wins.

Individuals seldom pause to examine either the method or the prize. They simply play the game. Few members of Equity Funding's fraud team joined the company knowing it was crooked. Some committed crimes without realizing the significance of their acts. If the system's corrupt, then corruption is normal and a little corrupt conduct on their part is neither abnormal nor immoral. "These things go on all the time," a man from Boston said early on. It's not the individual's fault. Coach told him to do it.

Even those games played according to the rules are marked by fouls the referees don't call. Corporations project themselves as something they're not. Employees sustain the projections.

A single idea can start a fortune. A few men gather a small nucleus of talented sales people who go out and push product Y. After a bit, the founders go to an underwriter and say, "Look at the sales we're generating."

"That's terrific," says the underwriter. "Just keep on growing. Don't worry about money; we'll get you all you need." After a bit, the underwriter takes the stock public at a price many times higher than the founders' privately held shares, so that the only people risking their money are the public investors.

Everyone cheers the expansion of volume. No one questions the virtue of size. But bigness generates its own problems; the first is a tendency to go soft.

National competence has been one of the assumptions of our culture. We're not simply the biggest but the best. We may have been able to indulge ourselves in this fantasy until recently, but we can't do so any longer.

One of the most shocking revelations of the Equity Funding scandal was the

slackness of effort it exposed. It demonstrated a failure not simply on the part of the financial exchanges and regulators but by those who had a stake in the company and stood to lose heavily from irresponsible work.

Underwriters looked the company over carefully. Banks did intensive analyses before lending the company money. Lawyers were paid unbelievable fees to verify each prospectus. Consulting actuaries certified the insurance reserves. Auditors blessed the books. Every last one of them failed.

Were these men incompetent? Not likely. More probably, they had immersed themselves so totally in technicalities that they ignored the essentials, such as character and purpose.

Equity Funding was not a trip down the rapids by a group of reckless adventurers. It went adrift in the American mainstream.

The burden of Equity Funding is not that all men are venal. The evidence doesn't support the charge. One thousand men and women worked for Equity Funding. Fewer than 30 were indicted.

There are lessons galore from this repellent event. Auditing processes must change, stock exchanges must democratize, surveillance must be more meaningful, publicly held corporations must become truly public.

But what Equity Funding tells us more than anything is where we have come as individuals in regard to our institutions. What matters most is not that the values of a few men were perverted but that the consciences of many were stilled.

What is ultimately most distressing is not that some people defrauded others. That has gone on forever, and that alone can't bring down a free society. What *can* bring down a free society is when people do not feel they can live by the rule of law.

Not one of the people whose witness enabled me to expose the fraud had been willing to go to the authorities.

They were afraid the authorities might do nothing. They were afraid they wouldn't be believed. They were afraid the authorities would take their information back to the company—thereby exposing them. They were afraid their careers would suffer and that they might expose themselves to physical harm. They were afraid, at the very least, that they would carry the taint of "informer."

When conscience is immobilized, public trust has disappeared. At that point, by default, institutions become omnipotent.

May Equity Funding tell us, at a minimum, that there is work to be done—not simply to police our commerce but to redeem the efficacy of will.



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ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

quick call to a source working on the Federal investigation. By then, the reporters checked regularly with a half-dozen persons in the Justice Department and the FBI who were sometimes willing to confirm information that had been obtained elsewhere. The sources rarely went further, often not that far.

This time Woodward was lucky. Sloan had told the whole story of the fund to investigators; so had the bookkeeper, Mitchell, Stans, Magruder. That was right. The source would not volunteer the names of the two other persons who had controlled the fund. It was certain that the money had paid for espionage against the Democrats; whether or not it had financed the Watergate operation was unclear, depending on whom you believed. The details of the fund's operation were as described by Sloan and the bookkeeper, he said.

Haldeman?

The source would not say.

A few minutes later, the reporters met with executive editor Ben Bradlee, managing editor Howard Simons, metropolitan editor Harry Rosenfeld and city editor Barry Sussman in Bradlee's office, a comfortable carpeted room with a picture window looking out into the newsroom.

Bradlee, whom *The Wall Street Journal* once described as looking like an international jewel thief, listened attentively as Woodward ran down what details the reporters had about the secret fund, its control by Mitchell, Stans and Magruder and the probability of Haldeman's authority over it as well. Bradlee was interested in Sloan's description of Mitchell's involvement with the fund. (The reporters referred to Sloan merely as "our source.")

Bernstein and Woodward thought they were on the verge of learning the names of all five persons who controlled the secret fund and perhaps more about the individual transactions. Then they planned to write what would be a definitive account—who controlled the money and precisely how it related to Watergate.

They started to explain their plan to Bradlee and noticed that he was doodling—a sign that he was becoming a little impatient. He interrupted with a wave of his hand, then got to the point.

"Listen, fellas, are you certain on Mitchell?" A pause. "Absolutely certain?" He stared at each of the reporters as they nodded. "Can you write it now?"

They hesitated, then said they could. The reporters understood Bradlee's philosophy: A daily newspaper can't wait for the definitive account of events.

Bradlee stood up. "Well, then, let's do it."

And, he presumed aloud, the reporters realized the implications of such a story,

(continued from page 100)

that Mitchell was not someone to be trifled with, that now they were playing real hardball? Bradlee was not interrogating them. He was administering an oath.

They nodded, aware that they were about to take the biggest step yet.

Writing the story took surprisingly little time. It moved from Bernstein's typewriter to Woodward's, then to Rosenfeld and Sussman and finally to Bradlee and Simons. Only minor changes were made. By six P.M. it was in the composing room:

John N. Mitchell, while serving as U.S. Attorney General, personally controlled a secret Republican fund that was used to gather information about the Democrats, according to sources involved in the Watergate investigation.

Beginning in the spring of 1971, almost a year before he left the Justice Department to become President Nixon's campaign manager on March 1, Mitchell personally approved withdrawals from the fund. Several reliable sources have told *The Washington Post*.

Four persons other than Mitchell were later authorized to approve payments from the secret fund, the sources said. . . .

That night, Bernstein dialed the number of the Essex House in New York. He asked for room 710. Mitchell answered. Bernstein recognized the voice and began scribbling notes. He wanted to get everything down on paper, including his own questions. Moments after the call had ended, Bernstein began to type it out. In his agitated state, it was difficult to hit the right keys.

MITCHELL: Yes.

BERNSTEIN (after identifying himself): Sir, I'm sorry to bother you at this hour, but we are running a story in tomorrow's paper that, in effect, says that you controlled secret funds at the committee while you were Attorney General.

MITCHELL: JEEEEEEEEESUS. You said that? What does it say?

BERNSTEIN: I'll read you the first few paragraphs. (He got as far as the third. Mitchell responded "JEEEEEEEEESUS" every few words.)

MITCHELL: All that crap, you're putting it in the paper? It's all been denied. Katie Graham's gonna get her tit caught in a big fat wringer if that's published. Good Christ! That's the most sickening thing I ever heard. [Katherine Graham is publisher of *The Washington Post*.]

BERNSTEIN: Sir, I'd like to ask you a few questions about—

MITCHELL: What time is it?

BERNSTEIN: Eleven-thirty. I'm sorry to call so late.

MITCHELL: Eleven-thirty. Eleven-thirty when?

BERNSTEIN: Eleven-thirty at night.

MITCHELL: Oh.

BERNSTEIN: The committee has issued a statement about the story, but I'd like to ask you a few questions about the specifics of what the story contains.

MITCHELL: Did the committee tell you to go ahead and publish that story? You fellows got a great ball game going. As soon as you're through paying Ed Williams and the rest of those fellows, we're going to do a story on all of you. [Edward Bennett Williams is the principal attorney for *The Washington Post*.]

BERNSTEIN: Sir, about the story—

MITCHELL: Call my law office in the morning.

He hung up.

. . . .

On the night of September 28, Bernstein was called by a man who said he was a Government lawyer but had nothing to do with the Watergate investigation. He said he could have some information that might or might not have something to do with the things Bernstein and Woodward had been writing about.

Such calls were becoming more frequent, though most of the "tips" the reporters received were requests that the *Post* pursue theories about the deaths of John Kennedy, Mary Jo Kopechne, Martin Luther King and others. As for tips related to Watergate, they had checked out dozens that had proved to be either inconsequential or without foundation.

The lawyer on the phone now said he had a friend who "had been approached to go to work for the Nixon campaign in a very unusual way."

Bernstein put a sheet of paper in the typewriter and began taking it down.

The caller's friend was Alex Shipley, an assistant attorney general of the state of Tennessee, living in Nashville. In the summer of 1971, Shipley had been asked by an old Army buddy to join the Nixon campaign.

"Essentially, the proposal was that there was to be a crew of people whose job it would be to disrupt the Democratic campaign during the primaries. This guy told Shipley there was virtually unlimited money available.

"This guy was a lawyer. The idea was to travel around, there would be some going to towns and waiting for things to happen. For instance, some guy would be waiting to see if the Democratic candidates were renting a hall to have a rally. Then his job would be to call up the owner of the hall and say the event

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had been rescheduled, to fuck up the logistics."

Shipley had told the story "during a drunken conversation at a picnic" and the caller did not remember many other details. Reluctantly, he gave Bernstein his name and telephone number, on the condition that he never be disclosed as the source of the information. Bernstein thanked him and asked him to stay in touch.

Bernstein got Shipley's number from Nashville information, but there was no answer.

The next day, Bernstein showed Howard Simons his notes and said he was convinced the information—admittedly very sketchy—was important. By itself, the Watergate bugging made little sense, particularly since it had occurred when the Nixon campaign was at its strongest. But if it had been part of something much broader, it might make some sense, Bernstein said.

Simons was interested and urged Bernstein to get to Shipley fast. That night, Bernstein reached Shipley at home. He sounded pleasant and was surprised that a reporter would be so interested in the approach that had been made to him.

"The deal I was offered was slick," Shipley said. "We'd say we were working for so-and-so in the Democrats and really we'd be working for Nixon. Say, for instance, my job would be to go to a Kennedy rally. I'd say to one of Kennedy's people: 'I'm also with you people. We want you to go get a job in the Muskic office. And when you find out anything, you let me know and we'll get it back to Kennedy.'"

Somewhere, Bernstein had been told that the CIA did that kind of thing abroad. He'd called it Mindfuck when he first heard about it, but the agency called it Black Operation, or Black Advance.

Shipley continued, "There would be as much money as needed. I was promised pie in the sky by and by. Expenses plus salary. I'd be working for him." At first, Shipley did not want to give the man's name. Then he decided to tell the whole story.

"I've been thinking about talking to somebody. About six months ago, I made a memo to myself and it's up at the office—I've got dates. And I'll give you the best of my memory."

First, however, he wanted to obtain permission from his boss before talking to the press. He thought his boss would approve. The attorney general of Tennessee was a Democrat, and so was Shipley. That was perhaps the strangest aspect of the approach in Shipley's mind.

Beyond the man's word, Shipley had no proof that the offer was made on behalf of Nixon's re-election campaign. He had known the man in the Army. "My impression was that he would not be very effective at spy stuff. But he said he was working for Nixon."

Bernstein did not want to press for the recruiter's name—yet.

He called Shipley the next evening. The Democratic attorney general of Tennessee told Shipley to do what he thought right, and Shipley had gotten his notes together. The man who had approached him was named Donald Segretti.

• • •

Later, during a routine telephone check with a Justice Department official, Bernstein asked if the official had ever heard of Donald Segretti. It had been a throwaway question.

"I can't answer your question, because that's part of the investigation," the Justice official replied.

Bernstein was startled. Woodward and he had thought they were alone in pursuing Segretti.

There could be no discussion of Segretti, because he was part of the Watergate investigation, right?

That was correct, but the official would not listen to any more questions about Segretti. Bernstein went down his list of checks, crossing out each item, writing "No" or "Nothing" in the margin.

Herbert W. Kalmbach?

"That's part of the investigation, too, so I can't talk about it," the official said.

Sloan had refused to say if Kalmbach was among those who could give out money from Stans's safe. But since the fund was intended for "intelligence gathering," Segretti might have been bankrolled that way. Shipley had the impression that Segretti had got money from a "big spender" who was not in Government. That would fit Kalmbach, Nixon's personal attorney.

Was there a connection between Segretti and Kalmbach?

The official would say nothing more.

Bernstein told Robert Meyers, a West Coast reporter who had done interviews with Segretti for the *Post*, that the Feds knew about Segretti. He should go back and contact anyone who might know him, find out if his acquaintances had been contacted by the FBI, what questions had been asked, everything they might know about him. The University of Southern California and Boalt Hall Law School at Berkeley, where Segretti had studied, seemed the best places.

The next day, Meyers called to say that, as a USC undergraduate, Segretti had been close to several persons who were to become part of the Nixon White House. (Among the USC graduates at the White House were Ron Ziegler, the President's press secretary; Dwight Chapin, the Presidential appointments secretary; Herbert Porter, a former White House advance man and CRP scheduling director who had received money from the fund; Tim Elbourne, who had served as a Ziegler press assistant; Mike Guhin, a member of Henry Kissinger's National

Security Council staff; and Strachan, Haldeman's political aide and the White House liaison to CRP.)

Bernstein and Woodward sent feelers out through the *Post* newsroom, looking for anyone who had more than superficial contact with members of the White House staff. Their expectations weren't very high, given the relationship between the Nixon Administration and *The Washington Post*.

But Karlyn Barker, a former U. P. I. reporter who had joined the city staff on the same day as Woodward, said a friend of hers had gone to USC with the White House boys and had stayed in close touch with them. Within a few hours, Barker had given Bernstein a memo headed "Notes on USC Crowd."

Her friend had known Segretti, Chapin and Elbourne since college. He re- of hers had gone to USC with the White House and said Segretti and Elbourne had been called by their schoolmates, Chapin and Ziegler, to help in the Nixon election business.

All belonged to a campus political party called Trojans for a Representative Government. The Trojans called their brand of electioneering "ratfucking." Ballot boxes were stuffed, spics were planted in the opposition camp and bogus campaign literature abounded. Ziegler and Chapin had hooked onto Nixon's 1962 campaign for governor of California—managed by Haldeman. After graduation, Ziegler, Chapin and Elbourne had joined the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency in Los Angeles, where Haldeman was a vice-president. Segretti had been summoned to Washington and trained to work in a Presidential election, according to Karlyn Barker's friend.

Bernstein called the Justice Department official who had originally told him that Segretti was part of the Watergate investigation. It was Saturday, October seventh.

"No, I can't talk about him," the official said once more. "That's right, even though he's not directly linked to Watergate, to the break-in. Obviously, I came across him through the investigation. Yes, political sabotage is associated with Segretti. I've heard a term for it, 'ratfucking.' There is some very powerful information, especially if it comes out before November seventh," the day of the election.

The official refused to say anything more.

Bernstein hit with another call.

"*Ratfucking?*" The word struck a raw nerve with a Justice Department attorney. "You can go right to the top on that one. I was shocked when I learned about it. I couldn't believe it. These are public servants? God. It's nauseating. You're talking about fellows who come from the

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Bernstein wondered what "right to the top" meant. But he wasn't given time to ask. The attorney had worked himself into a rage.

"If the Justice Department could find a law against it, a jury of laymen would convict them on that. It's absolutely despicable. Segretti? He's indescribable. It would be useful for you to write an article about this type of conduct. I was so shocked. I didn't understand it. It's completely immoral. All these people, unbelievable. Look at Hunt. I don't think he's involved in the ratfucking. But he's capable of anything. And he had access to the White House.

"The press hasn't brought that home. You're dealing with people who act like this was Dodge City, not the capital of the United States."

Bernstein was impressed. He had never known the man to be so outraged.

The secret fund—had it financed the ratfucking?

"That's a fruitful area." The attorney was calm for a moment, then became angry again. "Why else would they have all that money lying around? It's a scandal. But it will all come out at the trial."

Kalmbach?

"I won't discuss names. There are so many things that nothing would surprise me. It'll come out at the trial, which is the best context of all, because the people will know it is truth. The prosecutors have the truth. They want an opportunity to show it. The people who did this are going to take the stand."

Mitchell?

"Mitchell? They won't call him. But it will be there. He can't say he didn't

know about it, because it was strategy—basic strategy that goes all the way to the top. Higher than him, even."

The attorney realized he had gone too far. *Higher than Mitchell?* At most, there were three persons who went higher than John Mitchell: John Ehrlichman (maybe), H. R. Haldeman and Richard M. Nixon.

Basic strategy that goes all the way to the top. The phrase unnerved Bernstein. For the first time, he considered the possibility that the President of the United States was the head ratfucker.

• • •

Woodward had a source in the Executive branch who had access to information at CRP as well as at the White House. His identity was unknown to anyone else. He could be contacted only on very important occasions. Woodward had promised he would never identify him, or his position, to anyone. Further, he had agreed never to quote the man, even as an anonymous source. Their discussions would be only to confirm information that had been obtained elsewhere and to add some perspective.

In newspaper terminology, this meant the discussions were on "deep background." Woodward explained the arrangement to managing editor Howard Simons one day. He had taken to calling the source "my friend," but Simons dubbed him "Deep Throat." The name stuck.

At first Woodward and Deep Throat talked by telephone, but as the Watergate stakes increased, Deep Throat's nervousness grew. He didn't want to talk on the telephone but said they could meet somewhere.

Deep Throat didn't want to use the

phone even to set up the meetings. He suggested that Woodward open the drapes in his apartment as a signal. Deep Throat could check each day; if the drapes were open, the two would meet that night. But Woodward liked to let the sun in at times and suggested another signal.

Several years earlier, Woodward had found a red cloth flag lying in the street. Barely one foot square, it was attached to a stick, the type of warning device used on the back of a truck carrying a projecting load. Woodward had taken the flag back to his apartment and one of his friends stuck it into an old flowerpot on the balcony. It had stayed there, serving no function whatever.

When Woodward had an important inquiry to make, he would move the flowerpot with the red flag to the rear of the balcony. During the day, Deep Throat would check to see if the pot had been moved. If it had, he and Woodward would meet that night about two A.M. in a predesignated underground garage. Woodward would leave his sixth-floor apartment and walk down the back stairs into an alley.

Walking and taking two or more taxis to the garage, he could be reasonably sure that no one had followed him. In the garage, the two could talk for an hour or more without being seen. If taxis were hard to find, as they often were late at night, it might take Woodward almost two hours to get there on foot. On two occasions, a meeting had been set and the man had not shown up—a depressing and frightening experience, as Woodward had waited for more than an hour, alone in an underground garage in the middle of the night. Once he had thought he was being followed—two well-dressed men had stayed behind him for five or six blocks, but he ducked into an alley and did not see them again.

If Deep Throat wanted a meeting—which was rare—there was a different procedure. Each morning, Woodward would check page 20 of his *New York Times*, delivered to his apartment house before seven A.M. If a meeting was requested, the page number would be circled and the hands of a clock indicating the time would appear in a lower corner of the page. Woodward did not know how Deep Throat got to his paper.

The man's position in the Executive branch was extremely sensitive. He had never given Woodward incorrect information. It was he who had confirmed to Woodward on June 19 that Howard Hunt was definitely involved in Watergate. During the summer, he had told Woodward that the FBI badly wanted to know where the *Post* was getting its information. He thought Bernstein and Woodward might be followed and cautioned them to take care when using their telephones. The White House, he had said at the last meeting, regarded the

stakes in Watergate as much higher than anyone outside realized. Even the FBI did not understand what was happening. He had been deliberately vague about this, however, making veiled references to the CIA and national security that Woodward did not understand. He had said he would help out when he could, but only to confirm or lend perspective.

When Sussman and Bernstein wanted to run the Segretti story, Woodward, who was in New York, argued that not enough details about the sabotage operations were known and that their scope and purposes were unclear. Moreover, the implications should not be hinted at until there was more solid information.

Woodward prevailed. He would catch the next plane to Washington and contact Deep Throat.

He left on the last Eastern shuttle and, from a telephone booth at National Airport, called Deep Throat at home.

They had recently arranged a method by which Woodward could call to request a garage meeting without identifying himself. Woodward put his suitcase in a locker. Taking a cab to a downtown hotel, he waited ten minutes, took another, walked the rest of the way and arrived at the garage at 1:30 A.M.

Deep Throat was already there, smoking a cigarette. He was glad to see Woodward and shook his hand. Woodward told him that he and Bernstein needed help, really needed help on this one. His friendship with Deep Throat was genuine, not cultivated. Long before Watergate, they had spent many evenings talking about Washington, the Government, power.

On evenings such as those, Deep Throat had talked about how politics had infiltrated every corner of Government—a strong-arm take-over of the agencies by the Nixon White House. Junior White House aides were giving orders to the highest levels of the bureaucracy. He had once called it the “switchblade mentality”—and had referred to the willingness of the President’s men to fight dirty and for keeps, regardless of what effect the slashing might have on the Government and the nation. There was little bitterness on his part. Rather, Woodward sensed the resignation of one whose fight had been worn down in too many battles. Deep Throat never tried to inflate his knowledge or show off his importance. He always told rather less than he knew. Woodward considered him a wise teacher. He was dispassionate and seemed committed to the best version of the obtainable truth.

He also distrusted the press. “I don’t like newspapers,” he had said flatly. He detested inexactitude and shallowness. Aware of his own weaknesses, he readily conceded his flaws: He was, incongruously, an incurable gossip, careful to label rumor for what it was, but fascinated by it.

He knew too much literature too well and let the allurements of the past turn him away from his instincts. He could be rowdy, drink too much, overreach. He was not good at concealing his feelings, hardly an ideal trait for a man in his position.

Of late, he had expressed fear for the future of the Executive branch, which he was in a unique position to observe. Watergate had taken its toll. Even in the shadows of the garage, Woodward saw that he was thinner and, when he drew on his cigarette, that his eyes were bloodshot.

That night Deep Throat seemed more talkative than usual. “There is a way to untie the Watergate knot,” he began. “I can’t and won’t give you any new names, but everything points in the direction of what was called ‘Offensive Security.’ . . . Remember, you don’t do those 1500 [FBI] interviews and not have something on your hands other than a single break-in. [The White House and the Justice Department had cited the number of interviews conducted by the FBI as evidence of the thoroughness of the Watergate investigation.] But please be balanced and send out people to check everything, because a lot of the [CRP] intelligence gathering was routine. They are not brilliant guys, but it got out of hand,” Deep Throat said. “That is the key phrase, the feeling that it all got out of hand. . . . Much of the intelligence gathering was on their own campaign contributors, and some to check on the Democratic contributors—to check people out and sort of semiblack-mail them if something was found . . . a very heavy-handed operation.”

Deep Throat had access to information at the White House, Justice, the FBI and CRP. What he knew represented an aggregate of hard information flowing in and out of many stations. Reluctantly, after prodding, he agreed that Woodward and Bernstein were correct about the involvement of higher-ups in the Watergate break-in and in other illegal activities as well.

“Mitchell was involved.”

To what extent?

“Only the President and Mitchell know.”

“Mitchell conducted his own—he called it an investigation—for about ten days after June 17. And he was going crazy. He found all sorts of new things that astounded even him. At some point, Howard Hunt, of all the ironies, was assigned to help Mitchell get some information. Like lightning, he was pulled off and fired and told to pack up his desk and leave town forever. By no less than John Ehrlichman.”

Woodward reacted with equal measures of shock and skepticism. Ehrlichman was the good guy, the resident program man in the White House who dealt with legislation, concepts, domestic

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crises. Politics was Haldeman and Mitchell's turf. Woodward recognized the gravity of Deep Throat's remark that "Only the President and Mitchell know." But Deep Throat would not elaborate.

Woodward asked if the Watergate bugging and spying were isolated, or if they were parts of the same operation as the other activities Deep Throat referred to.

"Check every lead," Deep Throat advised. "It goes all over the map, and that is important. You could write stories from now until Christmas or well beyond that. . . . Not one of the games [his term for undercover operations] was free-lance. This is important. Every one was tied in."

But he would not talk specifically about Segretti's operation. Woodward could not understand why.

"Just remember what I'm saying. Everything was part of it—nothing was free-lance. I know what I'm talking about."

Ratfucking?

He had heard the term; it meant double cross and, as used by the Nixon forces, it referred to infiltration of the Democrats.

Deep Throat returned to Mitchell on his own steam: "That guy definitely learned some things in those ten days after Watergate. He was just sick, and everyone was saying that he was ruined because of what his people did and what happened at the White House."

"And Mitchell said, 'If this all comes out, it could ruin the Administration. I mean, ruin it.' Mitchell realized he was personally ruined and would have to get out."

Woodward asked about the White House.

"There were four basic personnel groupings for undercover operations," Deep Throat said. The November Group, which handled CRP's publicity, including false ads in newspapers; a convention group, which handled intelligence gathering and sabotage planning for both the Republican and the Democratic conventions; a primary group, which did the same for the primaries of both parties; and the Howard Hunt group, which was the "really heavy operations team."

"The Howard Hunt group reported to Chuck Colson, who maybe didn't know specifically about the bugging. There is no proof, but Colson was getting daily updates on the activities and the information." He shook his head. "There are stories all over town—check every one, each is good."

Deep Throat then issued an explicit warning. "They want to single out the *Post*. They want to go to court to get at your sources."

It was three A.M. There was more general discussion about the White House, its mood, the war atmosphere. Woodward and Deep Throat sat on the garage floor, resting against the garage wall, exhausted. Woodward said that he and Bernstein

couldn't go much further, what they had was too vague. Watergate would not expose what the White House had done—not without more specific information.

Deep Throat again told Woodward to concentrate on the other games—not the break-in at Democratic headquarters.

Still, they needed help. Woodward said. Could they say for certain that the games were White House sponsored?

"Of course, of course, don't you get my message?" Deep Throat was exasperated. He stood up.

What games? Woodward asked.

"There's nothing more I can say,"

Deep Throat replied and began to walk off.

Woodward grabbed Deep Throat's arm. The time had come to press to the limit. Woodward was angry. He told Deep Throat that both of them were playing a chickenshit game—Deep Throat for pretending that he never fed Woodward primary information and Woodward for chewing up tidbits like a rat that didn't have the guts to go after the main dish.

Deep Throat was angry, too, but not at Woodward.

"OK," he said softly. "This is very serious. You can safely say that 50 people worked for the White House and CRP to play games and spy and sabotage and gather intelligence. Some of it is beyond belief, kicking at the opposition in every imaginable way. You already know some of it."

Deep Throat nodded confirmation as Woodward ran down items on a list of tactics that he and Bernstein had heard were used against the political opposition: bugging, following people, false press leaks, fake letters, canceling campaign rallies, investigating campaign workers' private lives, planting spies, stealing documents, planting provocateurs in political demonstrations.

"It's all in the files," Deep Throat said. "Justice and the Bureau know about it, even though it wasn't followed up."

Woodward was stunned. Fifty people directed by the White House and CRP to destroy the opposition, no holds barred?

Deep Throat nodded.

The White House had been willing to subvert—was that the right word?—the whole electoral process? Had actually gone ahead and tried to do it?

Another nod. Deep Throat looked queasy.

And hired 50 agents to do it?

"You can safely say more than 50," Deep Throat said. Then he turned, walked up the ramp and out. It was nearly six A.M.

The next morning, October tenth, the reporters wrote one of their most significant and comprehensive stories to date. The opening paragraphs read:

FBI agents have established that the Watergate bugging incident

stemmed from a massive campaign of political spying and sabotage conducted on behalf of President Nixon's re-election and directed by officials of the White House and the Committee for the Re-election of the President. . . .

During their Watergate investigation, Federal agents established that hundreds of thousands of dollars in Nixon campaign contributions had been set aside to pay for an extensive undercover campaign aimed at discrediting individual Democratic Presidential candidates and disrupting their campaigns. . . .

The story went on to list the kind of sabotage and espionage involved including:

Following members of Democratic candidates' families; forging letters and distributing them under the candidates' letterheads; leaking false and manufactured items to the press; throwing campaign schedules into disarray; seizing confidential campaign files and investigating the lives of dozens of Democratic campaign workers.

Woodward called DeVan Shumway, CRP's principal spokesman, and read him the first six paragraphs.

Shumway called him back an hour later and said: "Now, are you ready? We've got a statement: 'The *Post* story is not only fiction but a collection of absurdities.'"

Woodward waited for more.

"That's it," Shumway said.

From Hugh Sloan, Woodward and Bernstein knew that the fifth person who controlled the secret fund was a White House official. There were many reasons for believing that it was H. R. Haldeman, the White House chief of staff. Indeed, there was some cause to suspect that lurking behind the "Watergate reign" crouched trim, crewcut Harry Robbins Haldeman.

At the age of 42, Haldeman had gone from managing the Los Angeles offices of J. Walter Thompson to managing the business of the President of the United States.

Throughout the Administration, Haldeman was held in awe. At the mention of his name, Cabinet officials would become silent and fearful. The few who would talk knowledgeably about him said they might lose their jobs if he ever found out. Tough . . . pragmatic . . . ruthless . . . devoted only to Richard Nixon . . . would stop at nothing. . . . The descriptions were often similar and many quoted Haldeman's celebrated self-description: "I'm the President's son of a bitch." But Haldeman was far more complicated than such descriptions indicated.

One of Haldeman's methods of operation, the reporters knew, was



"Please, Mrs. Cunningham—keep talking—don't stop——"

"deniability." This was the device of insulating himself from controversial decisions by implementing them through others, so that, later, he could deny involvement. The reporters were certain, therefore, that Haldeman would never hire a Hunt as a White House consultant. He would make someone else—Colson or Ehrlichman—the employer of record. If Haldeman were behind Segretti's operation, he would not have come in direct contact with him.

The reporters knew from Sloan and others that Haldeman seldom dealt directly with CRP. That was left to Gordon Strachan, one of Haldeman's beaver patrol: the bright, fiercely loyal young men he brought into the White House from the advertising and marketing worlds. Deniability was the rule in the White House staff system; the bosses stood behind an impenetrable beaver dam.

On October 19, Woodward dragged his balcony flowerpot back into position to signal Deep Throat. About one A.M., he left his apartment for the long journey to the underground garage. He arrived about 2:30 A.M. Deep Throat was not there. Fifteen minutes passed, then half an hour. An hour. Woodward worried.

Deep Throat rarely missed an appointment. In the dark, cold garage, Woodward began thinking the unthinkable: Maybe Haldeman had learned that the reporters were making inquiries about him. Had Deep Throat been spotted? Had Woodward been followed? People crazy enough to hire Gordon Liddy and Howard Hunt were crazy enough to do other things. Woodward scolded himself for becoming irrational, fighting the notion of some goon squad terrorizing Deep Throat. Would it leave a black glove with a knife stuck through the palm in Deep Throat's car? Just what did a 1972 goon squad do—if it worked for the White House? Woodward went outside to look around, and then walked back down the ramp into the dark. In the next half hour he grew more and more terrified—of exactly what he wasn't sure—then ran from the garage and most of the way home. He told Bernstein that Deep Throat had failed to show. They knew there were a hundred possible explanations, but they both worried.

Later that morning, Woodward's copy of *The New York Times* arrived with a circle on page 20 and a clockface indicating a three-A.M. meeting. He took the familiar route, arrived about 15 minutes early, descended to the level of their meeting place and there, smoking a cigarette, was Deep Throat. Woodward was relieved and angry. He told Deep Throat that he hadn't appreciated the anxiety of the previous night. Deep Throat said that he hadn't had a chance to check the balcony that day and couldn't call, because things were getting hotter.

Woodward, though it wasn't true, told Deep Throat that he and Bernstein had

a story for the following week saying that Haldeman was the fifth person in control of disbursements from the secret fund.

"You'll have to do it on your own," Deep Throat said.

Woodward tried another angle. Would Deep Throat feel compelled to warn him if his information was wrong?

Deep Throat said he would.

Then you're confirming Haldeman on the fund? Woodward asked.

"I'm not. You've got to do it on your own."

The distinction seemed too subtle.

"You cannot use me as a source," Deep Throat said. "I won't be a source on a Haldeman story." As always, the stakes seemed to quadruple when Haldeman's name was mentioned.

Deep Throat was tired and in a hurry. He said that he would try to keep the reporters out of trouble.

Woodward asked if they were in trouble on Haldeman.

"I'll keep you out," Deep Throat said.

Since he had not cautioned them on Haldeman, he was effectively confirming the story. Woodward made it clear that if there was any reason to hold back, he expected some sign from Deep Throat.

Deep Throat replied that failing to warn Woodward off a bad story "would be a misconception of our friendship." He would not name Haldeman himself. He shook hands with Woodward and left. Woodward was now more certain of two things about Haldeman: He was the fifth man and he had accumulated frightening power. Deep Throat did not scare easily.

On Monday, October 23, Woodward reconstructed the meeting for Bernstein. Bernstein was uncomfortable with the "confirmation." Was it absolute? Yes and no, Woodward said.

That night, the reporters visited Sloan. They went over the secret fund and Sloan's repeated unwillingness to discuss the amounts of money spent. There were five people who had authority to approve the disbursements, right? Bernstein asked.

"Yes, I'd say five," Sloan said.

Magruder, Stans, Mitchell, Kalmbach and someone in the White House. Woodward reiterated.

"That's right," said Sloan.

"Did you mention the names before the grand jury?" Woodward asked.

Sloan thought for several seconds. "Yes," he said.

"We know that it's Haldeman," Bernstein said. The way he said it was meant to convey both urgency and inevitability. He wanted Sloan to think he would be giving nothing away by confirming. "Haldeman, right?" he repeated.

Sloan shrugged. "That may be, but I'm not your source on that."

All they needed was confirmation, Bernstein said. No need to say the name. Just yes.

"Not here," Sloan responded.

Woodward then asked if it was John Ehrlichman.

"No," Sloan said. "I can tell you it wasn't Ehrlichman."

"Colson?" asked Bernstein.

"No," said Sloan.

Unless they were way off base, that left only Haldeman and the President, Bernstein said. Certainly it wasn't the President.

"No, not the President," said Sloan.

"Then it had to be Haldeman," Bernstein repeated. "Look," he said, "we're going to write it and we need your help if there's anything wrong about it."

Sloan paused. "Let me put it this way, then. I have no problems if you write a story like that."

"Then it's correct?" Woodward asked.

"Yes," Sloan said.

The reporters tried to contain their excitement. They asked a few more questions for form, then shook hands with Sloan and walked down the path to Woodward's car.

That was almost enough, Bernstein said. A rule had evolved at the *Post* that no story would be published unless at least two sources could be found to confirm it. But he was still uneasy. Woodward was more confident, but he agreed they should try for one more confirmation.

Of the people who were in a position to confirm or deny that Haldeman was the final name, there were only two they hadn't contacted. One was an FBI agent Bernstein had talked to during the first week of October.

Now Woodward picked up a telephone extension while Bernstein called the agent to ask him about Haldeman.

Bernstein knew he would never get the information by merely asking. He decided to try to provoke the agent by telling him they were working on a story about what a lousy job the FBI had done. Woodward, listening on the extension, took notes.

AGENT: We did not miss much.

BERNSTEIN: Then you got Haldeman's name in connection with his control over the secret fund?

AGENT: Yeah.

BERNSTEIN: But it also came out in the grand jury?

AGENT: Of course.

BERNSTEIN: So it came out, then, in both the FBI interview with Sloan and when he was before the grand jury?

AGENT: Yes.

BERNSTEIN: We just wanted to be sure of that, because we've been told that it came out only in the grand jury, that you guys fucked it up.

AGENT: We got it, too. We went to everybody involved in the money... we know that 90 percent of your information comes from Bureau files.

You either see them or someone reads them to you over the phone.

Bernstein said he would not talk about their sources. He returned to the question of Haldeman and asked again if Haldeman was named as the fifth person to control the secret fund.

"Yeah, Haldeman, John Haldeman," he replied. Bernstein ended the conversation and gave a thumbs-up signal to Woodward. Then he realized the agent had said *John*, not *Bob* Haldeman. At times, it seemed that everyone in Washington mixed up the "German shepherds," as they were called. But the reporters could not let the confusion persist. Bernstein called the agent back.

"Yeah, Haldeman, *Bob* Haldeman," the agent said. "I can never remember first names."

Deep Throat, Sloan, the FBI agent. The reporters decided that they finally had the story firmly in hand. They left for home before midnight feeling secure.

Bernstein spent most of the night unable to sleep, thinking about the implications of what they had written and what they were about to write. What if they were being unfair to the President of the United States, damaging not just the man but the institution? And, by extension, the country? Suppose the reporters' assumptions were wrong, that somehow they had been horribly misled. What happened to a couple of punk reporters who took the country on a roller-coaster ride? Could it be that the wads of cash in Stans's safe had been merely discretionary funds that had been misspent by a few overzealous underlings? Or that the reporters and their sources had fed on one another's suspicions and speculations? No less awful, suppose the reporters were being set up. What if the White House had seen its chance to finish off *The Washington Post* and further undermine the credibility of the press? What if Haldeman had never asked for authority over the money or had never exercised his authority?

Maybe all the fears were inflated and irrational. Maybe Nixon never read the damn paper, anyway. Maybe nobody paid any attention (sometimes it was almost a relief when the polls showed that Watergate wasn't having much impact).

Bernstein was a shambles when he arrived at the office the next morning—sleep-starved, full of doubts, timorous. He confided in Woodward. Woodward, too, had gone through periods of apprehension about whether the foundation of their reporting—largely invisible to the reader—was strong enough to support the visible implications. Before informing Sussman that they had established the Haldeman connection solidly, the reporters reviewed their bases again. The exercise was reassuring—something like what astronauts must experience when they check their systems prior to lift-off



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The afternoon of October 24, they wrote the Haldeman story. Essentially, it contained only one new fact—that the fifth person who had been in control of the campaign fund for political espionage and sabotage was the President's chief of staff.

Bradlee summoned Simons, Rosenfeld, Sussman, Bernstein and Woodward to his office. During that seven-P.M. meeting, just before the deadline, Bradlee served as prosecutor, demanding to know exactly what each source had said.

"What did the FBI guy say?" Bradlee asked.

The reporters gave a brief summary.

"No," Bradlee said, "I want to hear exactly what you asked him and what his exact reply was."

He did the same with Deep Throat and the interview with Sloan.

"I recommend going," Rosenfeld said. Sussman agreed.

Simons nodded his approval.

"Go," Bradlee said.

On the way out, Simons told the reporters he would feel more comfortable if they had a fourth source. It was past 7:30; the story could not hold beyond 7:50. Bernstein said there was one other possibility, a lawyer in the Justice Department who might be willing to confirm. He went to a phone near Rosenfeld's office and called him.

Bernstein asked the lawyer point-blank if Haldeman was the fifth person in control of the secret fund.

He would not say.

Bernstein told him that they were going with the story. They already had it from three sources, he said; they knew Sloan had told the grand jury. All they were asking was that he warn them if there were any reason to hold off on the story.

"I'd like to help you, I really would," said the lawyer. "But I just can't say anything."

Bernstein thought for a moment and told the man they understood why he couldn't say anything. So they would do it another way: Bernstein would count to ten. If there was any reason for the reporters to hold back on the story, the lawyer should hang up before ten. If he was on the line after ten, it would mean the story was OK.

"Hang up, right?" the lawyer asked.

That was right, Bernstein instructed, and he started counting. He got to ten. OK, Bernstein said and thanked him effusively.

"You've got it straight now?" the lawyer asked.

"Right." Bernstein thanked him again and hung up.

He told the editors and Woodward that they now had a fourth confirmation and thought himself quite clever.

With the deadline only minutes off, the story was dropped down to the composing room to be set. There would be an insert for the ritual White House denial.

Shortly before nine P.M., Woodward got a call from Kirby Jones, press aide for the McGovern campaign. "I hear you've got a good one for tomorrow," Jones said. "How about sending a copy over?"

Woodward said that he and Bernstein were having enough trouble already with accusations of collusion. He told Jones to get his own copy of the paper at a newsstand, like everyone else, and slammed down the phone.

The reporters finally left the paper, forgetting to give Sloan a courtesy call to alert him that the story was coming. He would be besieged by other reporters, and they should have warned him what to expect. But they had to finish putting together their outline for a book on Watergate. The outline had to be submitted to Simon & Schuster at lunch the next day.

They were up almost until dawn writing and met at nine A.M. in the coffee shop of the Madison Hotel.

At breakfast, they quickly read through the Haldeman story in the *Post's* final edition, and about 10:30, Bernstein and Woodward strolled across 15th Street to the *Post*. At their desks, they were going through their notes to decide whom they should see that afternoon when Eric Wentworth, an education reporter, came over to Woodward.

"Hey," said Wentworth, "have you heard about what Sloan's attorney said?"

Woodward hadn't.

"Sloan's attorney said that Sloan didn't name Haldeman before the grand jury. He said it unequivocally."

Woodward froze.

Wentworth repeated his words, then went to his desk and typed out what he could recall from a CBS radio account he had heard on his way to work. Woodward followed him. Wentworth handed the piece of paper to Woodward, who returned to his desk. He had to sit down.

Woodward went over to Bernstein's desk and tapped him on the shoulder. "We may have a problem," he said softly and handed Wentworth's note to Bernstein. Bernstein suddenly felt sick and thought he might throw up. Flushed, he sat in his chair until it passed.

Then he and Woodward walked into Sussman's office and passed him the note. All three went into Rosenfeld's office and turned on the television. What they were watching on the screen was something they would never forget: Sloan and his attorney, James R. Stoner, were walking into a law office where Sloan was to give a deposition. Daniel Schorr, the veteran CBS correspondent, was waiting there with a camera crew. Schorr

approached Sloan and asked him about the *Post's* report of his testimony before the grand jury. Sloan said his attorney would have a comment. Schorr moved the microphone to Stoner.

"Our answer to that is an unequivocal no," he said. "We did not—Mr. Sloan did not implicate Mr. Haldeman in that testimony at all."

Sussman, Woodward and Bernstein looked at one another. What had gone wrong? They had been so sure.

Bernstein and Woodward decided not to cancel their lunch with Dick Snyder, their publisher, but to hurry through it instead. As they walked to the Hay-Adams Hotel, directly across Lafayette Square from the White House, the magnitude of what was involved began to sink in. They had made a grievous error—Sloan would never lie. But how? And what was the mistake? There was no question that Sloan had confirmed Haldeman as the fifth controller of the fund. So had the FBI agent. And Deep Throat. It had something to do with the attribution itself, about Sloan's testimony before the grand jury. There, they had gotten something horribly wrong.

As they walked, Ron Ziegler was beginning his regular daily press briefing in the Executive Mansion. It began at 11:48 A.M. After ten minutes or so of announcements about the President's campaign and speech schedule, a reporter asked: "Ron, has the FBI talked to Bob Haldeman about his part in allegedly managing a secret slush fund for political sabotage?"

That began 30 minutes of denunciation of the *Post*.

ZIEGLER: I assume you base your question on the *Washington Post* story this morning?

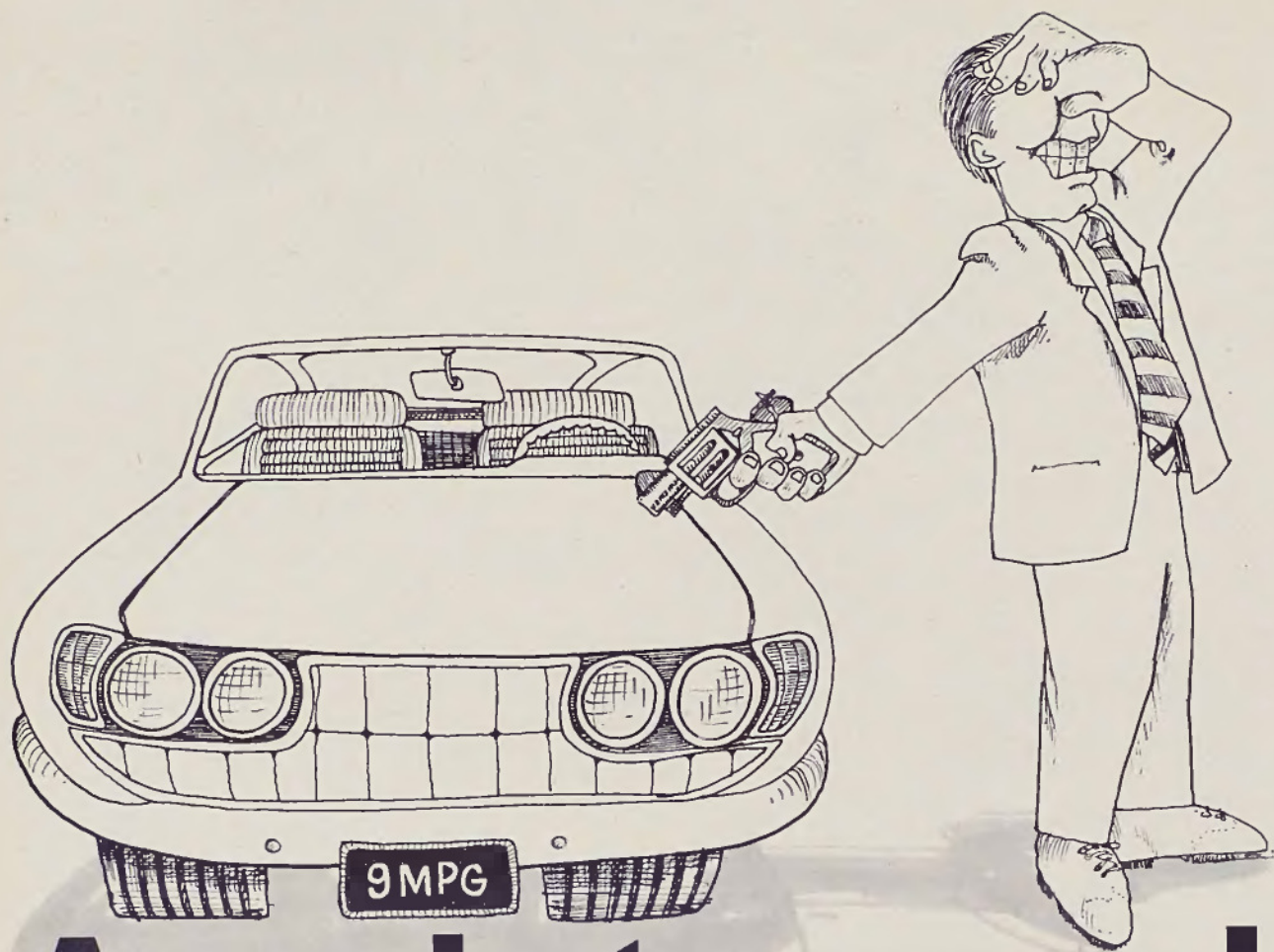
QUESTION: No, it has nothing to do with that, Ron. (Laughter)

ZIEGLER: What do you base your question on?

QUESTION: It just struck me as a good question.

ZIEGLER: The answer to your question is no, they have not. . . . We have already denied the story based on information that we had last night. I believe it is the type of story that deserves only one denial . . . this is another example of a story based on hearsay, a story based upon information that was supposedly given to *The Washington Post*, but here, again, they will not identify or refer to the source of their information. . . .

I personally feel that this is shabby journalism by *The Washington Post*. . . . I think this effort on the part of the *Post* is getting to the point, really, of absurdity. . . . The story and the headline ["TESTIMONY TIES TOP NIXON AIDE TO SECRET



A modest proposal from Yamaha.

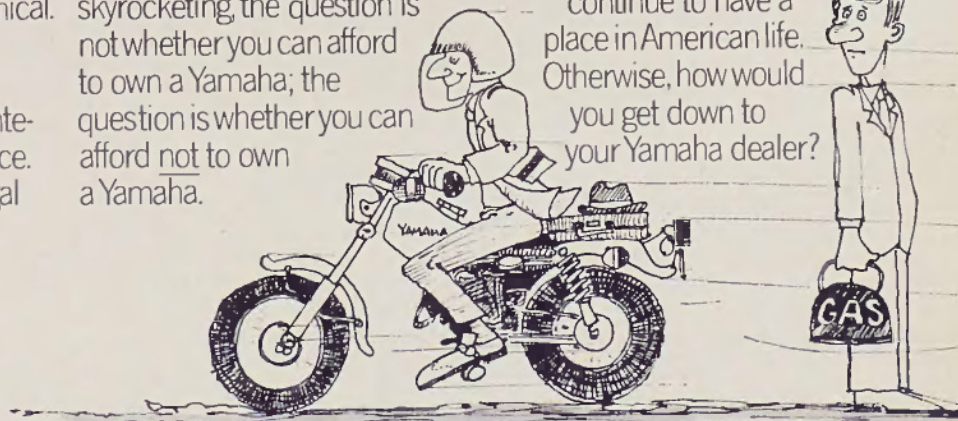
You used to be inseparable. But then, gas used to cost a quarter a gallon. So maybe it's time you put the lovable old guzzler out to pasture. Or at least traded in your second car on something more economical. Like a Yamaha.

Think about all the gasoline you'll save. Think about low maintenance costs. A low purchase price. And think of all the perfectly legal

little nooks and crannies where you can park your new Yamaha.

But forget these advantages for the moment, and just think about this: With the price of gasoline skyrocketing the question is not whether you can afford to own a Yamaha; the question is whether you can afford not to own a Yamaha.

Oh, we're not suggesting the extermination of cars. Just a little population control. In spite of its wastefulness we're confident that the automobile will continue to have a place in American life. Otherwise, how would you get down to your Yamaha dealer?



Someday, you'll own a Yamaha.

FUND"] . . . refers to a secret fund, a term developed exclusively, virtually exclusively, by *The Washington Post*, based again on hearsay and based again on information obtained from an individual that they again refuse to identify, anonymous sources . . . now, *The Washington Post* last night was told that they had misinformation . . . and yet they ran it as their lead story this morning, with a distorted headline that was based totally on hearsay and innuendo. . . . I think this is the shabbiest type of journalism . . . a vicious abuse of the entire journalism process by *The Washington Post* . . . it is political . . . an effort to discredit individuals within this Administration based on hearsay . . . a blatant effort at character assassination. . . .

QUESTION: If all of these men—Haldeman, Chapin [who had been linked to Segretti in earlier stories] and Colson—are clean and innocent of this, why are they not made available for questions? When we ask you questions to ask them specifically, we do not get direct answers.

ZIEGLER: . . . We are not going to play into the hands of *The Washington Post* that way or play that particular game with them. . . .

QUESTION: Ron, *Time* magazine and *The New York Times* have also carried various articles about the incidents that allegedly have taken place. Do you include those in your general condemnation as being shabby journalism?

ZIEGLER: Quite frankly, I wouldn't lump those publications with *The Washington Post*. . . .

QUESTION: Is the White House still subscribing to *The Washington Post*? (Laughter)

ZIEGLER: We have to, out of self-protection.

. . . .

Lunch was nerve-racking and strained. Woodward and Bernstein were too preoccupied to discuss anything coherently, much less the publication of a book. If the situation was deteriorating as badly as they feared, they would probably offer their resignations to the paper.

When the meeting with Snyder ended, they stepped into the hotel's old, oak-paneled elevator. Herbert Klein, the White House director of communications, was inside. All three stared at the floor in silence as the elevator descended. At the lobby level, Klein stepped out hurriedly and strode to a White House car waiting in the driveway.

Bernstein and Woodward held copies of the *Post* over their heads as they walked back to the office in the rain.

Soaked and shivering, Woodward called Sloan's attorney.

"Your story is wrong," Stoner said icily. "Wrong on the grand jury."

Woodward was at a disadvantage: He couldn't betray Sloan's confidence and tell Stoner that his own client had been one of the sources.

Was Stoner certain that Sloan hadn't named Haldeman before the grand jury? Woodward tried to say it suggestively.

"Yes," said Stoner. "Absolutely certain." He anticipated the next question: "The denial is specifically addressed to your story. No, he has not said it to the FBI. No, he has not said it to any Federal investigators."

Woodward tried another approach. Leaving aside the question of whom Sloan might have divulged it to, was the story's essential fact correct? Did Haldeman indeed have control of the fund?

"No comment."

Wasn't that the important question?

"No comment. I'm just not going to talk about information my client may or may not have."

Woodward directed Stoner's attention to the *Post*'s repeated recognition that Sloan was not criminally involved in Watergate. It had been the first newspaper to say so. It had said explicitly that Sloan had quit his job because he was honest.

Stoner said he appreciated that fact.

Did the *Post* owe Stoner's client an apology for misrepresenting what he told the grand jury?

Stoner said that no apology was necessary.

Woodward paused. Maybe he should ask if Haldeman deserved an apology. But suppose Stoner said yes. A printed apology would probably have to appear. That was almost unthinkable.

Painful as the answer could turn out to be, Woodward asked if an apology to Haldeman was in order. He couldn't think of anything else to ask.

"No comment."

Woodward told Stoner that the *Post* had a responsibility to correct an error.

No comment.

If an apology was called for, it would be given.

No comment.

Woodward raised his voice to impress on Stoner how serious it was when a newspaper made a mistake.

Finally, Stoner said he wouldn't recommend making any apology to Bob Haldeman.

For the first time since the radio report of the denial by Sloan's lawyer, Woodward relaxed a little.

He asked whether Sloan had been asked by the grand jury or investigators whether Haldeman controlled the fund.

No comment.

Could the FBI's investigation have been so bad, he wondered aloud, and the grand jury's investigation so inadequate that Sloan was never asked about Haldeman?

No comment.

That left them dangling, Woodward said. Stoner said he sympathized with their precarious position. Woodward couldn't argue with that. There was nothing left to say.

Both reporters were losing their composure. Woodward couldn't contact Deep Throat until that night at the earliest. Bernstein couldn't reach Sloan. The whole office was in limbo; a pall had descended over the newsroom. Other reporters watched silently as the tension built. Bradlee and Simons occasionally came out of their offices to tell the reporters to stay cool, touch all bases.

At three P.M., Bernstein and Woodward left the office to find the FBI agent who had confirmed the Haldeman story two nights before. They found him in a corridor outside his office. Bernstein approached him and attempted to ask if the reporters had misunderstood.

"I'm not talking to you," the agent said, backing away.

Bernstein moved toward him as the agent backpedaled in the corridor. Inexplicably, the agent seemed to be smiling. This was no fucking joke, Bernstein told him.

It was a deadly serious business, not some G-man version of hide-and-seek. They wanted some answers—immediately. Woodward walked up and joined the discussion. He was holding a folded copy of notes typed from Bernstein's conversation with the agent. It was time for some straight answers or the matter would be taken up with his boss, Woodward told the agent.

The agent was no longer smiling. He looked panicked. "What the hell are you talking about?" he said. "I'll deny everything. I'll deny everything."

Woodward unfolded his copy of the notes and showed it to the agent. They didn't want to get anyone in trouble, he said. They just needed to know what, if any, error they had made. And they needed to know that minute.

"I'm not talking to you about Haldeman or anything else," the agent said. "I can't even be seen talking to you two bastards."

Bernstein tried to calm him. Something had gotten screwed up and they needed to know what; there was no reason to suspect each other of being devious or acting in bad faith.

The agent was sweating, his hands were trembling. "Fuck you," he said and walked into his office.

The reporters spotted one of the agent's superiors in the hallway. Their next move represented the most difficult professional—unprofessional, really—decision either had ever made. They were going to blow a confidential source. Neither had ever done it before; both knew instinctively that they were wrong. But they suspected they had been set up. Their self-preservation was at stake, they told each other. They walked over to the



Brian Kibben

"So?"

agent's superior and shook hands. The three of them needed to go somewhere and talk, Woodward said.

What was the problem?

The reporters told him about Bernstein's telephone conversation with the agent concerning Haldeman. Both had been on the line. Woodward showed him the typed notes.

Unless they could determine the accuracy or inaccuracy of the Haldeman story, they said, they might have to use the name of any source who had knowingly misled them. They were obliged to defend themselves. They wanted to know if the agent had purposely given them false information.

More important, Bernstein said, they had to know *how* they had made such a mistake. They still did not understand.

"We're not discussing the case," the boss said.

The reporters tried again. If they were wrong, a correction and an apology were required. To whom should they apologize? What should they say?

"You're getting no answers from here," the man said.

Half an hour later, the reporters were in Bradlee's office again, with Sussman, Rosenfeld and Simons.

"What happened?" Bradlee asked, leaning over his desk and extending upturned hands toward Bernstein and Woodward. They explained that they still did not know.

Woodward observed that they had the option of naming their sources, because any agreement with a source was broken if he had given bad information. Rosenfeld was unsure. Bernstein was against it.

Bradlee signaled for quiet. "You're not even sure whether you've got it right or wrong." He was agitated, not angry. "Suppose you name sources—they'll just deny it, and then where are you? Look, fellas, we don't name our sources. We're not going to start doing that."

The reporters said they were virtually certain that Sloan must not have given testimony about Haldeman before the grand jury. Woodward suggested writing that much, at least, and acknowledging their error.

Bradlee grimaced. "You don't know where you are. You haven't got the facts. Hold your water for a while. I don't know whether we should believe Sloan's attorney even now. We're going to wait to see how this shakes out."

Bradlee then turned to his typewriter to write a statement for all the news organizations that had been calling that afternoon for a comment. The two-ply paper flew through his typewriter and onto the floor like a scene from a Marx Brothers movie. After a number of false starts, he issued his statement: "We stand by our story."

He was later to recall: "I issued two statements in that one year—both on

Watergate. . . . Geez, what options did I really have? By this time, I was up the river with these two reporters. I can remember sitting down at the typewriter and writing about 30 statements and then sort of saying, 'Fuck it, let's go stand by our boys.'"

At 8:45 P.M., Bernstein finally reached Sloan by telephone. Sloan was sympathetic. "The problem is that I do not agree with your conclusions as you wrote them."

Haldeman had, indeed, controlled the fund, but the matter had not come up in the grand jury, right?

"Bob Haldeman's name has never come up in my interviews with the grand jury. Our denial is strictly limited to your story. It just isn't factually true. I never said it before the grand jury. I was never asked. I'm not trying to influence your pursuit of the story. The denial was strictly low-key, purposely low-key."

Sloan's message seemed clear, though not explicit. Haldeman had controlled the fund; the matter had not come up during his grand-jury testimony. Either the reporters had misunderstood what Sloan had told them about the grand jury earlier that week or Sloan had misinterpreted their question.

The telephone conversation with Sloan was at least a hopeful sign; if the reporters could re-establish beyond any doubt that Haldeman controlled the fund, and could explain the error, their credibility might not be totally destroyed.

The next morning, Woodward moved the red-flagged flowerpot on his balcony. He knew this would be the grimmest meeting ever with Deep Throat. He made it to the garage shortly before three A.M. Deep Throat was waiting in a dark corner, huddled against the wall.

The reporters needed help badly. Woodward told him, then he spilled out all of his feelings of uncertainty, confusion, regret and anger. He talked for 15 or 20 minutes.

Deep Throat asked an occasional question and appeared to be deeply concerned. Woodward wanted him to know how desperate their situation was. The mistake had jeopardized all of their earlier reporting, he believed. The stories had been building. Eventually, the White House would have had to yield. Now the pressure was off the White House—the burden of proof had shifted back to the *Post*.

"Well, Haldeman slipped away from you," Deep Throat stated. He kicked his heel at the garage wall, making no attempt to hide his disappointment. The entire story would never become known now; the Haldeman error had sealed the lid.

Deep Throat moved closer to Woodward. "Let me explain something," he said. "When you move on somebody like Haldeman, you've got to be sure you're

on the most solid ground. Shit, what a royal screw-up!"

He stepped even closer, speaking in a whisper. "I'm probably not telling you anything you don't know, but your essential facts are right. From top to bottom, this whole business is a Haldeman operation. He ran the money. Insulated himself through those functionaries around him. Now, how do you get at it?"

Deep Throat described the Haldeman operation. "This guy is bright and can be smooth when necessary . . . but most of the time he is not smooth. He is Assistant President and everyone has access to him if they want to take it. He sends out the orders; he can be very nasty about it."

Haldeman had four principal assistants to whom he delegated orders but not responsibility: Lawrence Highby, "a young nobody who does what he is told"; Chapin, smarter and more urbane than Highby, "also a dedicated yes man"; Strachan, "soldierly and capable"; and Alexander Butterfield, "an ex-Air Force colonel who knows how to push paper and people."

"Everybody goes chicken after you make a mistake like you guys made," Deep Throat continued. "It contributes to the myth of Haldeman invincibility, adds to the fortress. It looks like he really stuck it in your eye, secretly pulling the strings to get even *The Washington Post* to fuck it up."

The story had been "the worst possible setback. You've got people feeling sorry for Haldeman. I didn't think that was possible."

Deep Throat stamped his foot. "A conspiracy like this . . . a conspiracy investigation . . . the rope has to tighten slowly around everyone's neck. You build convincingly from the outer edges in, you get ten times the evidence you need against the Hunts and Liddys. They feel hopelessly finished—they may not talk right away, but the grip is on them. Then you move up and do the same thing at the next level. If you shoot too high and miss, then everybody feels more secure. Lawyers work this way. I'm sure smart reporters must, too. You've put the investigation back months. It puts everyone on the defensive—editors, FBI agents, everybody has to go into a crouch after this."

This is the first of a two-part series. Next month, the conclusion of "All the President's Men": Bernstein and Woodward face an angry Judge Sirica; Gordon Liddy laughs at his trial; Ehrlichman's and Dean's tracks appear for the first time; Deep Throat warns of a White House counterattack; the Post is vindicated and Ziegler apologizes; Woodward tips off the Ervin committee to a very interesting witness.

WHORES (continued from page 128)

reassuring them. "It won't be used against you. It's just art." The whores relaxed. Some struck theatrical poses. Henry used up a great deal of film.

Malik made the rounds three or four times, obviously disappointed. "Skank," he observed aloud. I asked him what he meant. "Low-class," he elaborated. I asked him if he was referring to the whores. "Dogs," he said and slouched toward the door.

Chuck Oates and Jack Flamm never did muster the courage to approach any of the whores; they remained by themselves in one corner of the office, sipping their drinks and shadowboxing.

When the party began to break up, well after seven o'clock, it had been decided (no one knew how) that the whores would stay on with us for a while. We all pitched in to set up cots along one wall of the conference room. My secretary telephoned to have linens and blankets delivered from a midtown rental agency. Then all of us trooped downstairs to dinner at a lively restaurant where Chuck Oates and Jack Flamm claimed to be well known and promised they could secure tables on short notice, even for a large motley drunken group of businessmen and whores.

"They called again this afternoon," said Chambers. "They still want to know what we're doing about the whores," he whined.

"Stall them off," I said.

"But I can't stall them off," Chambers pleaded. "You know what they're saying about me? They're saying I'm uncooperative. Uncooperative!"

For Chambers, I knew, this was like being told he had leprosy.

"Ignore them," I advised.

"That's easy for you to say," said Chambers. "It's me they keep calling. What happens if they demand to make an inspection?"

"No inspection," I said.

"Suppose they come with a search warrant?"

"Then we'll hide the whores, of course."

"But suppose they don't give us time? Suppose they stage a raid?"

Chambers was making a mighty effort to ignore Jasmine, who had draped herself over the back of his chair and was running her finger tips lightly over his balding scalp. Sweat stood out on Chambers' forehead. I began to feel somewhat sorry for him.

"Chambers," I said, "you worry too much. This is only temporary. Go back to your office, now, and forget all about it. Let me handle everything. Don't answer your telephone. Lock the door to the outside corridor. I think there might be a bottle or two left over from last

night; have Walter Finder fix you a stiff drink. I'll tell you what: Take Jasmine back to personnel with you."

"Sure thing, honey," purred Jasmine.

Chambers looked horrified. "I have work to do!" he croaked and bolted.

Jasmine slumped down into the chair Chambers had vacated. "Who did you say that was?"

"Chambers," I answered. "Head of personnel. He keeps records on everyone in the office. If you have a problem, you take it to him."

"Who does he take his problems to?" she asked lazily.

"Me," I answered.

"Who do you take your problems to?" she asked, and she stretched her arms high over her head and grasped the back of her chair with both hands, her small breasts rising, their nipples hardening beneath her yellow leotard.

• • •

Lily established residence with Ecks, in the research department. Linda, Ecks's secretary, was jealous. Otto, his assistant, was indifferent. Ecks himself was flattered.

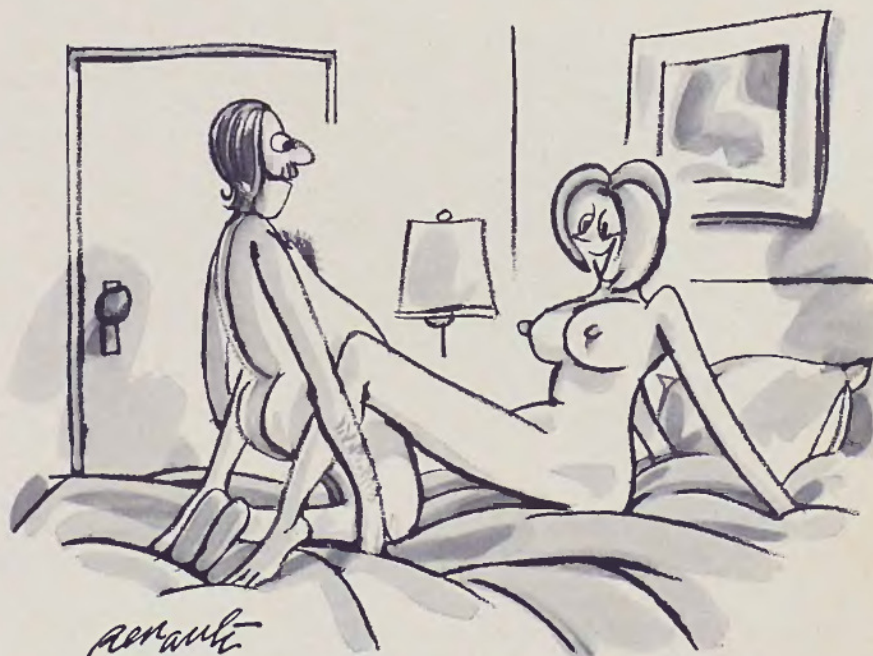
"She is an inspiration," Ecks confided to me. "Without understanding the first thing about what we are trying to do, she has such confidence we will succeed! I'll tell you this man to man, she makes me twenty years younger. Fresh from the classroom I was convinced that anything was possible. To her, anything is possible! She points out our skills, praises our equipment, compliments our proce-

dures and then asks us how we can fail. How can we fail? I tell you, there's no limit to what we can accomplish! She's what the department always needed! She believes in us!"

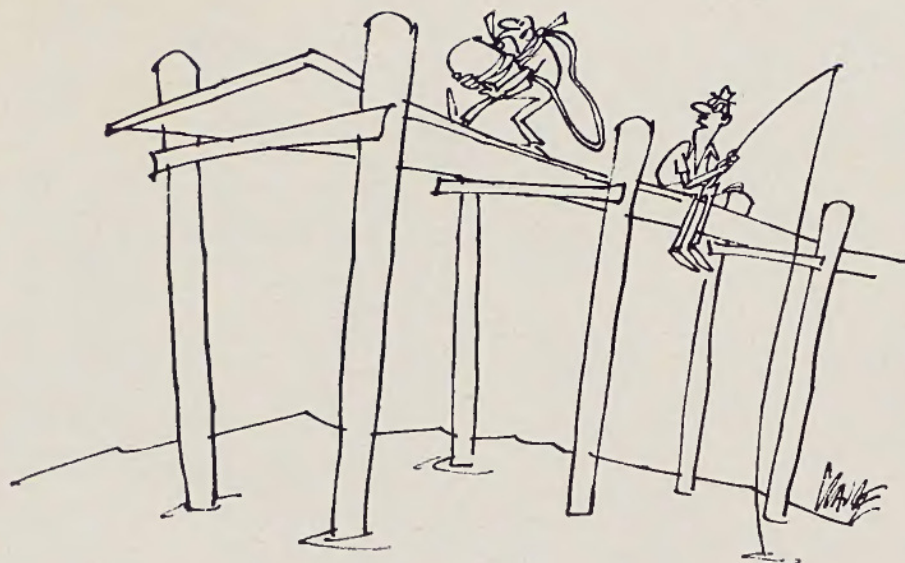
Ecks's experiments grew progressively more grandiose, but I did not interfere.

Still uncommunicative, Violet began hanging around Schwartz's cubicle. He made many efforts to gain her confidence, and at last my secretary told me that they seemed to be on speaking terms. Violet would perch on a stool behind Schwartz as he made his neat entries in the heavy dusty blue-spined ledgers. Then, at the end of each day, Schwartz would lock the ledgers in the office safe. He had never used this safe before, but I thought it over and decided that this made sense; the books were better off locked up for the night.

Rose lounged in the art department, where she claimed her talents would be most appreciated. In this she was correct; the artists entered a period of intense creative activity. John and Joanie, Waxworks, Lyons, Henry and even Eleanor Naso arrived early, worked through lunch, remained late. Stunning Rose wandered from one to another, loose scarves streaming. The temptation to touch her was irresistible; hands reached out for her full breasts, her bare limbs, the dark center of her body in its maze of colored cloth. Rose remained cool and fresh and energetic, no matter how roughly her skin was investigated; the six artists, however, grew haggard. Waxworks in particular suffered, his eyes sinking into his skull and his deft fingers beginning to shake. The clay and wood and



"Howie, you've had silicone treatments, too!"



*"I must say, sir, that in this day and age,
it's a rare privilege to bump into a man who
knows where he's going."*

plastic models on his workbench altered from their original designs into new shapes subtly grotesque and obsessive. Other department projects I saw were similarly affected by Rose's presence: Henry's photographs were overexposed, Lyons' mechanical drawings were askew, John and Joanie's layouts employed lurid colors and needlessly ornate type faces. Even Eleanor Naso's businesslike imagination intensified, altered its alignment with reality, produced twisted visions of cruelty and lust. When this affair with the whores was over, I vowed, I would close down the whole department and make the artists take monthlong vacations.

Walter Finder ballooned; this was the only term I could think of to describe what happened to him after Orchid staked out a territory in the marketing department. Oscar Whelan brought the change to my attention. "I'll discuss it with Rathbone," I promised him. "It's not proper for his heart to carry around so much weight. By the way," I added, "you're looking a little paunchy yourself. What happened? I thought you never gained a pound."

"Must be that stupid whore," said Oscar. "She's in the wrong line of work. She ought to be running a restaurant."

"I demand," demanded Angelo's wife, "to know the meaning of this."

I listened sympathetically while she told me how Angelo came home each night in a literal rage over arguments he'd had during the day with a new girl who seemed to have no office function other than to harass Angelo. "And then I find out," she continued in a haughty tone, "that this new girl, this Holly or

whatever her name is, actually amounts to no more than . . . is nothing but a . . . is no better than a . . ."

Obviously, the word was not going to make it out through her stiffened lips.

Jasmine yawned and stretched with feline grace. "She's a whore, ma'am. A good one, too. Not as good as me, but good enough."

Angelo's stocky wife rose from her chair. She pointed a stubby accusing finger at me. "I'm going to report you," she said. "Why, your whole office is nothing but a . . . is no better than a . . . is only a . . ."

"Whorehouse, ma'am," said Jasmine. "Not the best, but better than some."

Houseman held up a small gadget that looked like a well-tooled plumbing valve. I took it from him and hefted it in my hand. "Nice," I said. "Lightweight." I ran my finger over its curved extruded surfaces. "Clean."

Houseman grabbed it back from me. "They were lucky," he said, bristling. "But we'll show them."

I looked at the gadget again. "You mean it's not one of ours?"

"It would have been, but those bastards stole our idea."

"How could they steal our idea, Houseman?" I asked.

"I don't know, but they did it somehow, damn them."

From a desk in one corner of the engineering department, Ivy spoke up. "We'll show them," she warned.

"That's right," said Houseman. "We'll show the sons of bitches. We can put out twice the number of these things that they can. Three times the number! We'll flood the whole damned market."

"But Houseman," I said, "if it's not our design, how can we go ahead and manufacture them?"

"Their design?" shouted Houseman. "It was our idea, wasn't it? Who cares about the design?"

"We'll show the bastards," said Ivy again from her desk, upon which lay the dismantled remains of a second gadget identical to the first.

It was certainly a high-level conference, I observed. From my office there were Chambers, Rathbone, my secretary and myself; arrayed against us were a lawyer, a social worker, a security guard and a spokesman for the building's management firm, who was speaking. Such high-level participants ought to have been sitting in the comfortable conference-room chairs instead of on folding chairs crowded into my office, but the conference room was filled with whores' cots.

"Understand that, with your cooperation, we can have this matter taken care of in no time at all," the spokesman finished. "We may, I take it, count on your cooperation?"

Chambers nearly fell off his chair with the force of nodding his head.

"Perhaps," I said, leaning back and folding my arms across my chest, "you might summarize again for me the nature of these complaints."

"I hardly think it worth our while to go over this same ground," said the lawyer.

I addressed a question to the security guard. "Have any building ordinances been broken?"

Everyone began talking at once. My secretary was taking it all down, so I let my mind wander. On my desk, the same spider was weaving a new web. I watched her go around and around, building in strict compliance to antediluvian specifications.

"The health hazards alone would be warrant enough, I should think," said the spokesman.

"Actually," put in Rathbone, "thorough physical examinations have yielded negative results."

"He means the whores are clean," I added.

"None of you seems to have given a thought to the *real* victims," said the earnest social worker.

Chambers, certain that he was one of the real victims, nodded his head more vehemently than before.

"If you'll excuse an interruption," said my secretary, "I think the whores can take care of themselves."

"Has anyone ever noticed," I said, "that a few spiders keep an office free from flies and mosquitoes?"

The lawyer held up his hand. "Spare us the entomological metaphors," he

said. "Are you going to cooperate in this effort or aren't you?"

"In a word," I said, "no."

"If some evidence of wrongdoing were to be presented," said Rathbone.

Chambers was wringing his hands. "If only a compromise might be reached—"

The spokesman stood up. "This is a dangerous game you're playing," he said to me. "By the time you call for our help, it may be too late."

They were all leaving their chairs now. "There are worse things in midtown than whores," I said from behind my desk, not rising, not showing them to the door. Solemnly they filed out. "Liars, for instance," I called after them. "Hypocrites!"

The call from Rathbone had forced me to pick up my telephone receiver, destroying again the patient spider's recently completed web. "He wants to speak to you," my secretary had told me. "He says it's urgent." So I had picked up the telephone receiver and watched the spider scamper back into hiding.

"I have Walter Finder here in my office," said Rathbone's voice. "An ambulance has been summoned. Should you care to speak with him yourself, he has regained consciousness."

"Ambulance? Regained consciousness? I'll be right down!"

On the examination table in Rathbone's office lay obese Walter Finder. An oxygen cylinder and mask stood next to the table. Rathbone sat holding Walter's wrist and staring at the second hand of his watch.

"Walter," I said softly. "Walter, are you all right?"

Walter Finder's eyes rolled away from me. His thick lips looked bluish against the unnatural whiteness of his face. Much of the fat on his cheeks was new, seemed pasted on, not really a part of his proper flesh.

Oscar Whelan took me aside and told me that Walter had complained of pains in his chest and his arm. On the way to the washroom, he had collapsed. It had taken Oscar, Rathbone and two of the office salesmen to carry Walter Finder into Rathbone's office, where oxygen had revived him.

"Was it a heart attack?" I whispered.

Oscar shrugged. "Rathbone says it's hard to tell. Maybe a little one. He'll have to stay in the hospital for some time, anyway. I've telephoned his family."

I went back to Walter. Orchid, the whore from marketing, stood across the examination table, impassive. She stared down upon Walter Finder's mountainous body. Idly she reached one hand into her pocket, pulled out a large chunk of caramel, stuffed it between his semi-conscious lips.

Rathbone and I both jumped to pull it out again. "What's the matter with you?" I hissed at the whore. Walter Finder's mouth reluctantly surrendered the chunk of caramel.

"It's the kind he likes," said Orchid.

"Get the hell out of here!" I ordered. "This is a sick man!"

She left, but not before handing another of the chunks of caramel to Oscar Whelan, who popped it into his mouth and chewed unthinkingly.

Jasmine was at my side as I surveyed the chaos of the art department. "You destroyed *everything*?" I asked again. "All the layouts, all the drawings, all the models, the photographs, everything?"

John barely looked up from his drafting table. Joanie crumpled one sketch and immediately began another. Henry was out taking more pictures. Eleanor Naso's youthful face was wrinkled in concentration. Only Waxworks took the trouble to answer me. "We were close," he croaked hoarsely. "Close, close. But not quite close enough."

Rose sat amid the litter, stuffing bales of old artwork into the bin of a paper shredder. She picked one sheet from the debris, held it at arm's length, scrutinized it, tossed it into the bin. "Flawed," she said. The paper shredder chewed and spit out two-dimensional spaghetti.

On the way back across the bay to my office, Jasmine took my hand. "Honey," she said, "those people in that department sure do work hard. I'm glad you don't work like that. They don't have time for *nothing* else."

The subpoena lay on my blotter.

"Damn it, Houseman," I complained, "I was afraid something like this might happen. Why the hell didn't we do our own design?"

An unrepentant Houseman launched into a tirade against unfair dishonest scheming midtown competition. His whore, Ivy, shadowed his speech with nods and encouraging murmurs from her toothless mouth.

"I suppose this means we'll have to hire lawyers," I said. "Damn it, I hate lawyers."

"Don't get upset, honey," purred Jasmine.

I walked out into the bay and approached Schwartz's cubicle. At the sound of my approaching steps, he slammed a ledger shut and leaned his elbow across it defensively. Violet stood up and put nervous hands upon Schwartz's shoulders.

"What's the matter?" I asked, puzzled.

"Nothing," said old Schwartz.

"Listen," I said, "bring your books into my office. We may be facing a lawsuit over patent infringements, and I want to find out how we stand."

Schwartz leaned both arms over the



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ledger. "You can't," he said.

"Schwartz, have you lost your mind? Come on, now, bring in those books. This may take all afternoon; there's no time to waste."

"I'm the bookkeeper," said Schwartz. "These are my books!"

"Schwartz, this is ridiculous," I said, reaching down and laying a hand on one corner of the ledger. Schwartz gripped it to his chest fiercely. I yanked and nearly pulled the old man out of his chair.

Strong arms grabbed me from behind and I was spun backward to face Angelo. "Who are you trying to push around?" Angelo snarled.

"Angelo," I said, "help me get this ledger away from Schwartz."

Angelo's hand reached out and prodded me in the stomach. "You think you're a big man?" he said. His fingers jabbed my shoulder. "You think you can push people around?" His thumb grazed my chin. "You want to start something?"

"Hit him!" shouted Holly. "Slug him! Knock him down!"

"Come on, honey," said Jasmine. "Let's go back to your office."

"You're all crazy!" I cried. I looked sideways and saw all of the secretaries and clerks in the bay staring at me while Angelo's belligerent fist shook in front of my face. "Crazy!" I repeated and let Jasmine hustle me back to my office, out of immediate danger.

"So that's what you're going to do?" said my secretary.

The two of us were sitting in the cafeteria at a table with an unobstructed view of the entrance, in case Jasmine were to come looking for me. A meeting in the cafeteria had been my own idea. It was one place where we could talk alone without arousing suspicion.

"Don't you think it will work?" I asked.

"No, I don't," she said. "If security guards and social workers and lawyers and building managers have so much trouble flushing whores, what makes you think you can do better?"

"Isn't it worth a try?" I asked. "Those idiot building officials are so busy hiring experts and making surveys and writing reports and running around the halls with nets, it never occurs to them to be polite. I asked the whores to stay; now I'm going to ask them to leave. They can refuse, of course. If they do, I'll have to call the security guards, and we'll be back where we started. But why shouldn't they do as I ask? I'm giving them a chance to go quietly, with a little dignity."

My secretary drained her second cup of coffee. "Where do you expect them to go?" she asked.

"Another office, I suppose. They really ought to consider splitting up. Individually, they would be a lot less conspicuous."

"They plan to stick together," said my secretary.

"I know. Jasmine told me."

We rose to leave the cafeteria. On our way to the entrance, we were stopped by a waitress I knew vaguely by sight. "Say," she said to me, "aren't you the guy with all the trouble on your floor?"

"We've had problems lately," I admitted. "I don't think I'd use the word trouble."

"If you didn't use it before, mister, you'd better use it now. I heard there was an explosion up there."

"When?"

"About a half hour ago. I heard it happened in a laboratory. You got a laboratory on your floor?"

"Ecks," I said to my secretary. "One of those foolish transmutation experiments Lily talked him into."

"What goes on up there, anyway?" asked the waitress. "I heard you got whores on the payroll. You doing some kind of sexual research?"

But my secretary and I were hurrying out through the cafeteria entranceway, anxious to find out if anyone had been injured.

. . .

The whores spread themselves over the furniture in my office. They looked much the same as on that first afternoon I had met them all. Lily had some of her long hair singed by the explosion in Ecks's laboratory; Holly was slightly battered by the hands Angelo had laid upon her during the rages she had provoked; Rose wore several new scarves designed by the exhausted artists; Orchid seemed fatter; Violet seemed thinner; Ivy had not spoken a word to me since I agreed to settle the patent case out of court. Jasmine I had seen daily, so I could not say how she might have changed. She was more at ease, perhaps. Her yawns were wider than ever. She pleased my eye. It was going to be hard for me to learn to get along without her again.

The girls were sullen. They knew why I had called them into my office. I saw no reason to stall.

"I'll tell you, girls," I said, "I like you, but I can't afford you."

I studied their faces to see how they were taking it. I observed a few scornful sneers and a few resigned shrugs, but no outright defiance.

Jasmine was the first to say something. "You're giving us the boot?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so," I answered.

The whores exchanged glances, frowned, shifted position uneasily. Jasmine began to laugh, a low, lazy laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Jasmine?" I asked.

"I'm laughing at you, honey," she said. "You sure got a lot of nerve on you."

I smiled meekly. "I'll miss you," I said to her.

"No lie," she said simply.

I realized now that all the whores were

going to leave, that they were leaving peacefully, that there would be no confrontation. I felt not relief but regret. "Jasmine," I said, "I don't guess you'd care to stay on here alone?" I had not meant to let myself talk along this line, but the words were coming of their own accord and there was nothing I could do to stop them. "I'm certain I could find some position. . . . I'm sure Chambers would know where. . . . I'm sure in some capacity. . . ."

Jasmine made a face at the mention of Chambers. "And I could take my troubles to him?" she said.

"No, no, you'd be directly under me."

The whores snickered.

"Perhaps my secretary could use a little help," I went on.

"A little help in the kitchen, you mean?"

"No, I mean maybe you could take over her job from time to time. Would you consider that? My secretary's job, on a part-time basis?"

"You already got a secretary," said Jasmine. "What's she going to think about this?"

"You leave her to me," I said.

"I will," said Jasmine, "and be on my way."

"But—"

"Anyway, if you keep me, honey, you keep us all. You want all of us?"

"No," I said reluctantly. "No, I don't."

Jasmine leaned down and gave me a kiss on the lips, a kiss soft and mocking and hauled up from the bottom of a clear spring running through the thickest woods of her lazy soul, where all-white mushrooms lay in the shade on beds of lime-green spongy moss. Then the whores left my office in a group, chattering, arguing, waving their hands at department heads and clerks alike, leaving behind them a faint confused scent of various perfumes twining and braiding around one another like the individual weak fibers of a single strong hawser.

. . .

In the middle of giving my secretary page after page of dictation to make up for weeks of neglected correspondence, I stopped speaking and looked her directly in the eye. "There's something I have to confess to you," I said.

"Don't," said my secretary.

"I almost gave away your job," I went on. "Jasmine—"

"I don't want to hear about it," said my secretary stiffly.

"But I must tell you—"

The telephone rang. I hoped this would be the hospital calling with reports on the slow improvement of Walter Finder and the expected complete recovery of Ecks. I grabbed the telephone receiver. The spider web ripped silently to pieces. Its maker the spider ran off somewhere, her gait not without insolence.



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